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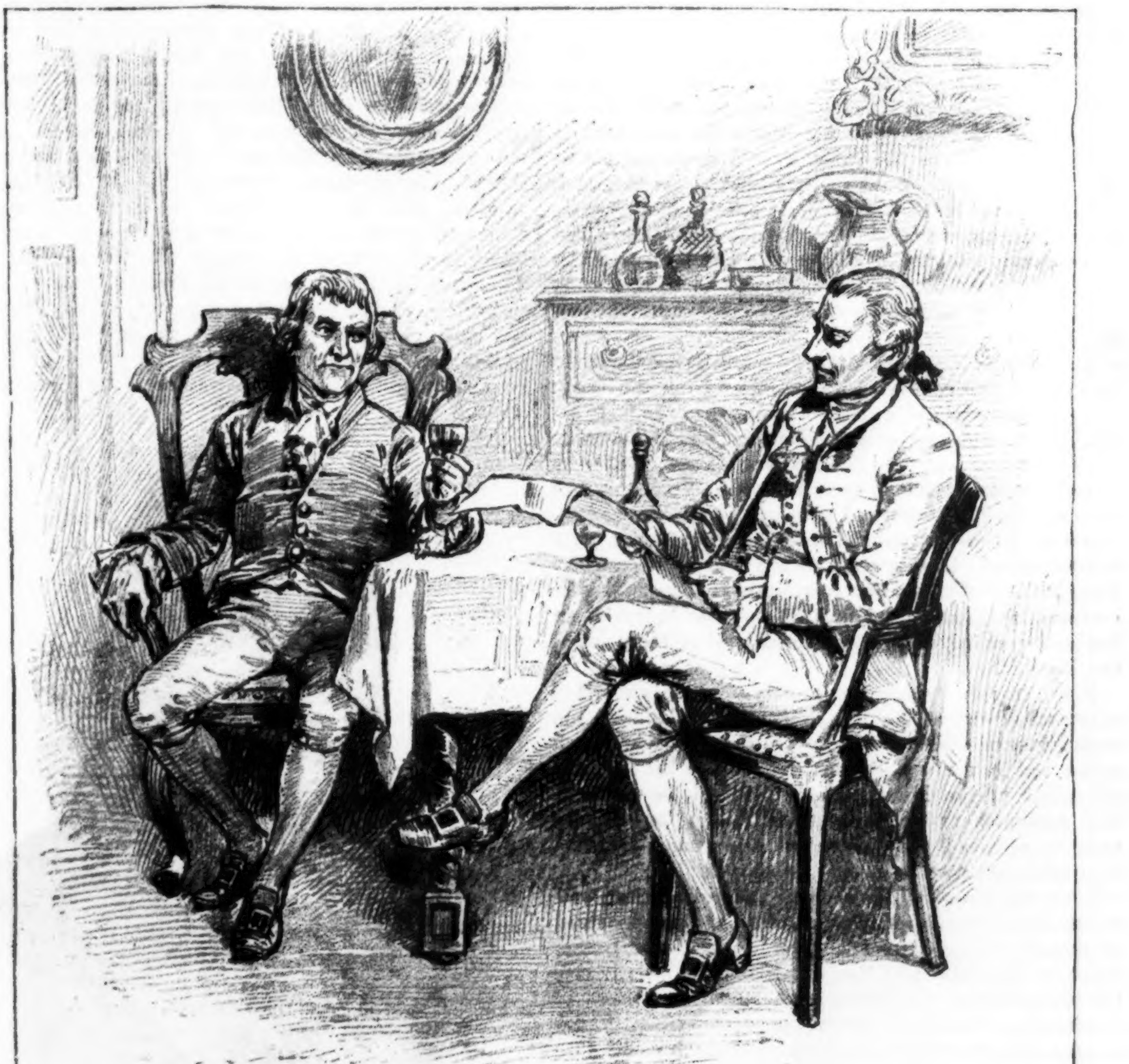
# THE RISE AND GROWTH OF OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL.

By Walter Edgar M'Cann.

The founding of a great city is always an event of an extraordinary character, and it is not surprising that in after generations men living upon those sites should hold intense curiosity with regard to the beginning of their community. Very few cities have been deliberately founded. We have the strange legend of the origin of



JEFFERSON AND MADISON DISCUSSING THE SITE OF THE FUTURE CAPITAL.

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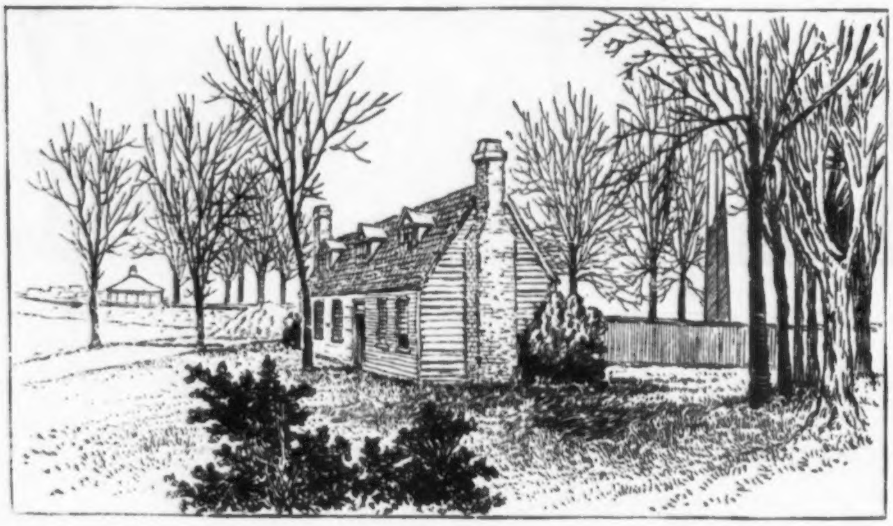


THE OLD BURNES COTTAGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rome; but with this, as with all similar narratives in relation to the great cities of the past, there is always some supernatural or allegoric element woven, and we find it impossible to separate fact from fancy.

Of the beginning of the wonderful towns of our day how much do we know?—that Paris was the Lutetia, with its mud huts and savage settlements, conquered by Julius Cæsar; that London was one of the chief stations of the Romans in Britain; that New York was settled by the Dutch, and so on. Usually chance or accident has determined the location, and rarely have people come together with the deliberate purpose of establishing a seat of residence. Wherever this course has been followed the result commonly has been failure, and there is more than one such monument of futile effort and vain ambition.

The City of Washington really owes its existence to necessity. The condition of Congress during the Revolution can scarcely be conceived now, when the body assembles without fuss or inconvenience, and transacts its business in a leisurely fashion that is sometimes extremely irritating. Then, everything was uncertainty and danger. By the stress and pressure of war the legislators were frequently obliged to adjourn from one place to another, and there was absolutely no spot of security. Even Philadelphia, with its comfortable homes and sober customs, was unsafe, and in 1783 the wise lawgivers of the land were driven to Princeton almost at the point of the bayonet.

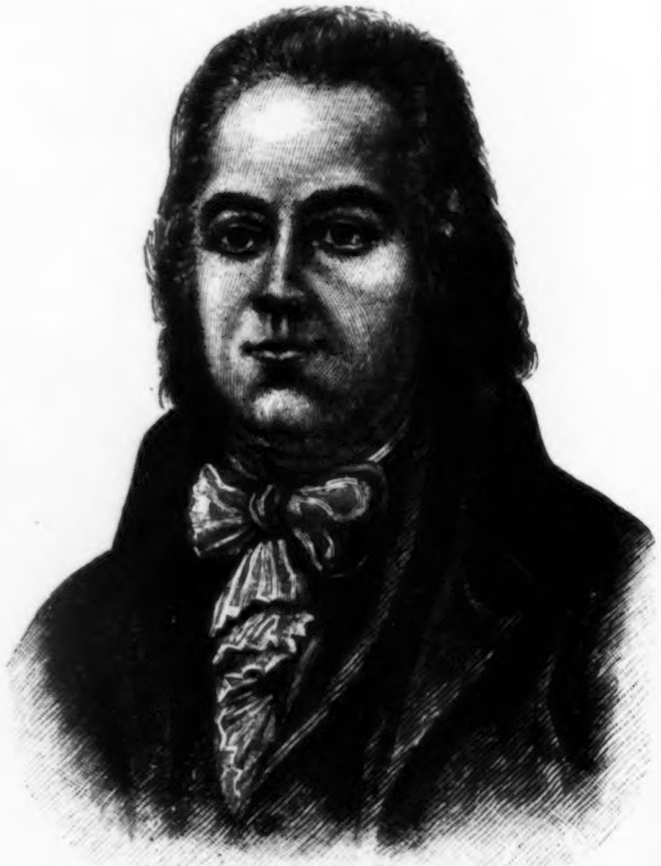
It will be seen by this how greatly the need was felt of a capital or central point. Every one understood the considerations which should govern the selection of such a seat, and how much it would redound to the financial advantage of the locality where it might be situated. The eagerness of the competition which immediately arose as soon as it was determined that a capital should be established may be readily imagined.

For seven years the subject was under discussion, and the rivalry of the States, always ardent, at times assumed an almost violent character. New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland and New Jersey entered eagerly into the competition, and offers were made, sometimes of almost piteous fervor, to obtain the coveted boon. There is something amusing in reading of the arguments presented and the inducements held out, now in a vein of entreaty and now in indignation. Maryland suggested first Baltimore and then Annapolis, and, with Virginia, offered to cede any district ten miles square within its borders. Baltimore seconded the liberality of the State to which it belonged, and, like New York and Philadelphia, made the most extravagant proffers of ground for the public buildings, and of money to rear them.

The country at large, however, for reasons easily comprehended, was opposed to the location of the capital in or near a large city. It was obvious that legislation, to be properly conducted, must be free from the interference of local influences. Hence to insure this perfectly it was recognized as a necessity that a city should be expressly built.

The story of the final choice has been often told, and will always possess a curious interest. To Hamilton and Jefferson, over a good dinner and some excellent Madeira and punch, was due the ultimate decision. Here it was arranged that Philadelphia should be the capital until 1800, and that then Congress should sit in the new city yet to rise. The bitterness of the contest, and how nearly Baltimore came to being the final selection, may be judged from the fact that, on June 28th, 1790, the Senate voted on the claims so strenuously put forward by that city. There were ten yeas and fifteen nays; both Senators from Maryland, oddly enough, voting, as they had several times previously done, in the negative.

It was then moved to locate the permanent seat of Government "On the River Potomac, at some place between the mouths of the Eastern Branch and Conococheague." Baltimore did not yet give up, for even when this Bill was taken to the House, the city by the Patapsco was again proposed. The object, as some thought, was to kill the measure altogether. Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, objected that there was no water conveyance



ANDREW ELLICOTT.

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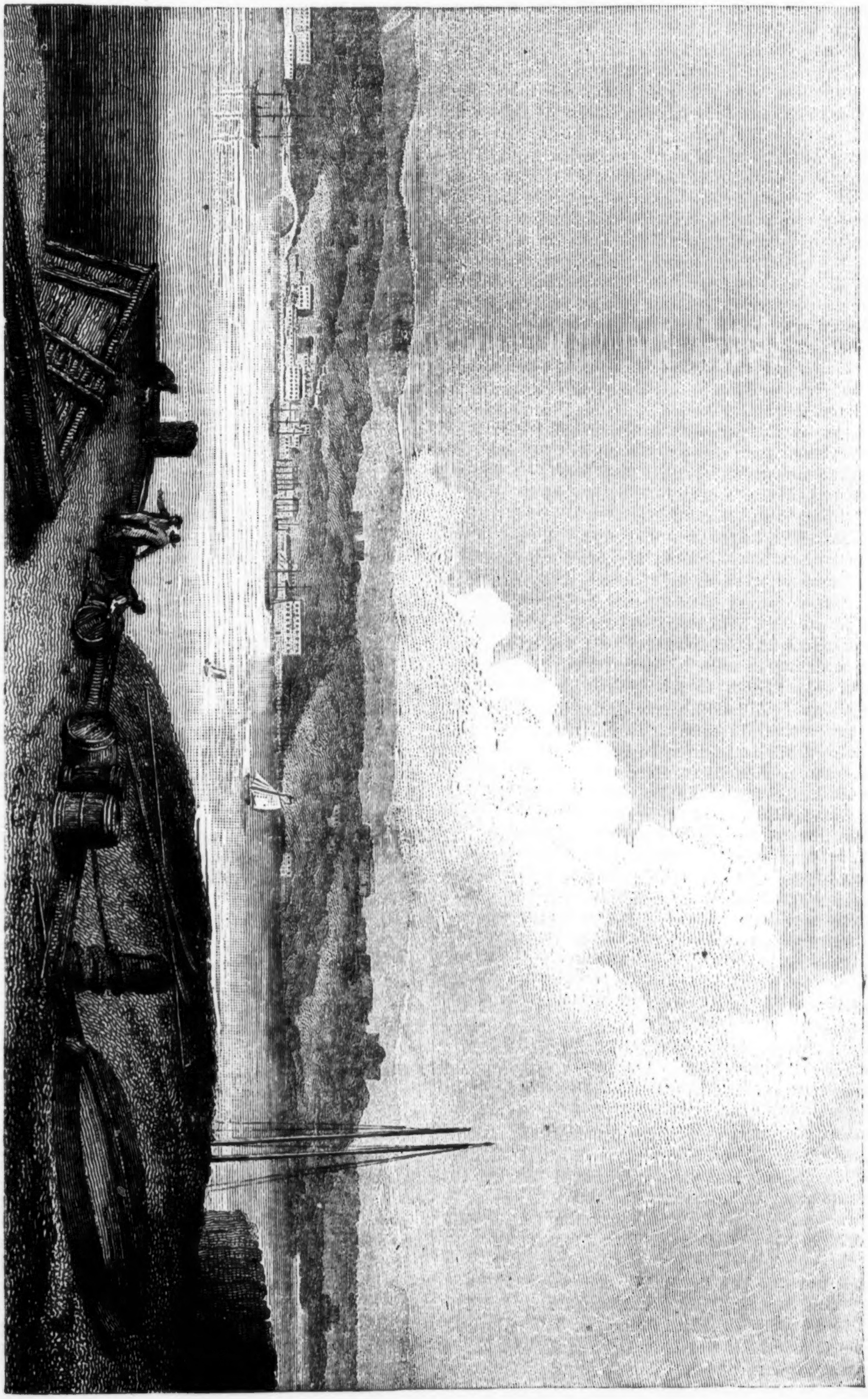

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON IN 1800, FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS ENGRAVING BY HEATH.

XUM

from Baltimore to the interior of the country; but, as he pointed out, from the site on the Potomac there was direct and most advantageous navigation for more than two hundred miles. Mr. Livingston, of New York, preferred Baltimore. He saw no advantage in the navigation facilities upon which so much stress had been laid, unless, as he said ironically, it should be desired to send the Acts of Congress by water to the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. His chief objection to the Potomac was the insalubrity of the site. The members would not endanger their health by attending the sessions if so pestilential a spot for their deliberations were chosen.

The Bill determining upon the Potomac was finally made a law by the small majority of thirty-two to twenty-nine in the House and fourteen to twelve in the Senate. By a lucky chance North Carolina came in at that time, and the dispute, which threatened to become almost interminable, was put an end to. Nevertheless, there was much discontent when the decision was announced. Everybody was well aware that the chief objection to the spot—its unhealthiness—was well founded, and there was some hope on the part of the disappointed that there might yet be another change of purpose. The majority of people, however, had by this time become bored and disgusted with the controversy, and were rejoiced to have it brought to a conclusion.

President Washington was now at the height of his fame, and upon him devolved the exact selection of a site. His views were entirely unhampered, and there was a general feeling of confidence in his wisdom and unselfishness. Yet it is characteristic of human nature that no sooner had he announced his preference, than sinister accusations were whispered that he made his choice in order to enhance the value of his own estate of Mount Vernon. Although a man of much sagacity, and, as his transactions in building lots afterward proved, a remarkable financier, there could have been no more unjust accusation than this. He acted with the caution which marked every performance of his life. He saw that the site he determined upon had unfailing tidewater navigation, was convenient of access to Baltimore and the other great cities, possessed magnificent sites for public buildings, and afforded unsurpassable advantages to meet the varied wants of a populous city. Locating it directly between Georgetown and Alexandria, he imagined that he was laying the foundation of a great commercial emporium.

It was on April 15th, 1791, at Jones's Point, near Alexandria, in the presence of a large assemblage, that the cornerstone was laid. The chill winds of Spring swept over the fields planted in wheat, corn and tobacco, owned chiefly by persons of English descent. The agreement had been made to sell to the Government what land might be needed for public buildings at twenty-five pounds an acre, and the rest, for streets and reservations, was tendered free. There was an immediate division into building lots, which were apportioned between the Government and the owners. For about 600 acres in the most valuable section of the city the former paid $36,000. It is now worth more than $50,000,000.

The name of "Federal City," bestowed upon the new purchase, was selected by the Commissioners, Messrs. Johnson and Carroll, of Maryland, and Stuart, of Virginia. The territory was called Columbia. It now became necessary to determine the boundaries and the location of the public squares and buildings, and for this purpose the assistance of a certain Major Peter Charles L'Enfant was called in. This was the first manifestation of that French influence which exercised such sway over the mind of Jefferson, and, indeed, was generally, at that time, so strong.

L'Enfant was in his day much criticised, but posterity has at length done him justice. There can be no doubt that he was a man of signal ability—even of genius. He was born in France in 1755, and joined the American army as an engineer. He had infirmities of temper—like all men of strong character—was domineering and impatient of the opinions of others. Naturally he followed European models. In the *Gazette of the United States*, published in Philadelphia, of January 4th, 1792, will be found a detailed description of L'Enfant's first magnificent scheme with regard to the Federal capital; but even he had no idea of its future growth, nor, indeed, had any one except Madison. He, with singular sagacity, seemed to penetrate the future. His words have the tone of prophecy, and he just escaped predicting the electric telegraph. He urged for the capital the most central portion of the country, as regards territory and population. Those nearest the seat of Government would always possess, of course, advantages over those remote. Communities would never be on a level unless it should become possible to promulgate laws instantly. He said: "If the estimate is just that we double the population in twenty-five years, we shall speedily behold an astonishing mass of people on the Western waters." His calculation, as Mr. Spofford remarks, has been signally verified. In 1790 the population of the United States was 4,000,000; in 1810, 7,000,000; in 1830, 13,000,000; in 1850, 23,000,000; in 1870, 39,000,000.

With L'Enfant's peculiarities of disposition and his arrogance of temper, it is not surprising that disturbances soon followed. There was opposition to his general theories of the work he had undertaken; also, perhaps, not a little jealousy. In the end he threw up his post and retired sulkily; but it is a sufficient illustration of the generosity of his nature that he made no effort to annoy those who resumed the design he had relinquished, nor did he even publicly criticise them. He died loyal to the country he had adopted. Quaint pictures are given of his appearance in his later years—"In a green surtout, walking across the fields, followed by racing hunting-dogs." Mr. Corcoran remembers him as "a rather seedy, stylish old man, with a long blue or green coat buttoned up to his throat, and a bell-crowned hat; a little moody and like one wronged." He lived for years on the Digges farm, about eight miles from Washington, and upon his death was buried in the family burial-ground upon the estate. There he yet lies, pretty well forgotten.

He was followed in his work by Andrew Ellicott, a Pennsylvania Quaker, and a man of nothing like his originality or comprehensive mind; but the plans proceeded under much less turbulent conditions. Ellicott is chiefly remembered through his assistant, Benjamin Bancker, a negro mathematician and a man of parts. Jefferson admired him greatly, and was his earnest friend. Bancker was sixty years old at the time he was associated with Ellicott, and was "a portly man, of large, noble and venerable presence and a white head." He wore a drab coat and a quaker hat. He is buried at Ellicott City, Maryland.

The plans proceeded. Says Mr. John Addison Porter: "The scheme of Washington has been likened to that of ancient Babylon. It has also been termed, 'Philadelphia griddled across Versailles.' Broad avenues, diverging from central reservations, in the shape of circles, squares and oblongs, make, with the intersections of parallel streets, various triangles and other irregular spaces, some of which are owned and used by individuals for building purposes, and others kept by the city for small parks. The beauty and uniqueness of the plan, affording space without waste and symmetry without sameness, may be seen at a glance. But at the time the city was laid out it was thought to be too fanciful and chimerical."

Now came hordes of speculators from many directions, but their eagerness soon subsided. Purchasers also began negotiations from abroad, but there was something discouraging in the general aspect. There was little faith in the future, and the sale of lots languished. Washington, with his usual business energy, tried to establish land agencies in the cities, but they did not prosper. In those days the never-failing resource in public financial difficulties was a lottery, and some of the most notable projects were carried to a successful issue by this device. This also was turned to account.

The first money for the erection of public buildings was furnished by Maryland and Virginia, the sum reaching nearly $200,000. Afterward, Congress authorized a loan of $300,000, but obtaining the cash was not the same thing. The paper of the body was far from being what we nowadays term "gilt-edged." In the extended depression Maryland generously came forward with another loan of $100,000. Lots sold at this time for from fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars. Washington was opposed to the sale of large blocks.

Obviously, the site for the Capitol building was the grand plateau, and the President's House was placed at a convenient distance, although its situation has been much criticised since. The distribution of the Department buildings was to keep them from the influence of Congress.

A prize of $500 with a building-lot was offered for the best design for the Capitol, and it was won by an amateur, Dr. William Thornton, a native of the West Indies.

On September 18th, 1793, the cornerstone was laid by Washington with imposing Masonic ceremonies. The *Maryland Gazette*, of Annapolis, gives an extended account of the proceedings, and mentions that "there appeared on the southern bank of the Potomac one of the finest companies of artillery that hath lately been seen, parading to receive the President of the United States."

After the ceremonies the whole company retired to an extensive booth, where an ox of 500 pounds weight was barbecued, of which the company generally partook, "with every abundance of other recreation." The festival ended with fifteen successive volleys from the artillery, "whose military discipline and manœuvres merit," says the patriotic editor, "every recommendation."

The cost of the old Capitol was between two and three millions of dollars. The White House was, for some reason now unknown, copied from the plan of an Irish nobleman's house in Dublin. Its appearance now is little changed from what it was then.

Congress moved to the city in the last year of the century. From a letter of Mrs. John Adams, written to her daughter, Mrs. Smith, in 1800, we have quite a vivid picture of the capital at that time: "I arrived here on Sunday last," she writes, "and without meeting with any accidents worth noting except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick Road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through the woods, where we wandered for two hours without finding guide or path. But woods are all you see from Baltimore till you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were only complete and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are not so, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort in them."

Hon. John Cotton Smith, member of Congress from Connecticut, has also described Washington as he saw it in the same year—his narrative is graphic and a little humorous. As he approached the city he saw that one wing of the Capitol only had been constructed, which, with the President's House, a mile distant, both constructed of white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Between the President's House and Georgetown a block of buildings had been erected called "The Six Buildings." There were also other blocks, consisting of two or three dwelling-houses, in different directions, and isolated wooden habitations. There were only two really complete houses —Dudley Carroll's and Notley Young's. The roads were muddy and unimproved. The Congressmen were obliged to find quarters where they could. They paired off in rooms on New Jersey Avenue, "a road with two buildings on each side of it." But they had good beds and active servants.

Sir Augustus Foster, attached to the British Legation in 1804, writes in an amusingly querulous and fault-finding vein regarding the city. We can almost imagine his letter to have been written by the typical traveling Briton of our own time. He, however, highly appreciated the pretty girls with which Washington abounded—the handsomest, as he confesses, that he ever saw. "As there are few in proportion to the men, it is one of the most marrying places in the country." The ladies were charming in appearance, indeed, but, he adds with disgust, had no literary taste. Dancing and music eked out the time, but one grew tired of the monotony of the songs. Cards were a resource, and a good deal of gambling went on. The men played "brag" and the ladies "loo." When the pretty creatures were "looed" they pronounced the word with a curious affectation, and in a mincing way, which vexed Sir Augustus. But he confesses that he liked the town.

The surface was covered with scrub oaks and malaria-dispensing shrubbery. Pennsylvania Avenue was a morass overrun with alder-bushes. Streets were an unknown luxury. There was only one sidewalk, stretching from the Capitol to the Treasury, and this was made of marble chips, which hurt the feet. The Congressmen lodged in Georgetown, and came to Washington by stage over a miserable road. They complained loudly, and declared that something in the way of improvement must be done. Immediately began vast schemes, on paper, of symbolic columns, statuary, grand squares, avenues, parks, a waterfall and a cathedral. All this, of course, came to nothing.

The dilatory growth of the city for nearly half a century is one of the most singular things in its history. Handsome appropriations were made, but the accusation that the money was misapplied and wasted seems but too well founded. Jefferson felt that something should be done, and expressed himself vehemently. By way of setting an example, he planted four rows of poplar-trees on Pennsylvania Avenue in imitation of Unter den Linden in Berlin.

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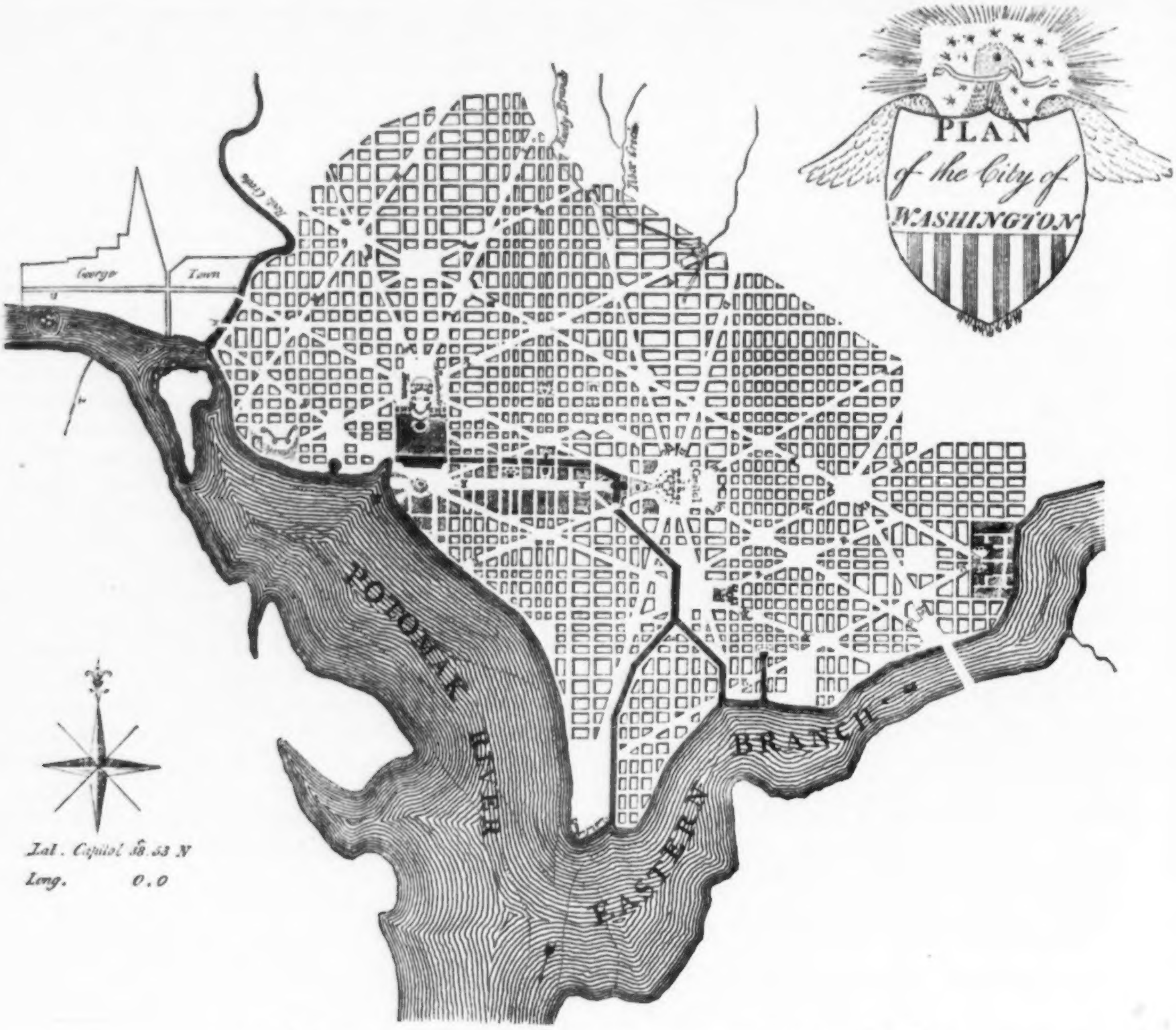
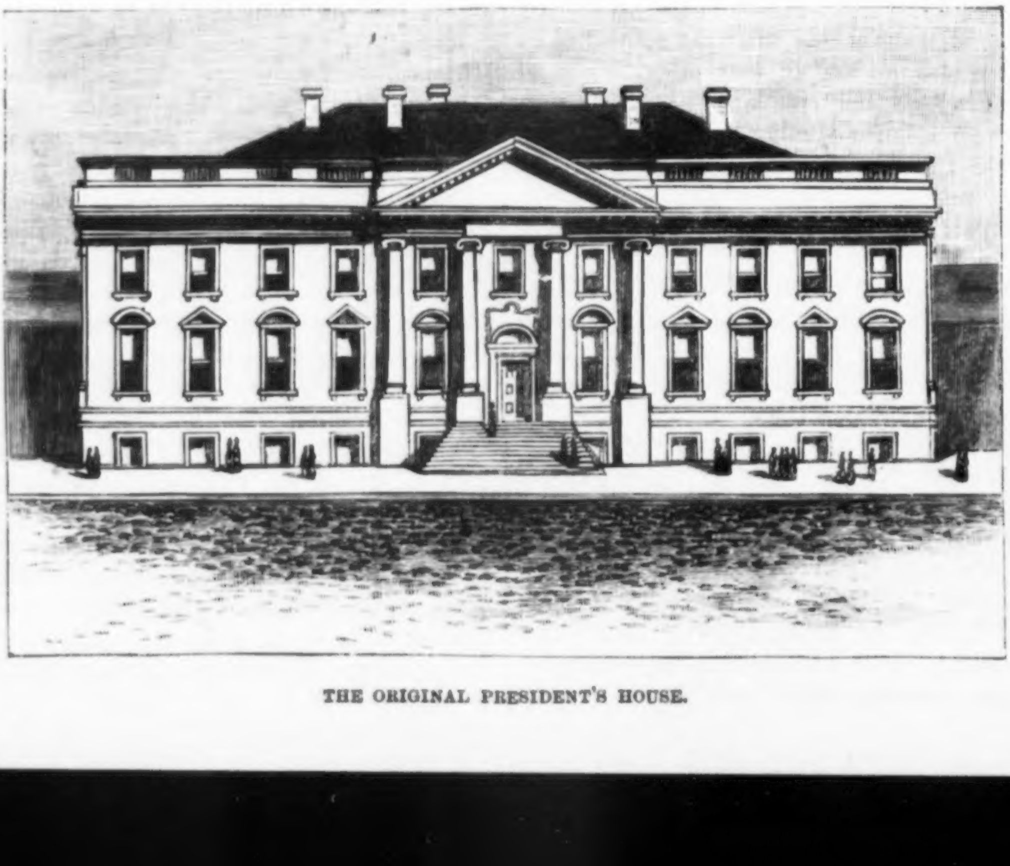


PLAN OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FROM AN ENGRAVING PUBLISHED IN 1793.

Ever since the selection of the site for the capital of the country there had been dissatisfaction. The work of beautifying the city went on so slowly, and it was such an uncomfortable place to visit that Congressmen complained, and the attractions of Baltimore and Philadelphia were grumblingly contrasted with the miserable accommodations of Washington. The question of the removal of the capital, which had been discussed by the dissatisfied ever since the selection of a site had been made, was now more loudly bruited. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, the place grew to some extent. Houses went up, and there was a gradual increase in the population, although nothing like what would have been the case under different circumstances.



THE ORIGINAL PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

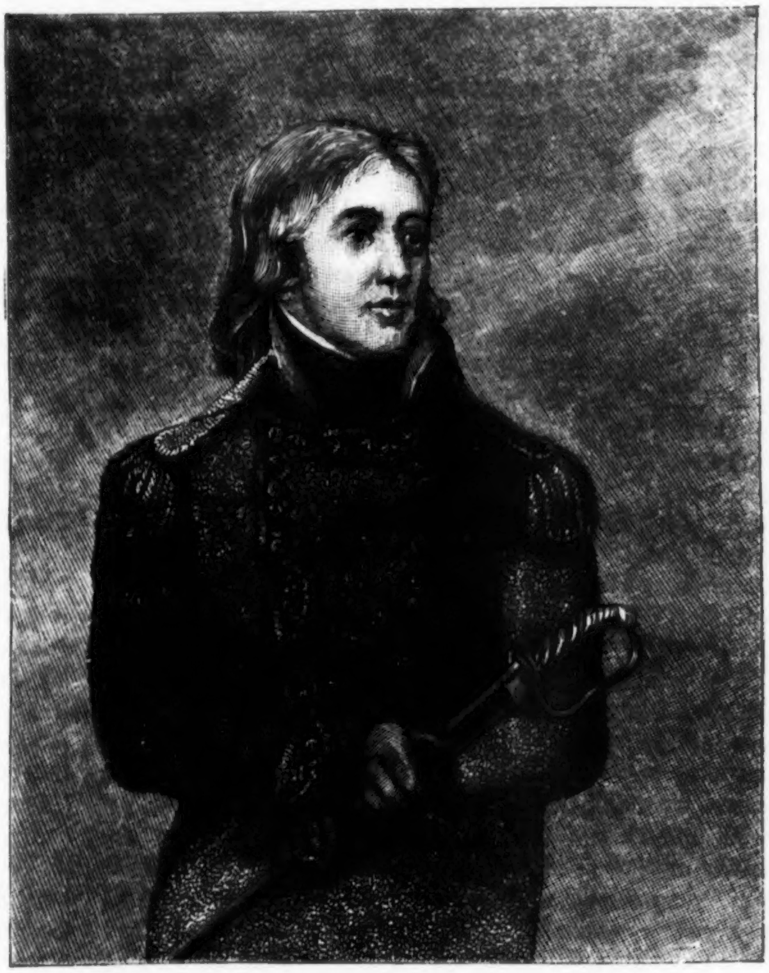
Eight or nine years thus crept on, when an event occurred which, for a time, eclipsed in interest the question of the removal of the Capitol and all others. This was the breaking out of the War of 1812. Jefferson, following the example of Washington, had declined a third term, and Madison was President when, in the Summer of that year, hostilities were declared. The event was to be, though no one suspected it, of great importance to the fortunes of the city by the Potomac. Admiral Cochran arrived from

Bermuda, August 14th, 1814, with 3,000 troops, and joined Rear-admiral Cockburn. Their combined vessels-of-war amounted to twenty-three. Their design—as soon became known in some mysterious way, although at first the rumor was not credited—was to attack Baltimore and Washington. Landing 4,000 men at Benedict, Cockburn advanced up the Potomac.

As soon as it became certain that Washington was to be the chief object of attack, all was fright and confusion. The means of defense were exceedingly imperfect. The resources, in the shape of militia, were small, and the troops untrained and already partly demoralized.

The whole country roundabout was in a state of excitement. Men were hurrying forward to the defense of the capital; some on foot, some on horseback, and armed with weapons of all sorts. The President and the members of his Cabinet were in the saddle night and day.

It was Cockburn's proposition to march on Washington, but General Ross objected. In the view of the former, the taking of the capital would have great effect as a moral blow, and would discourage the Americans in an extreme degree. There would, also, be substantial gain, as a large ransom could be demanded to save the public buildings.


JOSHUA BARNEY.

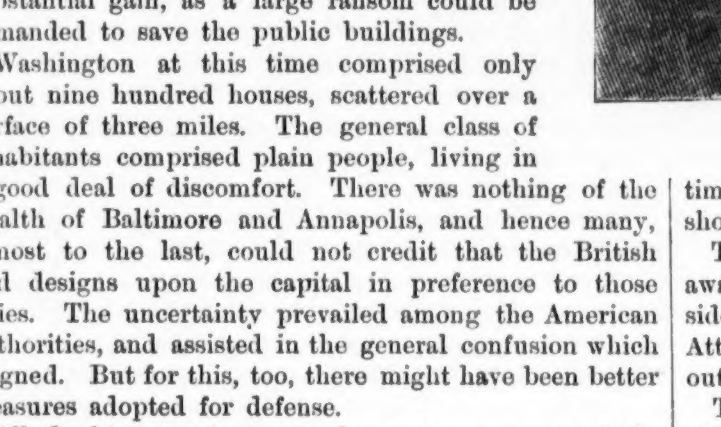
Washington at this time comprised only about nine hundred houses, scattered over a surface of three miles. The general class of inhabitants comprised plain people, living in a good deal of discomfort. There was nothing of the wealth of Baltimore and Annapolis, and hence many, almost to the last, could not credit that the British had designs upon the capital in preference to those cities. The uncertainty prevailed among the American authorities, and assisted in the general confusion which reigned. But for this, too, there might have been better measures adopted for defense.

All doubt was set at rest, however, on August 24th, when the alarmed scouts brought in information that the enemy were approaching Bladensburg, where General Stansbury was stationed with the Baltimore militia. The story of the battle has been told and retold. The weather was frightfully hot. There was not a breath of air. Hundreds of the English soldiers on the march, with their heavy knapsacks and accoutrements, had been prostrated, and some never rose again.

The battle was really fought by Joshua Barney. Three times he drove the British back, and once his horse was shot under him; but his courage was useless.

The retreat was a stampede. The Americans threw away everything and thought only of escape. The President and the Secretaries of War and the Navy and the Attorney-general fled with the rest. The British, tired out and satisfied for the moment, did not pursue.

The fugitives carried consternation to the inhabitants of Washington. All day news from the battlefield had been awaited with intense anxiety. Now came the first few stragglers with the intelligence that fortune was against the American arms. This, at first, was doubted; but immediately there followed crowds of frightened soldiers, hot, panting, and desperate to get out of reach of the ferocious cavalry supposed to be in their rear The terrified citizens rushed out of their houses, carrying what goods they could lay hold of. Some had wagons and carts, which they hastily loaded up and hurried away. Chaos reigned.


BURNING OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS COPPERPLATE.

Cockburn and Ross, attended by a guard, were the first of the British to enter. As they clattered into the city a shot was fired at them from a dwelling, which killed General Ross's horse and threw that officer to the ground. He rose and ordered a volley to be fired at the house, and then took possession of it in the name of the King. A few minutes later it was in flames.

The British Army now entered the city and seized the public buildings. The chairs, desks and other furniture of the House of Representatives were piled together and ignited, and soon the whole building was in flames. The splendid library was not spared.

A train had been laid at the Navy Yard by order of the Secretary of War, and, after a series of frightful explosions, a terrible conflagration burst forth there and mingled its glare and roar with that of the burning capital.

Such was that dreadful Sunday night. Troops had been posted along Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the President's House and the Treasury. The flames of these great structures were dancing merrily skyward, and by their light the soldiers sat down to supper.

To add to the horror of the scene, a terrible thunderstorm burst over the city. For more than an hour the lightning flashed and the thunder rattled and roared. It seemed as if the Last Day had arrived.

Meanwhile, the President and those who had passed the day with him, including the members of the Cabinet, had fled to Virginia.

While the battle was raging at Bladensburg Mrs. Madison was seated at an elevated window in the President's House, with a spyglass, watching for her husband's approach. At the door stood a carriage filled with costly and massive plate and other valuables. Impatiently she awaited a message from the President directing her to take flight.

At length the message came. Her last act was to detach a portrait of Washington from the wall by cutting the canvas with a rude knife.

At Georgetown she met her husband, who, with his suite, was on his way to Virginia. Hasty greetings followed, and they stood for a few minutes watching the flames bursting from the Capitol in the distance. What thoughts were theirs we can only conjecture. But there was no time to lose. A hasty understanding was arrived at between man and wife, and the two separated. The President, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Mason, Mr. Carroll and others were taken across the Potomac in a small and rickety boat, and reaching the other side, mounted horses and rode away. Mrs. Madison returned toward Georgetown, and took up quarters in a farmhouse some ten miles from that place. Here through the dismal night she sat by a window and watched the distant fire,

Daybreak presented a gloomy spectacle in the smoldering city. When the drums and trumpets sounded the reveille, the drunken soldiers and negroes began to crawl forth from the coverts, where they had spent the last few hours of darkness.

Cockburn himself reappeared, his appetite for destruction unappeased. Pillage and riot were renewed. The War Office and other public buildings, and the publication-office of the *National Intelligencer*, were fired,

The British rear-admiral was in boisterous spirits. Mounted tipsily on a white, uncurried brood mare, followed by her neighing foal, he rode about the streets. Frightened women came forth and implored him almost on their knees to save their homes. "Never fear," he shouted, with drunken enjoyment of their terror. "You shall be much safer under my administration than that of Madison."

Another dreadful incident marked this day. A detachment of soldiers had been sent to destroy two rope-walks at Greenleaf's Point, near the city. The officer who had charge of the expedition, after he had completed his work, threw the lighted torch into an old well. He was unaware that into this receptacle a vast quantity of shot, shell, useless cartridges and similar material had been thrown. A frightful explosion followed. One hundred officers and men were killed and wounded. As the mutilated and the dead were borne back to the city another tempest swept over it, and the thunder and lightning again added to the horrors of the hour.

By this time the British officers began to regret the wanton destruction they had accomplished. There was fear that there might be an uprising of the exasperated and desperate people of the surrounding country, and it was decided to retreat.

At nine o'clock at night the advance-guard began to leave the scene of devastation. The camp-fires on the hill of the Capitol were kept burning while the army silently traversed the road to Bladensburg.

By the sacking of Washington, $2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. The Capitol and its splendid library, the President's House, the Treasury, War and Post-office buildings, and five private dwellings, were burned. Thirteen private houses were pillaged, and the office of the *National Intelligencer*, two rope-walks, and the bridge over the Potomac, were consumed.

This calamity, which was supposed in Europe to be the ruin of the country, was really nothing of the kind, and certainly was of momentous importance and benefit to Washington. As already remarked, there had been, ever since the foundation of the city, a strong pressure to have the capital of the country removed elsewhere. Baltimore and Philadelphia, as well as Annapolis, had strong personal motives to urge this change. To one of the three would almost certainly fall the good fortune of successorship. In the first ten years of the city's history, three vigorous attempts were made to bring about a removal, and nothing operated so effectually as a preventive as the felicity of the site of the Capitol. After the loot of 1814 the pressure was renewed, for now there seemed an opportunity especially designed by fate. But it was argued that to remove would seem like flying before the enemy and the injurious moral effect would be incalculable. This presentation of the case settled the question for the time.

The situation was undeniably discouraging. At this period there were not more than 750 assessable persons in the District of Columbia, whose combined property was under $2,000,000, and yet it had been predicted that the city would have, at least, 150,000 inhabitants by that time. With the destruction of the public buildings, everything was, indeed, in a cheerless condition and the prospect dark. Patriotism, however, carried the day, and the capital remained where it was.

The proposition for removal did not again seriously come up until the project for the retrocession of Alexandria and the land of the District west of the Potomac arose, in 1846. Then it was that the people of Alexandria complained, not unjustly, of being political orphans—of having lost their citizenship in Virginia and yet acquired no rights under the United States. The removal of the capital was again defeated, and, as the prospect of this seemed now hopeless, property in Washington began to rise in value and the city to prosper a little.

From the beginning, the government of the District of Columbia had been a source of perplexity to Congress. Local representation in that body was an embarrassing question. In 1802 it was resolved to delegate the active administration of municipal affairs to the City Government, but Congress naturally would not entertain the idea of abandoning its own authority. The aim was to retain this, and yet to give the residents as much scope and freedom as were consistent with that design.

By the Act of Incorporation the city was divided into three wards. The Act further provided for the election of two chambers; the first Council being composed of seven members and the second of five, chosen annually on a general ticket. The smaller body was formed by ballot from among the twelve. The first election was held in June, 1802, the Mayor being appointed by the President, and he, in turn, naming the subordinates. The system continued until 1812, when the election of Mayor was placed to a considerable extent in the hands of the people; but such nominations of the minor officials as he made were subject to confirmation by the Aldermen. The Board of the latter was organized so as to consist of two persons from each Ward, while the Board of Councilmen consisted of three members from each Ward. The former were selected for two years, and the latter for one year.

So far as the laws and police system were concerned, the greatest confusion prevailed. Even after the charter of Washington was granted, the parts of the District on opposite sides of the river continued to be subject to the laws of the States to which they originally belonged, notwithstanding the original framers had abolished many of these statutes. Rioting and gambling went on to a scandalous degree because there really were not means to suppress them. The judicial system comprised a circuit and a criminal court, but the intervals between sessions were long, and the justices were hampered for want of well-defined authority.

The general condition of the city continued to be extremely discouraging. The local Government, for the reasons indicated, was incompetent, and corruption was more than suspected. Congress continued to make some small appropriations, but the money was misapplied or wasted. A heavy municipal debt grew up. The Senators and Representatives were too busy with other things to care much about the affairs of the city in which they were obliged to reside only during the session.

Forty years after the foundation of Washington the paving of the city was disgracefully imperfect—indeed, it can scarcely be described as paved at all. A City Hall had been erected, but it was almost a satire upon the name it bore. The jail was a public nuisance. No one took interest in these matters; but it is not to be wondered at, as the officials were miserably paid. The salary of the Mayor was only $500 a year. The indifference of Congress seems now something incredible. To the Press of the country Washington was an object of mockery and contempt.

In 1860—little more than twenty-five years ago—the capital, so beautiful at this time, had a population of only about 70,000 persons, and was little better in most respects than a village. Socially, it was absolutely without attractions. The hotels were of a provincial type, and meanly kept. The streets were in a shocking condition. Pennsylvania Avenue, now so magnificent, was a long, muddy road, full of holes. In Summer the dust was blinding. There were no conveyances, except a few straggling hacks and old-fashioned stages, horse railways not being introduced until 1862. There were no parks, drives or places of amusement. Commerce was small, and that only of retail character. No sort of manufacturing business was carried on, and the residents eked out a scanty living. When Congress was not in session the city was virtually dead.

The grand transformation-scene, as the theatre bills say, occurred during the Civil War. Then every eye was fixed on the capital, and the symptoms of a great alteration for the better began to be manifest. The growth in the population was sudden and enormous. In 1860, as has been mentioned, the inhabitants numbered about 70,000. In the following decade the number was nearly doubled During the war the entire population averaged a quarter of a million.

After the war, when the armies had dispersed, and the politicians and adventurers had left the capital, the city began to languish and sink back into its old condition. By those who had its interests at heart the gloomiest forebodings were indulged. It became manifest that something must be done, and without delay. Pressure was brought upon Congress, in which narrow and provincial ideas no longer prevailed as formerly.

But it was not until the early part of 1871 that Congress passed the Organic Act, establishing and defining the powers of the Territorial Government of the District of Columbia. A number of candidates were brought forward for the Governorship, and there was sharp rivalry; but in the end Mr. Henry D. Cooke was selected. The Board of Public Works chosen comprised A. R. Shepherd, James A. Magruder, Adolf Class and Henry A. Willard, with the Governor as president *ex-officio*. Mr. Shepherd, who was made head of the Board, was a gentleman of about thirty-five years of age, and a native of Washington.

Public work was now about to be resumed for almost the first time since the completion of the extension of the Capitol in 1825. After the burning of that building by the British in 1814, the rebuilding was begun by B. H. Latrobe, on the plan of Stephen Hallett. The foundations of the main structure were laid March 24th, 1818. The cornerstone of the extension was laid July 4th, 1851, Mr. Fillmore being President, and Mr. Webster Secretary of State. The dome cost $1,100,000, the wings $6,500,000. The height of the interior of the dome, from the floor to the rotunda, is 180 feet 3 inches. The height of the exterior, from the floor of the basement story to the top of the crowning statue, is 287 feet 5 inches. The Capitol is 951 feet 4 inches long, which is 31 feet longer than St. Peter's in Rome, and 175 feet longer than St. Paul's in London. The ground actually covered by the Capitol is 153,112 square feet. The decoration has been much criticised, although it has found its defenders, too. The first artists were Italians, who overlaid the walls with florid colors and foreign symbols. The mixture of American and mythological subjects has been condemned as tasteless and grotesque.

The Board of Public Works did not enter upon its labor without difficulty. Obstructive legal proceedings were taken, which, however, were finally overcome. The work accomplished is considered almost as remarkable as anything of the kind in the history of mankind. In 1872 the work went on in most vigorous fashion. During eighteen months twenty miles of sidewalk were laid, double that number of carriage pavement, six miles of tile sewer, seven miles of brick sewer, fourteen miles of water mains, twenty miles of gas mains, twenty miles of service pipes. Before resting, the Board laid fifty miles of more than a dozen different kinds of wood pavement, four of Belgian pavement, five of round block, six of cobblestones, eight of macadam, and forty miles of graded streets and roads. The sewerage system was brought to completion, and over twenty-five thousand shade trees planted. The result of all this was that the bonds of the District, which had been twenty-five per cent. below par, came to par within a year.

Washington is now one of the most spacious, attractive and beautiful cities in the world. The streets surpass in some respects even those of Paris. Over the broad drives vehicles glide as over a waxed floor. Beautiful trees afford shade for the parks which abound in every direction Here, too, are the charming "circles," always merry with the voices of children. Pennsylvania Avenue has been pronounced the most magnificent thoroughfare in the world. Standing on the steps of

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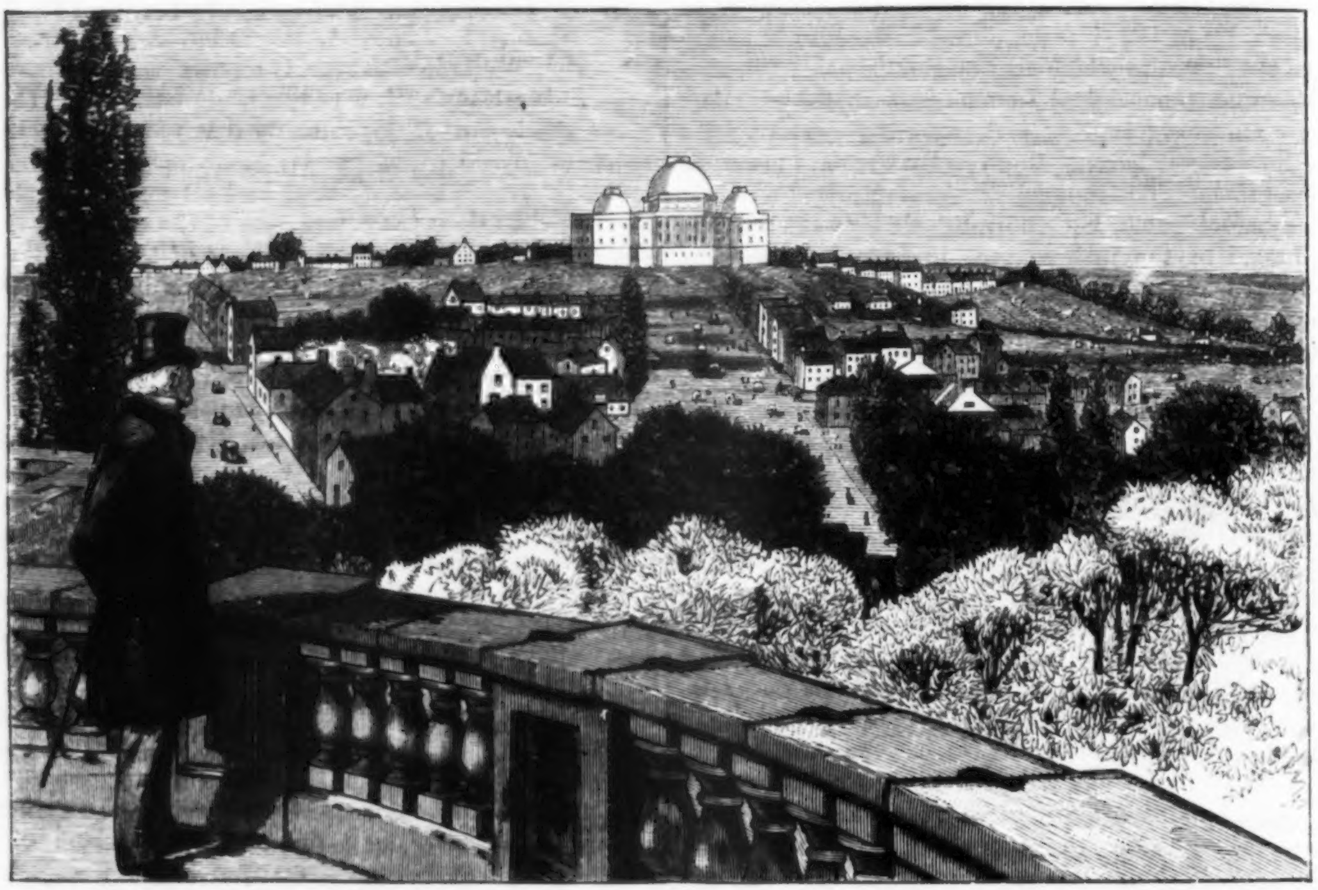
the Capitol, the scene which stretches before the eye, far as it can reach, is one never to be forgotten—one of wonderful animation—private carriages, Herdics, horsecars, bicycles, vehicles of all sorts, hurrying swiftly and noiselessly by.



WASHINGTON IN 1820, FROM THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

Magnificent specimens of architecture, museums, bureaus, schools of literature and science, are to be found on every hand. Here come, to put their speculations in motion, the projectors of great enterprises, and here, to find congenial quiet, retired officers and statesmen whose careers are ended; and here, too, come the great literary and scientific lights, to consult the unapproachable library. The climate is, on the whole, delightful—rarely too warm in Summer—a breeze stirring on even the hottest days—and never really disagreeable, except sometimes, perhaps, in March. The good living which the markets afford is something of universal note.

As to society, it is curious that, notwithstanding the large transient class in the population, comprising its most important element, the permanent inhabitants should possess so much individuality. Here, people are driven together from all parts of the Union. Some come "for the season," some, for the career of the Administration, and many for an uncertain period. In the nature of things, the total forms a peculiar and somewhat grotesque conglomeration.

The varieties of dress, air, and particularly of accent, strike the observer. The hotels and boarding-houses afford a most interesting field for this sort of study. Many novels have been published about Washington, and from time to time the announcement is seen that noted authors are stopping at the capital for professional purposes—observing humanity as it is to be found there, in order to write the true novel which is yet to come. The probabilities are that, like the typical American play, it will never be written.

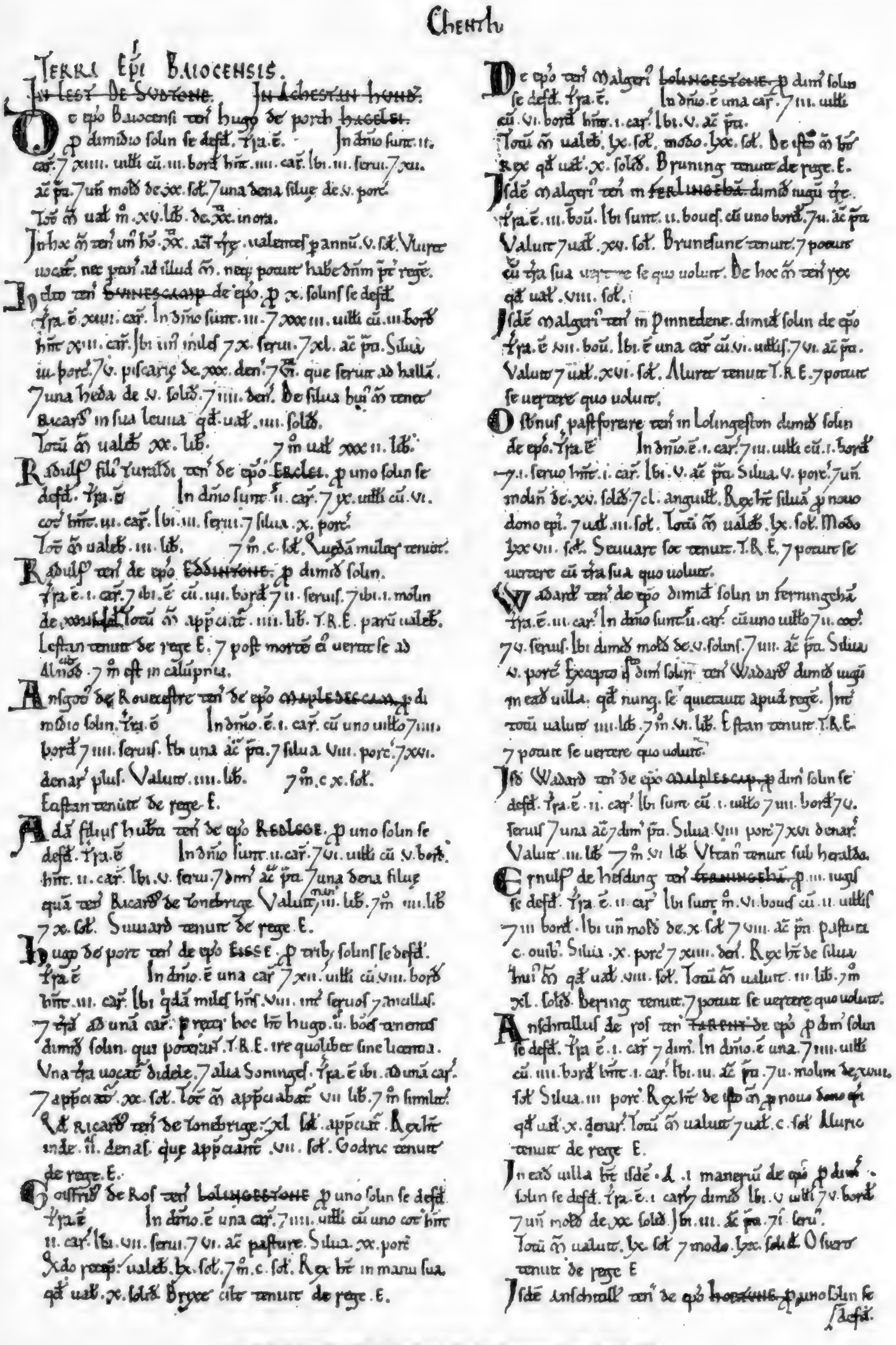
If Washington is not yet the ideal American city, there are many who believe that it will eventually be. It certainly is growing enormously in extent, as well as beauty. Land is being bought up in all directions about the corporate limits for literally miles and miles. Farms, which a little while ago afforded a bare living to their owners, are now held at $1,000 an acre. City lots were never so high. In the last few years the resident population has increased more than thirty thousand. The explanation of the rapid growth and improvement of the city, probably, may be found in the fact of the great extension of the number of inhabitants. Capital is attracted thither from all parts of the country, not only for investment, but to supply homes for people who have become a part of the permanent and resident population of the District.

## THE OLD BURNES COTTAGE.

### THE PLACE WHERE THE PURCHASE OF THE SITE FOR THE NATIONAL CAPITAL WAS NEGOTIATED.

LONG before the banks of the Potomac had been thought of as a site for the country's permanent capital, David Burnes had secured here a vast estate, and built upon its western boundary a small residence at the river's edge, now, however, separated from it by a wide reach of recently reclaimed morass. In this humble abode, Washington conducted with its owner the negotiations whereby a site for the country's permanent capital was secured—this tract constituting what is now the central portion of the city.

Before the transfer of this large domain had been finally consummated, many interviews with the proprietor were made necessary, for he was found irritable, if not obstinate. Washington's patience was sorely tried, and, it is reported, he yielded on one of these occasions to intemperate language, when the obdurate Scotchman ventured the intimation that the former's greatness was



Chenth

TERRA EPI BAIOCENSIS.

~~In lest de Sudtone.~~ ~~In Achestan hund.~~

De epo Baiocensi ten hugo de porth ~~hagelei.~~
p dimidio solin se defd. Tra. e. In dnio sunt. ii.
car. 7 xiiii. uitti cu. iii. bord hnt. iiii. car. Ibi. iii. serui. 7 xii.
ac pa. 7 un mold de xx. sol. 7 una dena silue de. v. porc.
Tot on uat m. xv. lib. de. xx. in ora.
In hoc on ten un ho. xx. ac tre. ualentes p annu. v. sol. Vlurec
uocat. nec pan ad illud on. neq; potuit habe dnm pt rege.
In dco ten ~~Dunescamp~~ de epo. p x. solins se defd.
Tra. e. xxiiii. car. In dnio sunt. iii. 7 xxx iii. uitti cu. iii bord
hnt xvii. car. Ibi un miles 7 x. serui. 7 xl. ac pa. Silua
iii. porc. 7 v. piscarie de. xxx. den. 7 ten. que seruit ad halla.
7 una heda de. v. solid. 7 iiii. den. De silua hui on tenet
Ricard in sua leuua qd. uat. iiii. solid.
Totu on ualeb xx. lib. 7 m uat xxx ii. lib.
Radulf fili turaldi ten de epo ~~Ercleı~~. p uno solin se
defd. Tra. e In dnio sunt. ii. car. 7 ix. uitti cu. vi.
cot hnt. iii. car. Ibi. iii. serui. 7 silua. x. porc.
Tot on ualeb. iii. lib. 7 m. c. sol. Quada mulier tenuit.
Radulf ten de epo ~~Eddintone~~. p dimid solin.
Tra e. i. car. 7 ibi. e cu. iiii. bord 7 ii. serui. 7 ibi. i. molin
de ~~xxxiii~~ Totu on appciat. iiii. lib. T. R. E. paru ualeb.
Leftan tenuit de rege E. 7 post morte ej uertit se ad
Alnod cilt. 7 m est in calupnia.
Ansgot de Rouecestre ten de epo ~~Maplesecam~~. p di
midio solin. Tra. e In dnio. e. i. car. cu uno uitto 7 iiii.
bord 7 iiii. serui. Ibi una ac pa. 7 silua. viii. porc. 7 xvi.
denar plus. Valuit. iiii. lib. 7 m. c x. sol.
Eastan tenuit de rege E.
Ada filius huba ten de epo ~~Redlege~~. p uno solin se
defd. Tra. e In dnio sunt. ii. car. 7 vi. uitti cu v. bord.
hnt. ii. car. Ibi. v. serui. 7 dim ac pa. 7 una dena silue
qua ten Ricard de tonebrige. Valuit. iii. lib. 7 m iiii. lib
7 x. sol. Siuuard tenuit de rege E.
Hugo de port ten de epo ~~Esse~~. p trib; solins se defd.
Tra. e In dnio. e una car 7 xii. uitti cu viii. bord
hnt. iii. car. Ibi qda miles hns. viii. int seruos 7 ancillas.
7 tra ad una car. Pter hoc hb hugo. ii. bos tenentes
dimid solin. qui potera. T. R. E. ire quolibet sine licentia.
Vna tra uocat dudele. 7 alia Soninges. Tra. e ibi. ad una car.
7 appciat. xx. sol. Tot on appciabat vii lib. 7 m similit.
Qd Ricard ten de tonebrige. xl. sol. appciat. Rex hb
inde. ii. denar. que appciant. vii. sol. Godric tenuit
de rege E.
Goisfrid de Ros ten ~~Lolingestone~~ p uno solin se defd.
Tra. e In dnio. e una car. 7 iiii. uitti cu uno cot hnt
ii. car. Ibi. vii. serui. 7 vi. ac pasture. Silua. xx. porc.
Xdo recep: ualeb. lx. sol. 7 m. c. sol. Rex hb in manu sua
qd uat. x. solid. Bryxi cilt tenuit de rege. E.

De epo ten Malger ~~Lolingestone~~. p dim solin
se defd. Tra. e. In dnio. e una car. 7 iii. uitti
cu. vi. bord hnt. i. car. Ibi. v. ac pa.
Totu on ualeb. lx. sol. modo. lxx. sol. De isto on hb
Rex qd uat. x. solid. Bruning tenuit de rege. E.
Isde Malger ten in ~~Ferlingeha~~ dimid iugu tre.
Tra. e. iii. bou. Ibi sunt. ii. boues. cu uno bord. 7 ii. ac pa
Valuit 7 uat. xv. sol. Brunesune tenuit. 7 potuit
cu tra sua uertere se quo uoluit. De hoc on ten rex
qd uat. viii. sol.
Isde Malger ten in Pinnedene. dimid solin de epo
Tra. e vii. bou. Ibi. e una car cu. vi. uittis. 7 vi. ac pa.
Valuit 7 uat. xvi. sol. Aluret tenuit T. R. E. 7 potuit
se uertere quo uoluit.
Osbnus pastforate ten in Lolingeston dimid solin
de epo. Tra. e In dnio. e. i. car. 7 iii. uitti cu. i. bord
7 i. seruo hnt. i. car. Ibi. v. ac pa. Silua. v. porc. 7 un
molin de. xv. solid. 7 cl. anguitt. Rex hb silua p nouo
dono epi. 7 uat. iii. sol. Totu on ualeb. lx. sol. Modo
lxx vii. sol. Seuuart sot tenuit. T. R. E. 7 potuit se
uertere cu tra sua quo uoluit.
Wadard ten de epo dimid solin in Ferningeha
Tra. e. iii. car. In dnio sunt. ii. car. cu uno uitto 7 ii. cot.
7 v. serui. Ibi dimid mold de. v. solins. 7 viii. ac pa. Silua
v. porc. Excepto isto dim solin ten Wadard dimid iugu
in ead uilla. qd nunq. se quietauit apud rege. Int
totu ualuit iiii. lib. 7 m. vi. lib. Estan tenuit. T. R. E.
7 potuit se uertere quo uoluit.
Isd Wadard ten de epo ~~Maplescamp~~. p dim solin se
defd. Tra. e. ii. car. Ibi sunt cu. i. uitto 7 iii. bord 7 v.
serui 7 una ac 7 dim pa. Silua viii porc 7 xvi denar.
Valuit. iii. lib 7 m vi lib. Vlstan tenuit sub heraldo.
Ernulf de hesding ten ~~Franingeha~~. p. iii. iugis
se defd. Tra. e. ii. car. Ibi sunt m. vi. boues cu. ii. uittis
7 iii bord. Ibi un mold de. x. sol 7 viii. ac pa. pastura
c. ouib. Silua. x. porc 7 xiiii. den. Rex hb de silua
hui on qd uat. viii. sol. Totu on ualuit. iii. lib. 7 m
xl. solid. Bering tenuit. 7 potuit se uertere quo uoluit.
Anschitillus de ros ten ~~Fachenai~~ de epo. p dim solin
se defd. Tra. e. i. car 7 dim. In dnio. e una. 7 iiii. uitti
cu. iiii. bord hnt. i. car. Ibi. iii. ac pa. 7 ii. molin de. xviii.
sol. Silua. iii porc. Rex hb de isto on p nouo dono epi
qd uat. x. denar. Totu on ualuit 7 uat. c. sol. Aluric
tenuit de rege E.
In ead uilla hb isde. A. i. manerii de epo p dim
solin se defd. Tra. e. i car 7 dimid. Ibi. v uitti 7 v. bord
7 un mold de xx solid. Ibi. iii. ac pa. 7 i. seru.
Totu on ualuit. lx. sol 7 modo. lxx. solid. Osuuard
tenuit de rege E.
Isde Anschitill ten de epo ~~Hortune~~. p uno solin se
defd.

THE DOMESDAY BOOK.—FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE.—SEE PAGE 112.

only a result of his intermarriage with the Widow Custis! What followed in this relation is not recorded, but over the transferred acres now falls a shadow from the highest monument ever erected.

After David Burnes's death, which occurred in 1799, his widow and only child, Marcia, continued to reside in the cottage. The young lady had many admirers, charmed by her wit and learning. Of the number was John P. Van Ness, the handsome Congressman from New York, who proved the successful suitor; and, soon after the marriage, built a stately residence near the old cottage, which still stands dominating the humbler structure. But cottage and castle alike, in their lonely seclusion, are gradually yielding to the ravages of time—and without the friendly intervention of some antiquary, for there are no descendants to whom these historical relics might make their mute appeal—the old cottage will fall into inevitable ruin.

# THE DOMESDAY BOOK OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

By E. C. Thomas.

The closing days of last October witnessed the commemoration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the compilation of the great survey known as "Domesday Book." Under the auspices of the Royal Historical Society, arrangements were made for a series of meetings in Lincoln's Inn Hall, London, at which papers were read by students of what has been called the "Science of Domesday," and for two exhibitions of ancient manuscripts and records—one at the British Museum and the other at the Record Office. The great building in Fetter Lane is the present home of the august monument in whose honor this celebration was held. Its first place of deposit appears to have been the royal treasury at Winchester Cathedral, but, from a notice in the well known "Dialogus de Scaccario," it seems to have afterward become the inseparable companion of the Royal Seal, and Sir Henry Ellis quotes an entry from one of the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., to show that in the twenty-ninth year of that monarch it was with the King at Lincoln. It is not known when it was deposited in the Exchequer at Westminster, where it was kept in an iron chest, which is still preserved, under three locks and keys, in the charge of several officials of the Exchequer. In 1696 it was removed to the Chapter House, and from there was finally deposited in Fetter Lane, where it is in the care of an official specially charged with its custody. The old binding of wood, covered with leather and ornamented with brass, is still kept; but the volumes have been put into modern bindings of leather with silver fittings, and are carefully preserved under glass. Though not, of course, the oldest, yet, when we consider the greatness of the events of which it is at once the outcome and the record, it may well be considered the most reverend of our early records, and as we look upon this "miracle of clerkly and executive capacity," we can scarcely fail to realize more keenly than before the greatness of that king who but twenty years before its compilation had landed on England's shores as a stranger and an invader.

As to the meaning of the name of "Domesday Book," various conjectures have been made. This name nowhere occurs in the book itself, where it is indeed once spoken of by name as "Liber de Wintonia." In the "Dialogue of the Exchequer" by Richard Fitz-Nigel, Bishop of London, and sometime Treasurer of the Exchequer, which was written about 1176, we find the statement: "Hic liber ab indigenis Domesdei vocatur, id est Dies judicii per metaphoram," which he latinizes into *liber judiciarius*, because, as he explains, its judgment upon any disputed point was final. Rudborne tells us that it was so called "quia nulli parcit, sicut nec magnus dies judicii." The suggestion that the name is derived from the first resting-place of the record at Winchester, as though Domesday were a corruption of *Domus Dei*, scarcely deserves serious notice. The name appears to have become generic, and we find various local Domesdays, or lesser records of a similar character called by this name, such as the "Domesday of Chester," and the better known "Domesday of St. Paul's," made by Dean Ralph de Diceto, the historian.

"Domesday Book" is written in contracted Latin. The two volumes of which the book consists are not uniform in size or extent. The first contains the survey of thirty-one counties, beginning with Chenth (Kent), and is a large folio written on 382 folios of vellum, in double columns, and in a small and clear hand. The other volume is in quarto, and is written in a larger character on 450 folios in single column, and contains the survey of the counties of Exsessa (Essex), Norfulc (Norfolk) and Sudfulc (Suffolk), in a longer form than that of the first volume. This longer and more detailed form suggests that the second volume of the Exchequer Domesday is the original record of the survey, like the "Inquisitio Eliensis" (a survey of the lands of the monastery of Ely), and the "Exon Domesday," which contains a fuller account of the western counties. But Mr. Eyton has shown that "no single entry of the Exchequer codex was copied or abstracted from the Exeter edition."

There is no account of the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland and Durham, possibly because the ravages inflicted by William upon the three former counties had made it impossible or unnecessary to make an exact survey of them, and because Durham was already a Palatine county. Portions only of Lancashire are described under Yorkshire and Cheshire. In many cases, moreover, entries belonging to one county have been placed in another, apparently for reasons of convenience or with the view of putting together the properties of a particular landowner. London, Abingdon, Winchester and a few other towns are also omitted, probably because they compounded for all dues and customary payments. A note at the end of the second volume fixes the year 1086 as the date of the completion of the survey. But our authorities vary as to when it commenced, some carrying it back to 1080. The "Saxon Chronicle," however, says that it was ordered to be made in 1085; and a careful examination of the internal evidence afforded by the record itself confirms this date, and from it Mr. Eyton concludes that the survey, and the transcription and codification of the returns, were completed in less than eight months. Of the mid-winter Gemót at Gloucester in 1085-86, at which the great task was decided on, we have a full account; we are told that "the king had mickle thought and very deep speech with his witan," and their thought and speech, amongst other things, were "about this land, how it was set, and by what men." Among the causes which impelled William to undertake the work may have been the difficulties in collecting the Danegeld, which he had imposed in the year 1084 at the rate of six shillings on each hide of land. But William may well have regarded the preparation of this inventory of the kingdom as the crowning act of the long process by which he had established and secured his power alike over his own vassals and the people he had come to rule over. It was a splendid conception, and it was splendidly executed. The whole country was divided into districts, of which there appear to have been nine; and a body of commissioners—*legati Regis*, as they are styled in the record itself—were appointed to each district. From the names of the few who are known to us, it is evident that men of high position were appointed to the office. Their manner of proceeding was one not new in England; they gathered their information by the oaths of the sheriffs, the lords of manors, the parish priests, the bailiffs and six villeins of every village. The scope of the inquiry was most exhaustive.

They were to inquire the name of the place, who held it T.R.E—*i.e.*, in the time of King Edward—and who was its present possessor; how many hides there were in the manor; how many carucates in the demesne; how many men, how many villeins, how many cottars, how many serfs, how many freemen, how many socmen; how much wood, meadow and pasture; how many mills and fisheries; how much had been added or taken; what the total value was in King Edward's time and then. Then the value was to be ascertained at three periods: the time of Edward, the time of the grant by William, and the time of the making of the survey. And, last but not least, the commissioners were to report whether its value could in any way be raised. That the national sentiment resented this inquisitional method, and that in many places the inquiries were accompanied by violence and disturbance, may well be understood. The thoroughness of the survey and the national indignation find forcible expression through the Chronicler, who says of the King: "He let write how mickle of land his Archbishops had, and his Bishops, and his Abbots and Earls, and though I it no longer tell, what or how mickle ilk man had that landholder was in England in land and in cattle, and how mickle fee it were worth. So very narrowly he let spear it out, that there was not a single hide nor a yard of land, nor as much as—it is a shame to tell, and it thought him no shame to do—an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine was left that was not set in his writ."

The returns made to the commissioners were entered by them upon separate rolls, which were then sent to Winchester, where they were breviated and arranged by the King's clerks. The returns, or at all events the abstracts of them, were made in a methodical manner. In each shire the abstract begins with a list of the principal landowners in it. First comes the King, then the great ecclesiastical and temporal landholders, equally followed by the smaller landholders, arranged in classes such as *servientes regis, taini regis*, the whole serving as a table of contents to the body of the survey. This is arranged under hundreds, the King and other landholders being arranged under each hundred with the various particulars required to be returned. The commissioners did not, of course, affect to deal with questions of conflicting claims to proprietorship, but simply recorded the facts for the King's information. In some shires such notes of disputed rights are set down apart under the head of "clamores," while in some shires cases of violent or wrongful possession are set down under the name of "occupationes" or "invasiones."

It was only natural that the method of inquiry and of noting the results should differ in minor points in the case of the various bodies of commissioners, and it thus becomes possible to determine, by internal evidence, the way in which the shires were distributed into groups for the purpose of the inquiry. In some cases the jurors appear to have made fuller returns, or the commissioners to have made more searching inquiries, than in others. Thus, in the "Exon Domesday," in the second Exchequer volume containing the eastern counties, we find the number of oxen, cows and swine carefully noted, while they are left out in the abstract of the other counties forming the first Exchequer scheme. Again, it is characteristic of the corps of the commissioners for the five western counties that they were heedless of registering parish churches and parish priests. In this and one or two other instances to which we have already referred, we happen to have the two forms of the return—the original record and the abstract made at Winchester. In the case of the "Exon Domesday," moreover, a few leaves of a somewhat similar but less exact and minute inquiry of the geld-inquest of 1084 have been preserved by being bound up with the Domesday itself.

The digested abstract of the searching investigation carried out with so much particularity and exactitude, and at the same time with so much energy, that it was completed within a period of some eight months, presents a document which, as Professor Freeman has pointed out, stands alone among the sources of national history as the first known statistical document of modern Europe, and, what is more, a most admirable map and picture of England at the great turning-point of her national history.

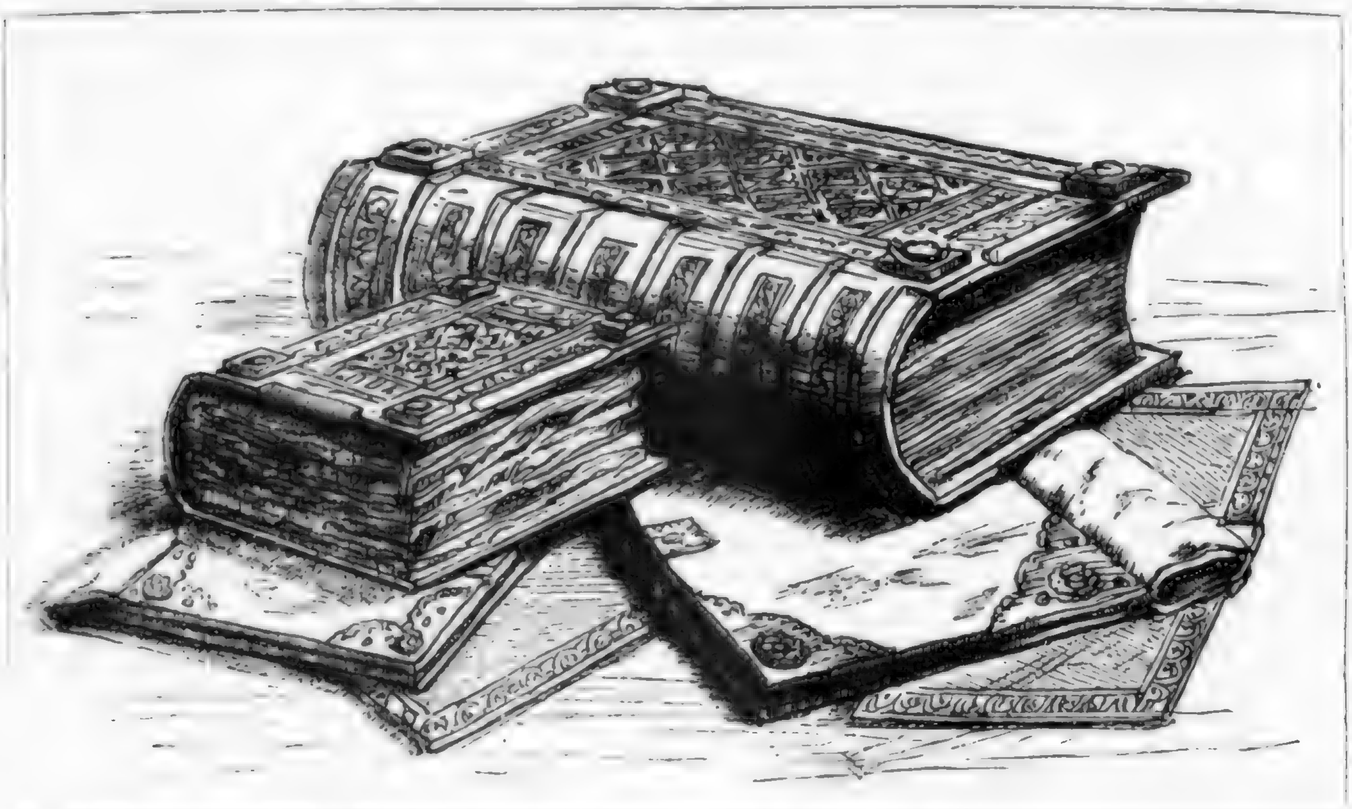
Of what may be called the bibliography of "Domesday Book" it is not possible to say much; and it is not creditable to English scholars or to a great nation that it should be so. If Domesday had been a French or German document, it is safe to say that it would have been edited and re-edited, glossed and commented upon, and illustrated in the most exhaustive way. It was not printed at all until the year 1783, when it was issued under the direction of the Record Commission, in two large, unwieldy volumes; to which were added, in 1816, two volumes containing indexes and a general introduction by Sir Henry Ellis, together with similar records, viz., "The Exon Domesday," "The Inquisitio Eliensis," "The Liber Winton" and "Boldon Buke." The form of these volumes is awkward and inconvenient, and the text is printed only in the original contracted form.

In 1862-65 an edition in fac-simile of the survey of each county was published under the direction of Sir Henry James, of the Ordnance Survey. This edition enables the student to become acquainted, to some extent, with the aspect of the original. In 1876, Professor Freeman, who has done more than any one to show its boundless importance, and has made a close study of it for the purpose of his history, pointed out that: "A really critical edition of the whole Survey, bringing the full resources of modern scholarship to bear on all the points suggested by it, is an object which ought to be taken up as a national work."

Since that time we have studies made by the late Rev. R. W. Eyton upon the surveys of Dorset and Somerset, in which local knowledge is brought to bear upon the elucidation of the methods of the survey and the meaning of much that is obscure in its technicalities and phraseology. It seems but reasonable to anticipate that a great stimulus to Domesday study would be given by the publication of an extended text in a handy and convenient shape. If the present commemoration results in the production of such a work, it will have done good service, and fresh force will be given to the words of old Agard: *Qui plura de his scire velit librum ipsum consulat.*

The picture that we get from the "Domesday Book" of the England of 800 years ago is as unlike the England of to-day as it is possible to imagine.

XUM



THE DOMESDAY BOOK.—THE VOLUMES AS THEY NOW EXIST.

Vast districts were then covered with parks and forests of many thousand acres in extent; and innumerable herds of swine were turned loose in them to feed upon the acorns and mast.

The eastern counties, now so productive and healthy, were then dreary swamps, undrained and almost profitless.

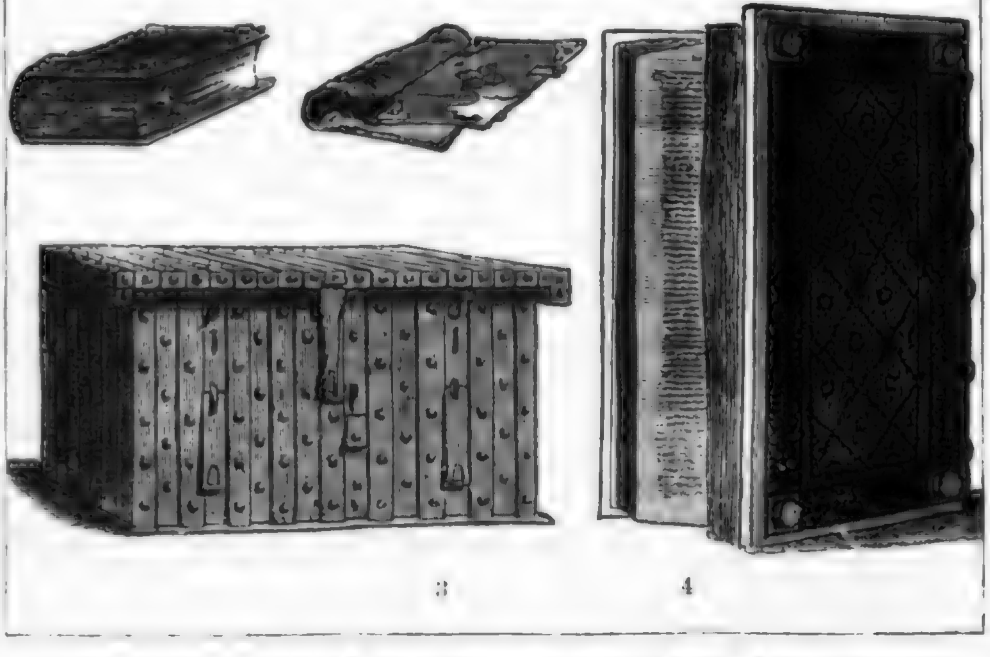
Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's stood nearly alone, backed by a thick wood, which sheltered thousands of swine.

The country seats of the upper classes were then four-roomed houses, with the staircases, as a rule, outside, and rarely possessing the luxury of either chimneys or glazed windows; and as to the laborers' cottages, they were nothing but mud hovels.

Again we find that the trades followed by our forefathers were very few and simple compared with those in our day. Of course, there were smiths, tanners and carpenters; but the "manufacturing interest," as represented in Domesday, is confined to clothworkers and potters.

The women of the various households were, as we learn, so industrious and clever as to do away with the necessity of employing bakers, brewers, tailors and weavers; they were quite able to perform these tasks for their own homes and families.

It would take many pages to give all the points of interest concerning the social, political and religious condition of the people at the time that "Domesday Book" was written. We are enabled to present to our readers a fac-simile, very slightly reduced, which gives a fair idea of a page of the Kent Survey, and will enable them to obtain a good notion of the handwriting and the peculiarities of this famous book of which England is so proud.



1. LITTLE DOMESDAY BOOK. 2. OLD BINDING OF DOMESDAY BOOK. 3. TREASURE-CHEST OF THE EXCHEQUER, IN WHICH THE BOOK WAS KEPT. 4. DOMESDAY BOOK.

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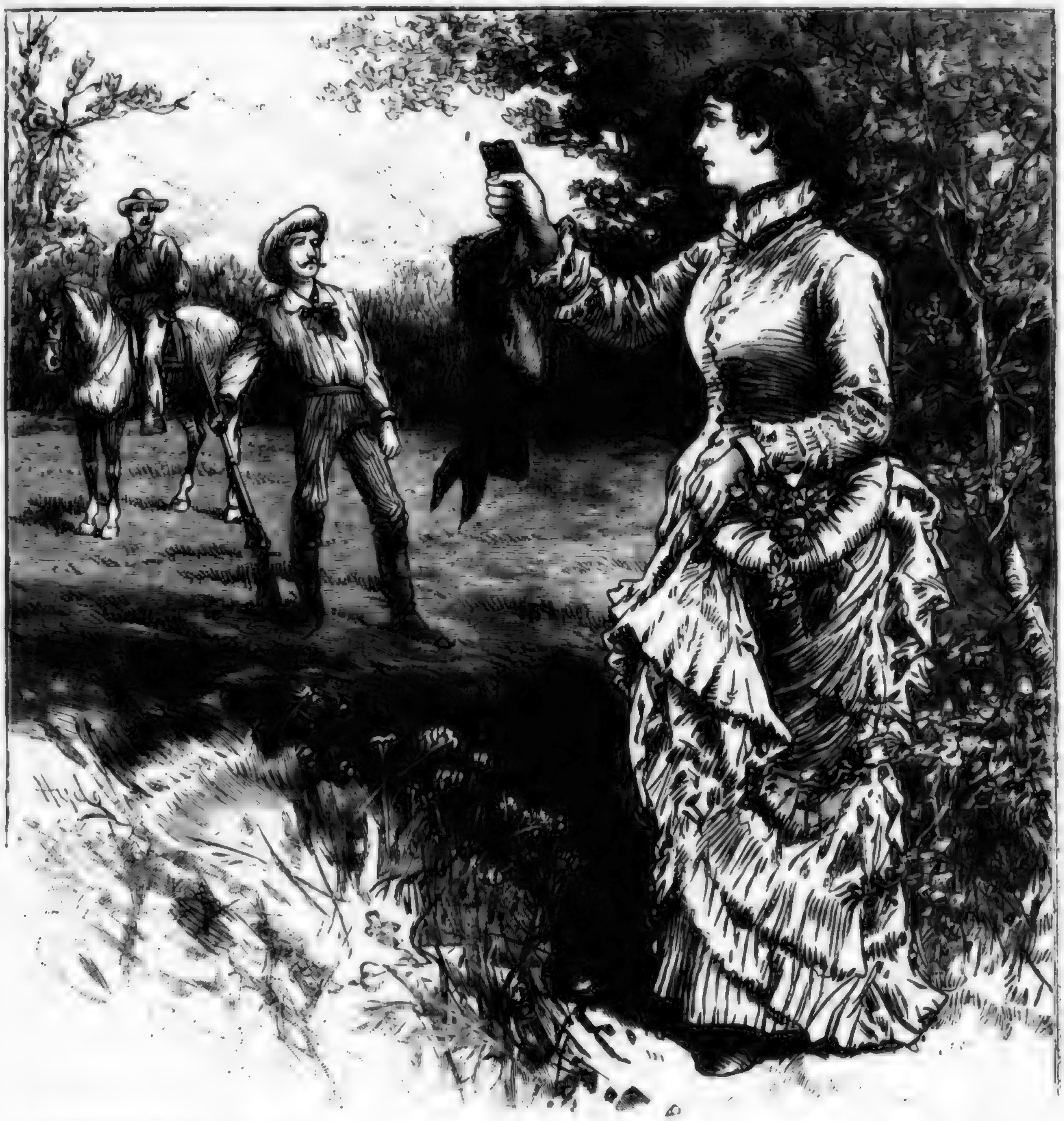
THE cares and anxieties of life will be felt by us in a greater or less degree in exact proportion as we enjoy at the time a greater or less degree of health.



AN INCIDENT OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.—“HE FIRED JUST AS A GIRL STEPPED FROM THE CAÑON. THE RABBIT LAY DEAD AT HER FEET. SHE STOOPED AND PICKED IT UP.”

# AN INCIDENT OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.

By Mrs. E. B. Perkins.

I met him in the village store. I had gone there for my mail; he, for supplies.

He attracted my attention. I think the most unobservant would have noticed him. He was unusually tall; six feet three in his stockings, as I learned afterward, and as slim as a pole. He had on a blue flannel shirt and red suspenders, and wore his gray corduroy trousers tucked in his boots. His legs were straight, if they were thin, and measured a distance in their strides that savored of seven-leagued boots.

He was as brown as a Mexican; his features large, and his expression kind and frank to a degree. When he took off his sombrero he showed a heavy head of soft flaxen hair, more like baby's hair than anything else. It seemed a most incongruous capping, but when I came to know him I found it entirely in keeping with one phase of his character.

I had spent the Winter in the San Gabriel Valley, loafing. I had gone there to regain broken health, and had devoted my exclusive attention to that object without seeing many returns come in. This fellow looked so strong that I think my first sentiment toward him was resentment.

The storekeeper was postmaster as well. The bags had just come in on the stage, and I had sat down on the counter to wait for the mail to be distributed. The stranger made his purchases standing beside me; then gathered up his parcels and bolted out. He evidently expected no letters. Following an impulse, I went after him. He was stowing away his packages in a pair of saddle-bags, thrown over the back of an animal quite in keeping with himself, being of an uncommonly large breed.

In California one talks to any and everybody. To

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loafers like myself, there is nothing to do but to exchange experiences. I commented on the height of his horse.

"Vell, yes; he is sixteen hands. I finds it more pleasant to haf my feet skip the ground," he replied, with a comical sort of measurement of his long limbs. "Been here long?" he asked.

I told him I had wintered in Southern California.

"Hafn't tried a Summer. George!" It came from down in his throat and was expressive.

"Hot I suppose?"

He placed his hand impressively upon my shoulder.

"I tell you 'bout this climate, stranger. The Vinters are berfect Summers, the Summers are hell."

Then he laughed. He had a tremendous laugh. It made me jump. It always did, even after I got used to it. His speech was a sort of mongrel, that put me in doubt as to his nationality. I learned afterward that his father was a French-Canadian, his mother a German, and that he had acquired his English in a Montana mining camp.

"What makes you stay here if you don't like it?" I asked.

He laughed again.

"You see, I vas such a fool. I came over the range and got into this beautiful valley, and I thought I vas just in heaven vidout the inconvenience of dying. So those real estate scamps got me. They lied me into von orange ranch, twenty-five acres, twelve thousand dollars, cash. Now I stay till they lie me out."

I asked him where his ranch was. He gave me explicit directions, and urged me to visit him, adding, as an inducement, that he had not "anybody to bother; none but von dirty Chinaman vot did the vork."

Well, of course, I went. Your roving invalid always accepts an invitation.

I don't remember how it came about, but within ten days I had taken up my abode with him. It was such a relief after the hotel, that I jumped at the chance.

It would be difficult to find a spot in the San Gabriel Valley that is not "beautiful for situation," but this was especially picturesque and wild. It was well up in the foothills of the Sierras and commanded an extensive view of the valley, while the Arroyo Seco, a swift mountain stream, flowed through a cañon in full sight. Jean's Grove—by-the-way, my friend's name was Jean Manuel—was ten years old, and the yellow fruit hung in great abundance among the dark, handsome leaves of the orange-trees. There was no house on the place. Nomad-like, he lived in tents, using one to sleep in, another to eat in. The Chinaman's quarters—a red wood shanty, which more resembled a dog-kennel than anything else—being close at hand.

When I had been there about a fortnight, we were one evening sitting outside our tents smoking. It was at sundown, and I was watching the lights and shadows on the Sierras which made them a different range with each atmospherical change. I was much impressed with the beauty of the scene and the stillness of the hour, and we sat for a long time in silence. At length I made some remark about the stateliness of the orange-trees.

"Bah!" he said. "They are too stiff and bropper. Berhaps you haf dreamed of the joy of vandering through a grove vid your sweetheart. Ah, mine friend, the delight of walking in an orange-grove is reserved for the man who follows the blow; blowed ground hasn't any poetry about it. Gif me an Eastern apple-orchard, vid each tree an individual looking like itself, not like every other von in the row; vid grass so charming to the eye and soft as the paths in heaven to the feet."

Though sometimes reckless in his speech, he was naturally religious, and when he spoke of anything sublime his voice took on a reverent tone and he uncovered his head as if entering a church.

I, too, had longed for the Eastern grass, but the semi-tropical beauty of the valley had an irresistible charm for me, and I asked how he ever came to think of selling.

He laughed his big laugh.

"It all came of mine breacher. You haf not seen mine breacher?"

I shook my head.

Hong, the Chinaman, was smoking his pipe a short distance off. The breeze brought the smoke our way.

"Bah! I might as vell haf the vile stem in mine own mouth," he said, and held his excellent Havana between his fingers, as if to toss it away; then, on second thought, called the coolie to him. "Hong, I likes your bipe not at all. Buy some more tobacco, and smoke him a long way off! *Sabe?*" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, and, putting two bits in the Chinaman's hand, Hong went off, laughing the characteristic laugh of his race; a childish, meaningless sound which yet has something of shrewdness.

When we were alone, Jean took a long pull at his cigar. The man was an anomaly. He had spent the most of his life in a mining-camp, yet he had fastidious tastes. I could enjoy a cigar in a smoking-car and would never have discovered the flavor of a solitary pipe. In many respects he was epicurean. After a little he said:

"I tell you about it." He had the habit, common to those who spend much time alone, of taking up a subject just where he had left it. I have known him to resume a story in which he had been interrupted after the lapse of a week, and continue it without explanation or repetition with the nicety of a serial in a periodical. He always assumed that his listener's thoughts were in harmony with his. "He is my neighbor," and he waved his hand to where, about a half a mile distant, a redwood shanty stood in the shade of some pepper-trees. The smoke was curling from its chimney, and it had a homelike aspect. "They are hafing their supper," he said, and his face wore a wistful expression. He had taken off his sombrero, and his soft yellow hair fell over his forehead. He looked like an overgrown, homesick boy. I was about to ask who constituted the "they," when he continued: "I had been here von month. Long enough to find out that mine grand, stylish orange-trees wouldn't bay interest on mine investment, and I vas just getting mad clear through ven the breacher came to call on me. I vish you could haf seen him. He is a middling long chap like mineself."

As he spoke he stood up and began to illustrate. He was very earnest in conversation; always got on his feet before he finished a story.

"He vas a show, that's a fact, any vay. He had on von coat in twenty pieces. It hung in strings from the collar down. His bantaloons looked as if he washed all the dishes, and vidout an apron, and his gray hair just got right up out of the crown of his hat, vich vas for the most part rim. After passing a few vords he began to extol this country, vid its great bosibilities, and to get enthusiastic about the fine thing it is to be von cultivator—that's vot they call the poor devil that follows the blow down here—and he said he'd been here nine years, in as boastful a tone as if he'd got something by it.

Vell, I just took in the situation. If it only took the breacher nine years to get to cutting such a figure, vat vas to hinder me, that vasn't a breacher at all, and had never had any bringing up, to get there in half that time. So ven he said Good-by, I just walked down to that real estate scamp—I was too mad to ride—and I tell him to sell my grand orange ranch or I shoot him."

And he sat down and laughed until the birds in the eucalyptus trees hard by awoke out of their first sleep and twittered, and we heard Hong's sympathetic te-he-he in the distance.

When he had become sober he took another pull at his cigar, and was silent for some time, looking off toward the mountains, his face grave and wistful again. I knew intuitively that his thoughts were in the redwood shanty.

Presently he came back to the subject.

"You see he is an Episcopal breacher on the 'retired list,' as he calls it, vich, I suppose, means being paid a small consideration to stop preaching. He has von acre and a few fruit trees, and—he has von daughter."

Then he abruptly changed the subject. We had little more conversation that evening. I am a quiet fellow at my best, and my friend was in a thoughtful mood,

I left him sitting in the moonlight. I did every night. He required less sleep than any man I ever knew.

The moonlight in Southern California is marvelous. Yellow, clear, ambient. The nights are full of sounds. The song of the mocking-bird mingles with that of a thousand insects. The coyotes prowl about in search of prey, and occasionally give vent to their fiendish howl, while, as Jean said, "the darned fools of roosters crow every hour."

I always kept my curtains open, and usually fell asleep watching the tall form of my friend as he strode back and forth in front of the tents.

The last thing I remember thinking of that night was the wistful tone in which he had said, "He has von daughter." As a natural sequence I dreamed of that one daughter, and that Jean was a lover. The next day I saw my dream verified.

It was in the afternoon, and we were out hunting, or, at least, Jean was. I sat my horse and held his while he picked off his game. We were on the first bench of the Sierras, where the underbrush was thick. He was after a rabbit which, startled by our presence, was making for one of the cañons. He fired just as a girl stepped from the cañon. The rabbit lay dead at her feet. She stooped and picked it up. I glanced at Jean. He was as pale as death, and staggered where he stood. He went toward her and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"I might haf shoot you!" he said, his voice trembling with excitement.

"But you did not, my friend," she replied, trying to make light of it, though her color had heightened.

"I might haf shoot you!" he said again, and the blindest could not have failed to discover the love, in fact the adoration, in his face.

She glanced at me. Her manner was a trifle embarrassed. Jean stepped back and also looked at me. He had forgotten that I was there. He had the *abandon* of a child.

"Wilson"—he called me by my surname—"this is mine breacher's von daughter."

She bowed in acknowledgment, a little smile of amusement lurking around her very handsome mouth. She gave him the rabbit which she had been holding, and came toward me.

> "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair,"

I found myself quoting. She seemed to know all about me, and asked some questions regarding my health with a womanly interest that was very winning. At length she apologized for having interrupted our sport, and made as if to leave.

"I shoot no more to-day," said Jean, with a faint smile, and the quiver of excitement still in his voice. Then he added, in his honest way: "My hand is too shaky."

The preacher's daughter assumed not to hear him. At that moment she gave a low, long whistle. I expected t see a dog answer. Instead a horse came from the caño and stood while she vaulted, unaided, into the saddle He was a wicked looking broncho, with the very devil in his eyes. Jean also mounted, and we went down the bench together.

It was a three-mile ride which we had, and impressed me as the most delightful I had ever taken.

Her manner toward me was exceedingly frank and attractive. She only occasionally glanced toward Jean, yet I felt convinced that she was intensely conscious of his presence. She seemed to calculate how much of her favor it was safe to bestow upon him.

When we reached the road which led to the redwood shanty, she said she would be glad to have me come some day with Jean to see her father, and waving an adieu, rode away. Jean followed her. I should have been surprised if he had not.

In Southern California it is natural to the idler, whether sleeping or waking, to dream. There is an indescribable quality in the languid, delicious atmosphere conducive to reverie. A glamour steals over the spirit which Jean claimed prevented one from seeing anything in its true light. He said a man could not tell the truth after living there three months, and argued that God, having made the climate, and consequently understanding its effects, would not judge a California liar by the same standard as those of other sections.

There had been a time when I had ordinary energy, but I had long since succumbed to the alluring climatic effect. Why, one does not want to even read anything heavier than a novel in that country. The mind will not act; it is in a state of passive receptivity. Of course I mean the average mind. One drifts, just skims the surface. Yet it is charming.

I had thrown myself down in the shade of the eucalyptus-trees after returning from our hunt. I don't think I slept, yet so far had I been from the actual present that I sat up in amazement when the savory odor of roasting game reached me, and found that the sun was gone and the chill of the evening already in the air. Jean had returned. He was sitting in his tent-door, like Abraham of old. There was a distant look in his eyes, and a boyish smile upon his face. He was dreaming of the "von daughter." I became conscious that she had been the central figure in my visions. She had immense personality. It was perfectly natural to think about her.

"She is a young person of motives. She is capable of calculating," I said to myself.

My mind had not framed anything so definite as this in regard to her before. But I was awake now. The chill in the air and the odor from the Chinaman's quarters had done that for me. I felt a sudden indignation toward her. I believed she was playing with him. I could imagine how his mother would pity him, and put her hand caressingly through that soft baby hair of his if she could see him that moment. My precaution was needless. He was wholly abstracted. Hong called him to dinner three times before he heard him.

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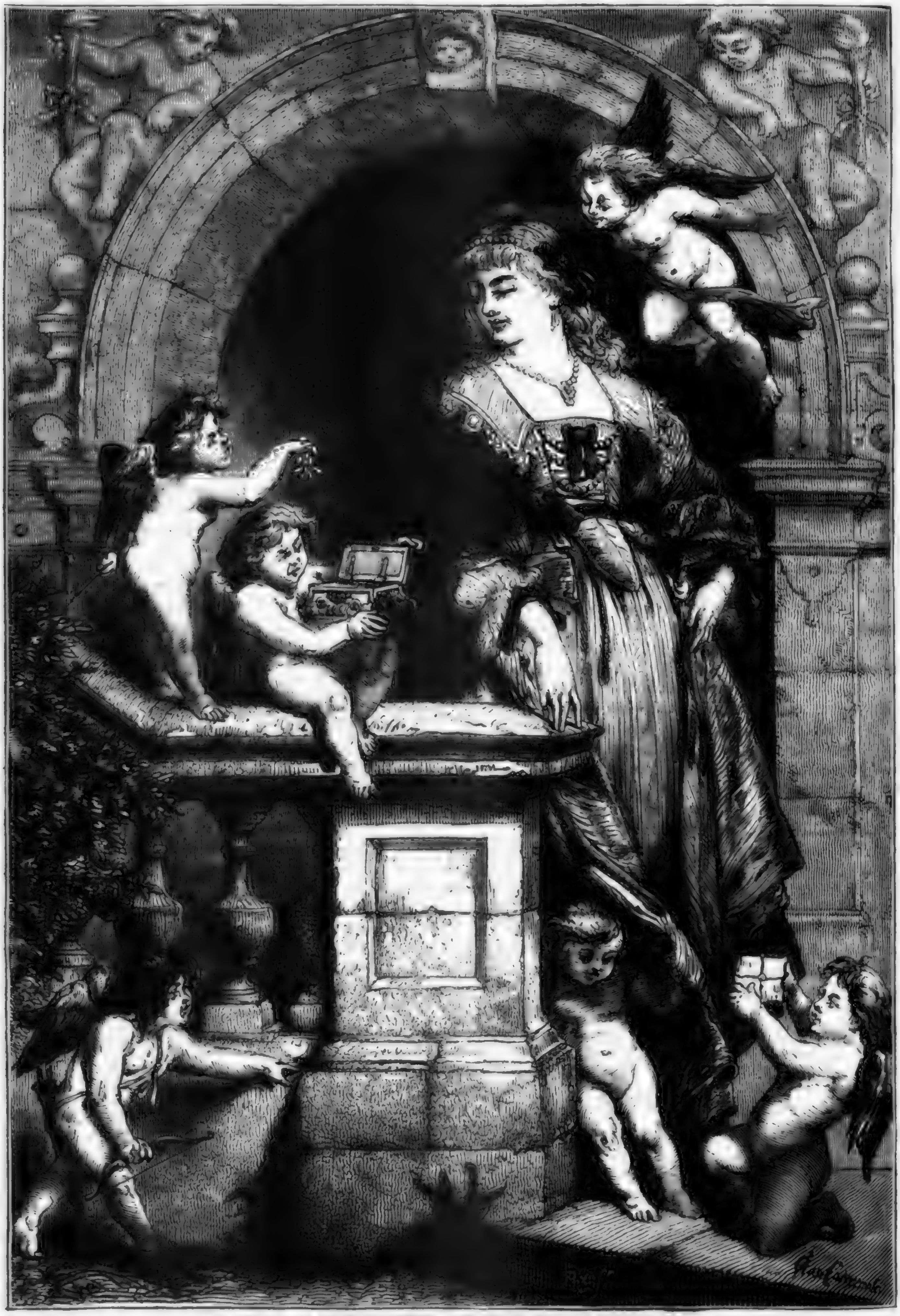

WHISPERINGS OF ST. VALENTINE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES CATTERMOLE.

"Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date."—*Shakespeare.*

I shall not forget the first time I saw the preacher. I proposed visiting him the Sabbath afternoon following our ride. Jean objected at first, because he wanted me to meet him, as he had, in his working attire, and not in his clerical clothes.

We found him walking alone among his few fruit-trees. His daughter got her exceeding fairness and her rare graceful height by direct inheritance. His commanding form was clad in a white linen duster, starched and spotless from the Chinese laundry. It was so long that only the bottoms of his black pantaloons showed. His handsome head was uncovered, and his long white hair looked fresh from the brush. He bade me welcome, upon Jean's introduction, with easy cordiality, and, leading the way to where some chairs were placed under the pepper-trees, began—as all Californians do in meeting a stranger—extolling the State of his adoption. Jean entered the house without knocking, like one long since become familiar. He came out almost immediately, bringing the lady with him. There was a brightness in her eyes, and a soft flush on her cheeks that made me conscious that the greeting she gave me was a sort of reflection of what Jean had received.

THE HOLLY TREE

The preacher did the talking. He had the habit of ministers in common—whether on the retired list or active—he monopolized the conversation. He was a pleasing talker; evidently had been a wide reader and had considerable culture. He was an enthusiast. No language was too glowing, no terms too extravagant, to express his admiration for the "Golden State," especially this southern portion, this "Garden of the World," as the inhabitants delight in calling it. Jean occasionally interrupted him, in some such wise as this:

"Bah! It is all climate. Ven you haf said climate, you haf said all." And again: "It is all bromise, mine friend. In so many years, so much is to be realized. Some men may lif upon the future; gif me the bresent." Then he added, with a gallantry that was graceful because heartfelt, and taking his hat off to the fair lady opposite, as he spoke: "To-day is good enough for me. Anything better vould be von bit of heaven."

Presently the minister and I were left alone. We could see the pair as they stood talking among the lady's roses. She had given them especial care, and had many varieties. The Gold of Ophir and the Lamarck fairly covered two sides of the shanty and dignified it into a thing of beauty. From the distance, I should have said that the two who stood talking were lovers. Jean's manner was full of devotion, and the lady seemed exceeding kind. Perhaps I had misjudged her. Why should she play with him? He was worthy the love of any woman. Presently I became aware that my companion also had been watching them, for, when at last our eyes met, he said, with a smile:

"I am glad you like our friend. He is a diamond; not in the rough, no, clear and polished, but in a unique setting."

A moment later he took me in to see their cabin. It was divided into four large rooms: two chambers, a kitchen and living-room. The walls and ceilings were bare redwood, but finished until they were as smooth and pretty as mahogany or cherry. Two sides of the living-room were devoted to shelves of books, which reached from roof to floor. The floors were covered with matting. There were easy-chairs and a general air of comfort. You could see the touch of a woman's hand everywhere, and the house was full of the scent of roses.

We lingered over his books until the afternoon was wellnigh spent, and then went out to find those two still where we had seen them last. They came to meet us, and I proposed going home. Jean looked very happy, but there was a wistful expression in the lady's eyes, as she gave me her hand good-by that went with me.

We scarcely spoke all the way home. Jean was absorbed; so was I

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"There is everything to make her marry him. They are poor. Her father is getting old; she will soon be alone. He is noble, manly, tender as a woman—what more can she ask? Yet there had been that wistful look in her eyes." So ran my thoughts, and, with slight variations, they kept in that groove until I met her again.

In the meantime, Jean, I know, saw her every day, and I could always read her treatment of him in his face when he came home. Sometimes it was troubled and perplexed, sometimes flushed with happiness. He never spoke of her, but when the next Sabbath came he told me the minister had asked for me. After that we fell into the habit of spending every Sunday afternoon there; or, rather, I did; for I learned that it had been Jean's habit for a long time.

I never made a study of any woman excepting this one. At that time she was the only woman I met; that may have been one reason why she took such possession of my thoughts. Then, too, I had given a spontaneous, unequivocal affection to my new friend, and jealousy for his happiness, I think, was what first led me to watch her so critically. As I look back, I find that I made a sort of psychological study of her. I detected motives in her slightest actions, and had her continually before my mental judgment-bar. Sometimes I was conscious of making her very uncomfortable. I remember one instance in particular. She and Jean and myself were under the pepper-trees. She was fastening a rosebud in his button-hole. I watched her do it. Her hand trembled a little, and suddenly she looked at me, and there was something of defiance in her glance. I felt embarrassed.

Jean unconsciously relieved the situation. He placed his hand on her shoulder, and said, in his kind, gentle way:

"No blace vill you find such roses, mine friend, though you likes this spot not at all."

When the preacher indulged in his raptures over this fair land, I had noticed that she was always silent. Now I said:

"You do not share your father's enthusiasm?"

I was quite unprepared for the torrent that followed. It was not so much the words as the manner of them. Her voice trembled with repressed excitement. Her face was flushed, and her eyes full of a brilliancy that yet was suggestive of tears. She spoke so rapidly that the words crowded each other in the impetuosity of her utterance:

"I—I think I hate it! It is so far removed, and these mountains so inclose it from the world, that you cannot even feel the pulse. I believe if you could wholly keep the world on the other side of the range and shut off all communication, in a few years the people would return to the condition of the Mexicans. The influences of this climate are enervating to the body and deteriorating to the mind. Once in a while I realize my own inertia, and am shocked to see how my old standards of intellectual excellence are getting further and further beyond me. Then I grow wicked; so wicked that no sacrifice of myself or my friends seems too great, if only it would enable me to escape this living death, this feeling the mold grow over me before I am dead."

In her excitement she had revealed all the inward struggle that I had been searching out. In her brief moment of honesty she pleased me better than she ever had before. The next instant she gave a little, heartless laugh.

"I am afraid I have been tragical! Pray pardon me!" she said.

Jean looked at her in a perplexed way. His hand still rested upon her shoulder. I thought neither of them were conscious of it, when the lady took it away kindly in her own. She might have stepped one side, and thus have freed herself and still not have been rude. There was something pitying in the action.

"If she marries him she will always be good to him, and perhaps that will satisfy him," I thought.

She went into the cabin then, on some pretext, and Jean and I were left alone.

In the weeks that followed that little conversation I was almost persuaded that, after all, she did love him, and if these relations resulted in marriage it would not be wholly a marriage of convenience. In these weeks Jean was an enigma to me. In some way he was changed. I scarcely could tell in what the change consisted. There was an expression of unrest in his face. Occasionally I found him looking at me intently. One of those times I said: "Well, old fellow?" I thought he had something to tell me. His face brightened.

"If you say vell, I take your vord it is so;" he said, and laughed.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had not heard him laugh in a long time. When I realized it I felt that I had missed it.

I had been living with Jean about five months when what I have to relate occurred.

I was awakened one night by something that sounded like a sob. I sat up and looked out of my tent-door. No one was in sight. The moon was up. I could see the valley for miles as it ran along the base of the Madres. It was very still. I concluded that I had been mistaken, and the sound which had awakened me had only been the mournful coo of some dove. I was about to lie down when it came again—an unmistakable sob. I got up, threw my dressing-gown about me, and went outside. When again it was repeated I knew it came from Jean's tent. I stepped to where his curtains were parted and looked in. He was asleep. I spoke his name twice. He did not hear me. I went to his bedside. He had been crying before he slept. His soft, curly hair, where it had fallen over his face, was wet with tears. While I stood there he sobbed—sobbed in his sleep. I stole out softly. My own lashes were moist. I went back to my tent. It was a long time before I closed my eyes.

The next day I mounted my horse and started off alone, aimlessly. I was completely unnerved. It seemed as if I would have to do something about it. I thought the girl should at least be made to appreciate the unhappiness she was causing. I went down to the bed of the Arroyo Seco, staked my horse, and threw myself down on the water's edge. I had been there only a few minutes when I heard the clatter of horse's feet traveling at a furious rate, and looking up, saw the broncho and his rider dashing recklessly down the first bench of the mountains. Jean had told me she was a fearless horsewoman, yet I fairly held my breath at the headlong speed. She caught sight of me and rode directly toward me. In fording the Arroyo she stopped midstream to let her horse drink. I had never thought her so fair and handsome before. She threw a light, careless greeting to me.

I think my face and voice were both grave, for I saw her start a trifle, and she gave me a quick, searching glance. Presently she rode up beside me, and dismounting, stood holding the bridle in her hand. I had risen.

"There is something wrong. You are not so well, or perhaps Jean is ill?" she said, in the kind, womanly way that became her best.

I had no right. It was presumptuous, yet I spoke my mind. I was very severe. Her cheeks flushed—she seemed angry; but when I told her about the sob, she buried her face in the broncho's mane and cried. Suddenly she looked up.

"It is like everything else in life—cruel! It is a hateful fate that cannot be avoided." She spoke under great excitement. "He knows that I do not love him well enough to marry him. He has known it a long time. I thought he was getting past caring. He has tried to make me think so; but he never will. Such things leave their scars." Her voice trembled exceedingly. "Why couldn't I love him? There was everything to make me wish to marry him. If I had been a little more wicked than I am I should have done so, for I do care for him in a certain way. I always want to pat him on the arm or hand and say, 'Jean, you dear old fellow, I love you,' as I would to any dog or my horse." Suddenly her face took on a tender look. "No, that does not express it. I think if I had a child of my very own I should love it in some such way as I love Jean."

She was as fearless in her speech as in her riding.

There was a brief silence, then she held out her hand toward me as if for help. There was a strange new look upon her face.

"Tell me what I shall do," she said.

I started toward her, but before I could touch her outstretched hand she vaulted into her saddle and rode away.

I did not go home until evening. Jean had been looking for me. He had been anxious. He took both my hands in his, and seemed so glad to have me back.

"Mine friend, I feared you had met vid some accident," he said.

Suddenly he looked long and searchingly into my face. He grew pale, then the blood rushed to his forehead. A moment of silence followed. It seemed like an hour under his clear eyes. At last he placed his hands upon my shoulders and smiled.

"Mine friend, you haf found it out at last. Your honest love for me haf made you blind. Mine God, how blind! But you vill luf her now."

For the time the great, generous heart had stilled its own sorrow. It touched me inexpressibly to see him pleading her cause. I was so shaken I could not speak.

"Oh, mine friend, you do luf her. It is only because you are sad for me."

It had been a sudden revelation, but it was none the less true, and I did not deny it.

## THE BOOKS FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS OF TO-DAY.

Girls, like boys, in recent years have been remarkably favored in the matter of their reading. They cannot complain, with any justice, that they are ignored in the piles of juvenile literature laid annually upon the booksellers' shelves. Boys boast a literature of their "very own," as they would call it. So do girls. If the son has enlisted in his service such able pens as those of Reid, Greey, Knox, Verne, Kingston, Aimard, Hughes, Adams, Ballantyne, Frith, Fenn, Reed, Blake, Aldrich, Edgar and others, the daughter may claim allegiance from a band scarcely less numerous and not less brilliant and worthy. Among them may be mentioned Mesdames Alcott, Dodge, Marshall, Banks, Browne, Beale, Symington, Owen, Sewell, Wetherell, Holmes, Meade, and Yonge. These ladies have endeavored to do for girls what has now for some years been done for boys. To a considerable extent they have succeeded. But to write for girls is very different to writing for boys. Girls' literature would be much more successful than it is if it were less goody-goody. Girls will tolerate preaching just as little as boys, and to hit the happy medium between the story of philistine purity and the novel of Pandæmonical vice is not, apparently, always easy. Girls' literature, properly so called, contains much really good writing, much that is beautiful and ennobling. It appeals in the main to the highest instincts of honor and truth of which humanity is capable. But with all its merits, it frequently lacks the peculiar qualities which can alone make girls' books as palatable to girls as boys' books are to boys.

## THE FOREHEAD.

By Joseph Simms, M.D., Physiognomist.

(Copyright by J. Simms, M.D., 1886.)

Many who are quite willing to concede that a head of large circumference is no certain sign of mental power, do yet contend that a high, wide, bold or vertical forehead is always found connected with superior intellect, and *vice versa*. This theory, however, will not stand the test of practical observation, either with respect to nations or individuals. The forehead deemed intellectual is very common among the people of China and India, as well as the Arabs of Northern Africa and Western Asia—nations that are extremely stationary in whatever civilization they possess, and apparently destitute of originality or inventive genius. In their dress and their mode of arranging their hair, as well as in their mechanical works and the habits of their social life, every one copies his neighbor, and no variety is to be met with. If a Chinaman sees another drive four nails in a board six feet long, he will certainly put the same number into the same length of board evermore. A description of an aristocratic dinner party in the fifteenth century would give no idea of any English entertainment of our day; but the Arab chief exercises hospitality with little change of fashion from generation to generation.

Descending lower in the scale, there are found tribes not having even the stationary civilization above mentioned, yet displaying the capacious forehead which, to the vulgar eye, appears promising as respects the mental status. "The Tai tribes inhabit a fertile country (in China) with a salubrious climate. The land has almost run to waste. Skull is a void, with a great expanse of forehead." ("Races of the Old World," p. 149.)

The inhabitants of New Holland living in 16° 15′ south latitude are perhaps the most miserable people on earth. They are tall and slender, have large heads and round foreheads, large noses, thick lips, wide mouths, eyes half shut, curly hair, thick eyebrows and no beard.

Dr. Livingstone remarked that the heads of the Caffres were strongly European; and he was struck with the resemblance which some of them bore to some of our notabilities at home. ("Races of the Old World," p. 280.)

The Houzouanas, a warlike tribe in Southern Africa, are of low stature. Their noses are even flatter than the Hottentots'; rather, they seem altogether destitute of nose, having only two broad nostrils, which project at most only five or six lines from the face. Seen in profile, the Houzouana bears considerable resemblance to an ape. When beheld in front his appearance is, at first sight, extraordinary, for half the face seems to be

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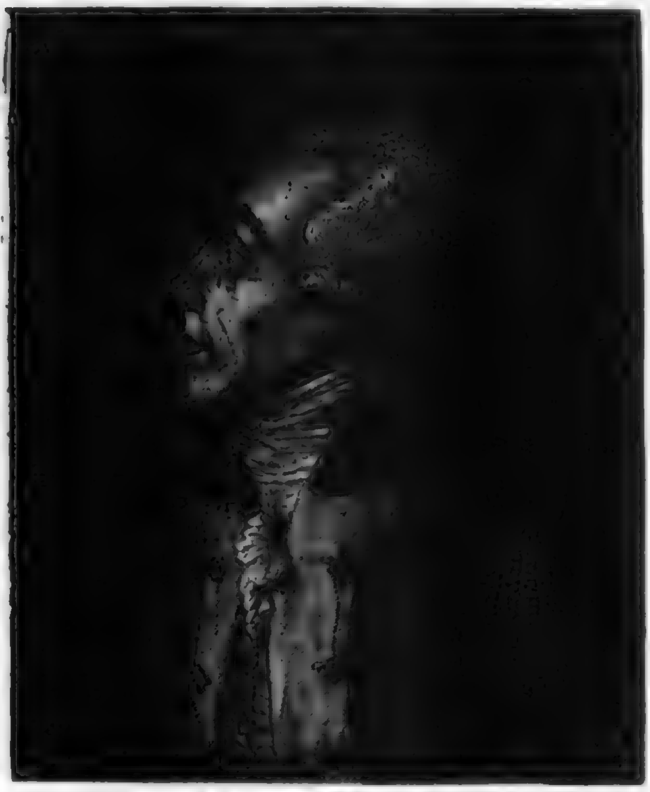
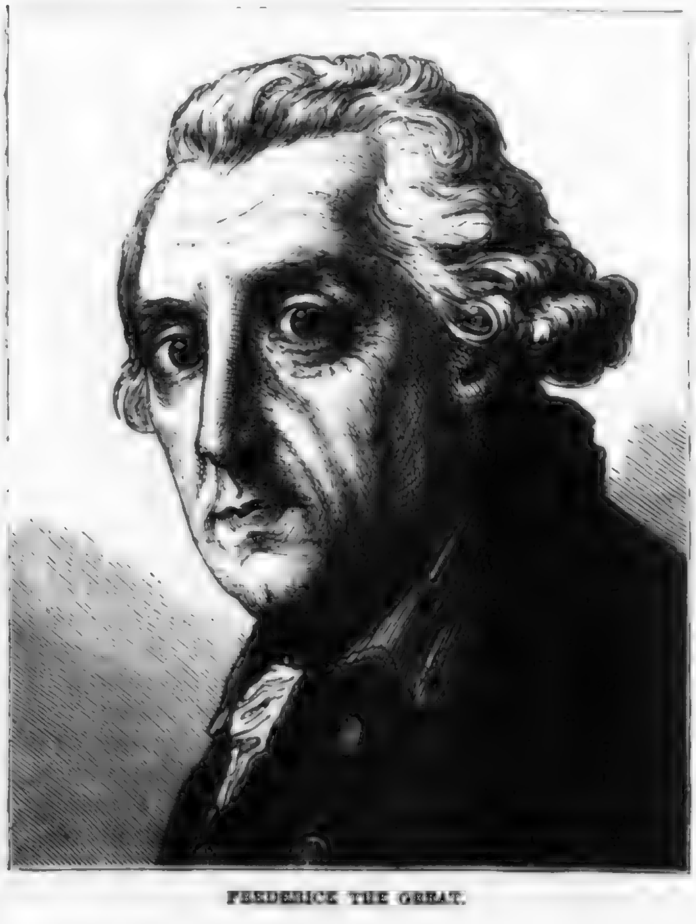


THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

forehead. These people are supposed to have emigrated, at some former time, from the mountains near which they now dwell.

Receding foreheads are far more common in the white race, that to which the world almost exclusively owes its inventions and improvements, facilities for traveling by sea and land, mechanical appliances and scientific discoveries. And with reference to individuals the same character of forehead has been noted in many of the most celebrated.

The following quotation is from a scientific journal:

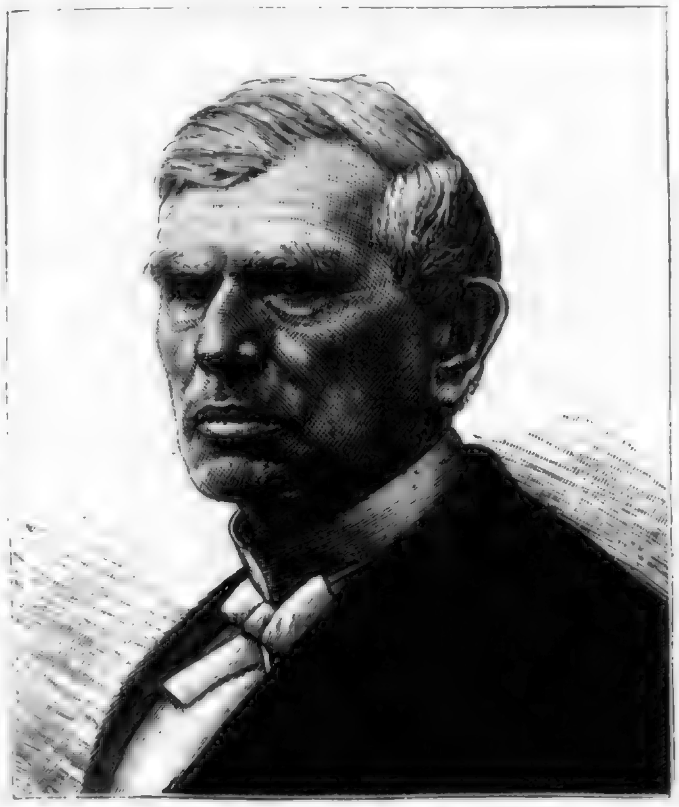


FREDERICK THE GREAT.

"A receding forehead is generally condemned; nevertheless this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and, to a small extent, in Cæsar; also in the Sphinx (1,400 B.C.), which must have embodied the Egyptian ideal of perfection; in Savonarola, of Italy, and in our own James Watt.

"Other great men have positively small heads; that of Lord Byron was 'remarkably small,' also those of Cosmo di Medici and Lord Bacon."

"Many men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or everyday forehead; for instance: Herodotus, Alcibiades, Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, Æschyliades, Epicurus, Severus, Lucius Verus, etc. And among the moderns, Swift, Goldsmith, Otway, Bunyan, Calvin, Erasmus, Luther, Linnæus, Rembrandt, Ariosto, Johnson, Molière, Chaucer, Wedgwood, Caxton, Moore, etc. Many are of a medium size, as Ramses II., Homer (reputed bust), Æschylus, Demosthenes, Augustus, Leonardi da Vinci, Otto III., Cervantes, Loyola. . . Addison, Chatham (Pitt), Crompton (mule), Cartwright (loom), Moritz Retzch, Watteau. . . . Then, again, some are even low-browed, as Robert Burton (Melancholy), W. Kalf (painter), Diogenes, Sir Thomas Browne (forehead remarkably low and depressed), Macmillan; monarchs in plenty: Nero, Caracalla, Trajan, Louis XIII., etc.; Albert Durer, Raphael, Luther, Arkwright (spinning fame), Alexander, Militiades, etc." (The *Journal of Science*, London, Dec. 1882.)

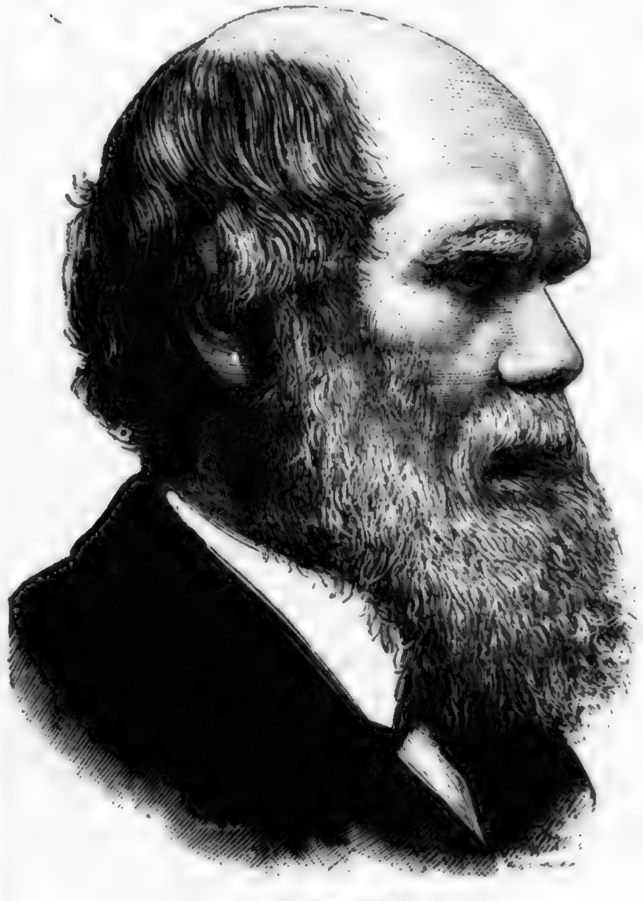


BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

The above list embraces philosophers, statesmen, orators, poets, painters, divines, and men of practical genius."

The *Phrenological Journal* (1849, page 49), says of Sir Thomas Browne, who was a celebrated physician, philosopher, and author, in the seventeenth century: "The skull was sound, and still contained a mass of brain. Unhappily for the phrenologists, the forehead was narrow, low and receding; whereas that part appropriated to the animal propensities, was unusually large." To which we add that the cast shows the head to have been low in the place assigned to veneration. Notwithstanding his extremely small forehead, "A superior genius," says Hallam, "was exhibited in Sir Thomas Browne. His mind was fertile and ingenious, his analogies original and brilliant, and his learning so much out of the beaten path that it gives a peculiar and uncommon air to all his writings."

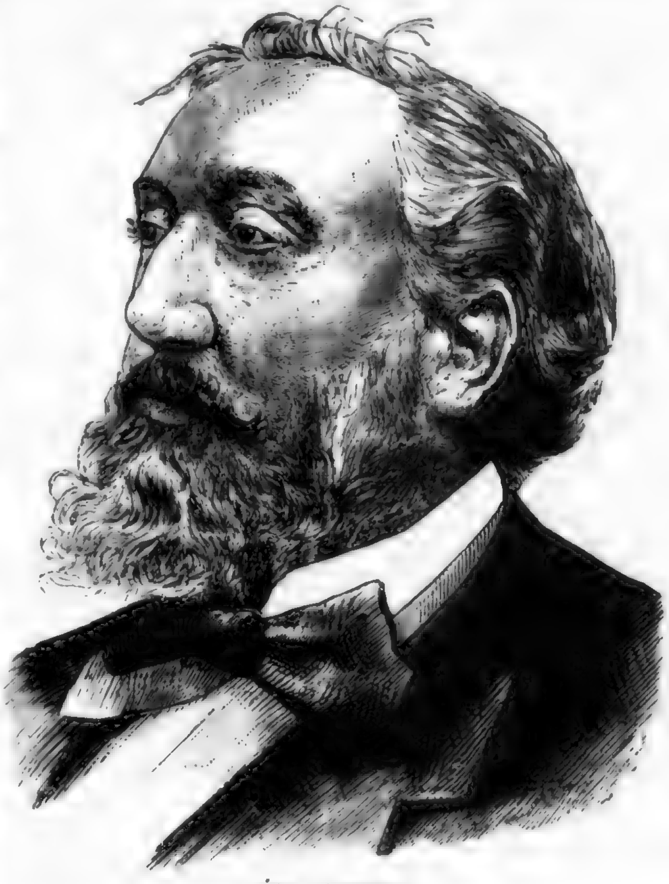
Lavater, of whom Goethe wrote "he was the wisest, best and greatest man I ever knew," had by no means a high head, and his forehead was very receding, notwithstanding his own theory on this subject, which would have made him a man of ordinary ability. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" (sixth edition), says: "The work lately published by M. Lavater on the subject has, indeed, excited attention, and may, perhaps, tend to replace physiognomy in that rank in the circle of the sciences to which it seems to be entitled."



CHARLES DARWIN.

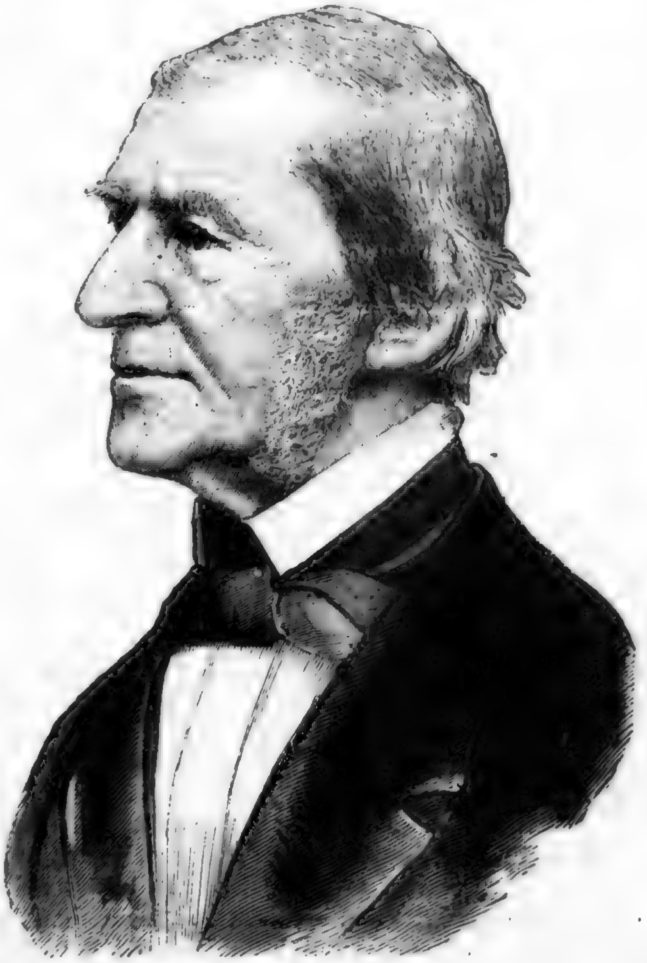
Thomas Carlyle's biography of John Sterling has this description: "Head, high over the vertex; in the brow, of fair breadth, but not high for such a man."

Spurgeon's forehead is not high, neither were those of David Hume, Charles James Fox, Charles Sumner, George Law, Dr. John Hunter, Liebig, Bishop Simpson, General Lafayette and Washington.



LÉON GAMBETTA.

Lafayette's low and greatly receding forehead did not prevent his manifesting great reason, good judgment, superior intellect, and rising to fill one of the most important places in our country with superior ability and honor to himself and to the nation. For his services in the Revolutionary War Congress voted $200,000 as a compensation. He was chosen commander of the National Guards of France, hence he was considered a man of unusual power of mind in France as well as in the new Republic which he helped to form. In "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary" his virtues and masterly intellect are thus mentioned: "Perhaps no man ever lived through such vicissitudes of fortune and such severe trials of his virtue with a character more free from just reproach than Lafayette. The high-toned consistency



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

of his conduct is expressed in the assertion of Madame de Staël, 'that you could certainly predict what he would do in every contingency.'"

In March, 1885, we had the pleasure of measuring the famous cast of General George Washington, taken from life by Houdon, and now kept at Mount Vernon. The following were the measurements: From the left meatus auditorus, external, to the right one, over the forehead, immediately above the eyebrows, 12 inches; the transverse arc from one meatus to the other, 14½ inches—which denotes a low top head for such a tall man, notwithstanding his great moral character; height of forehead, 2½ inches; width of the same, 4½ inches. His forehead was also receding as well as very small.

By far the largest portion of the men living in the City of New York or London would afford greater measurements than those above given of the cast of Washington.

These measurements of this famous cast confirm history where it says of Washington: "His head is small." See "Life and Times of General Washington," London, 1836, p. 363.

In the "Life of George Combe" (vol. 2, p. 242), we have the following about Charles Dickens: "His head also is under the average in size; but the anterior lobe is not one of commanding dimensions, nor are his moral organs above an average in height." So the *Lancet* of February 16th, 1833, speaks of "the small development of the anterior portions of Voltaire's brain."

The Hon. John C. McDonald, Premier of Canada, has both a low and extremely receding forehead. So has Henry Irving, the famous actor, and Richard H. Stoddard, a famous American poet.

The forehead of John Ray, F.R.S., is thus described: "In the likeness of Ray the phrenologist will look in vain for indications of those intellectual faculties which are displayed in his writings. The forehead is contracted in all its dimensions, so as to form a direct contrast to that of Cuvier, another naturalist of equal industry and zeal, but perhaps not of more comprehensive mind." ("Lives of Eminent Zoölogists," p. 182.)

Cuvier himself says this highly eminent English botanist and zoölogist's labors "may be considered the foundation of modern zoölogy, for naturalists are obliged to consult them every instant for the purpose of clearing up the difficulties which they meet with in the works of Linnæus and his imitators." His botanical and zoölogical writings laid the foundation of the classification of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. ("Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Biography," London.)

He wrote the "Synopsis Methodica Stirpium Britannicarum," one of the profoundest works that has appeared on the subjects of which it treats.

The forehead of another eminent naturalist, H. D. Thoreau, an American, is stated to have been neither broad nor high.

"Brow contracted," is the character given to that of Zeno, in "Burrowe's Encyclopædia."

We have still to note several eminent individuals who exhibited low foreheads, and these for the most part narrow and receding, in comparison with most of the ordinary common-minded persons that are met with every day.

Frederick II., who was deservedly called "the Great," King of Prussia, possessed the low and receding forehead, yet for genius, vast intellectual ability, force of character, enterprise and heroism, he has rarely, if ever, had an equal among monarchs. He filled the Prussian throne upward of forty-six years; in the meantime he distinguished himself in literature by writing twenty-three volumes. He fought many battles with general success, amended defective laws, civilized and enlightened his subjects, built public edifices and upward of three hundred villages and towns, established numerous educational institutions while he retrieved the misfortunes of his country, and "his alliance was courted by every Power in Europe." One writer justly says of him: "This illustrious monarch possessed almost every characteristic of greatness. He was at once a hero, a philosopher, an historian, a legislator, a poet, a musician and a wit. In either of these endowments he had sufficient ability to have formed singly an eminent character."

Réné Descartes, an illustrious philosopher and mathematician, possessed, as may be seen in his portraits, a low and receding forehead, although he produced a great work on the "Method of Reasoning Well, and of Investigating Scientific Truth," which announced important discoveries in higher mathematics. At a later date he published "Principles of Philosophy." In 1690, his works were published in nine volumes, which contained a host of noble thoughts, grand truths, and reasonable maxims. Hallam says: "He worked a more important change in speculative philosophy than any who had preceded him since the revival of learning; for there could be no comparison in that age between the celebrity and effect of his writings and those of Lord Bacon."

Mrs. Siddons, the great English actress, is shown in portraits as having a very low and receding forehead.

George Canning, a distinguished Prime Minister of Great Britain, was a famous statesman, poet, wit, orator, brilliant debater, and leader of his party, notwithstanding his extremely squat and inconsiderable brow. Lord Brougham ably portrays the intellectual capacities of this renowned genius thus: "If ever a man was made for the service and salvation of a party, Canning seemed raised up for that of the Tories. His declamation, though often powerful, always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction. . . Of his powers of argumentation, his capacity for the pursuits of abstract science, his genius for adorning the least attractive subjects, there remains an imperishable record in his celebrated speeches."

Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton are represented in fine marble statues, full-length and life-size, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. In these costly old statues the foreheads appear quite protruding immediately over the eyes, then receding very much in the upper parts. The prints of these famous men represent them otherwise; doubtless as a concession to the vulgar error that a great philosopher must have a larger development of what are called the intellectual organs. The foreheads of Charles Darwin and of Dr. Blumenbach, the father of anthropological science, had the same character as the above philosophers—low and receding.

Dr. J. F. Blumenbach was a celebrated German anatomist and physiologist, and filled the professional chairs of anatomy and medicine at Göttingen more than half a century. He was the first who divided the human species into five races. Alexander von Humboldt was one of his pupils. Dr. Blumenbach was member of about seventy learned societies. Dr. Hoefer says: "He was the first who placed natural history on a scientific basis—comparative anatomy."

M. Vogt tells of a friend of his, Dr. Emayer, who had a very receding forehead, yet was a distinguished physician of the insane. His head, and that of a celebrated Danish gentleman, Kay Lyke, distinguished as a statesman in the seventeenth century, exhibited remarkably this and other peculiarities of that ancient type of skull known as the Neanderthal. Gordon has given a drawing of the skull of St. Mansuy, Bishop of Toul, in the fourth century; and here the extremely receding forehead and other characteristics appear more strongly marked than in the Neanderthal skull itself.

The cranium of Bruce, the hero of whom Scotland is so justly proud, is another specimen strikingly resembling the Canstadt or Neanderthal type. See "The Human Species," pp. 309–310.)

George Eliot, according to her life, by Cross, says of the poet Schiller: "In his bedroom we saw his skull for the first time, and were amazed at the smallness of the intellectual region. There is an intensely interesting sketch of Schiller lying dead, which I saw for the first time in the study; but all pleasure in thinking of Schiller's portraits and bust is now destroyed to me by the conviction of their untruthfulness." Rauch tells us that he had a wretched forehead. Waagen says that Tieck, the sculptor, told him there was something in Schiller's whole person which reminded him of a camel.

The brain of M. Asseline, a journalist in Paris, was found to be largest in the right frontal part. His characteristics were, extraordinary memory, wit, gentleness, refinement, modesty, timidity—very consistent with our theory; unfortunately for the phrenologists, his brain was coarse and thick, and he had other supposed indications of an inferior mind, as we are told in the *Scientific American* of November 15th, 1880.

Léon Gambetta, one of the most celebrated of statesmen, a peerless orator, of this century, had a relatively narrow and receding forehead, and when he died from a pistol-wound, at forty-four years of age, his brain was found to be exceedingly small, and much lighter than that of any other famous man, and far below the average weight of male brains of ordinary men. His brain weighed 40.9 ounces. The fact was stated in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, London, May 12th, 1883, p. 525.

Not only are common impressions as to the shape of the forehead wrong, but the belief in a large brain as indicative of great mental power rests on no solid foundation.

Table I. of the average weight of the human body and brain, compiled from 2,000 post-mortem examinations, and published by J. and A. Churchill, London, shows that boys of 7 to 14 years of age average 45.96 ounces of brain, and those of 14 to 20 years of age have an average of a little more than 48½ ounces. Dr. Flint, in his "Physiology," gives the average male brains in New York at a fraction over 50 ounces. Hence we find that Gambetta, the powerful leader of the Republican party in France, had not only a forehead of much less than usual size, but he possessed less brain than ordinary boys of 7 to 14 years, and far less than the average man in New York, London or Paris. The following notices of Gambetta give but a faint idea of his real genius and true mental power. The *Saturday Review*, London, January 6th, 1883, puts it thus: "M. Gambetta was not notorious, but famous, and his fame was the fame of greatness." The *Times*, London, January 2d, 1883, says: "The death of M. Gambetta in the prime of life is one of those momentous events which seem to change in a moment the destiny of nations, and to turn aside the course of the world's history. . . He was still the embodiment of the Republic. He was the man who had made it and saved it; who had guided its destinies at many a crisis, and who sooner or later must have been called again to control its fortunes. His untimely death is nothing less than the sudden extinction of a powerful individual force; one of the most powerful, indeed, of such forces hitherto operating in Europe. . . M. Gambetta was of late the foremost Frenchman of his time; that he had profoundly impressed his countrymen with the force and fire of his character—that he had established his claim to be placed in the very front rank of European statesmen—this was, at the time of his death, the almost unchallenged judgment of the world."

Every part of the human body, and especially that which first and chiefly attracts the eye, indicates some particular kind of mind and disposition, and our more natural instinct is generally a surer guide to the interpretation than the rules laid down by ignorant and superficial teachers. A few general principles about foreheads may here be indicated, reserving a fuller exposition for a future work.

The examples already given must be held sufficient to prove that a superior mind is not inseparable from a large, perpendicular brow. We now fearlessly assert that a moderate-sized and more or less receding forehead may be taken as the general characteristic of philosophers, discoverers and inventors—those who observe closely and reason deeply on the facts observed—men such as Louis Agassiz, the Swiss naturalist; Richard Owen, the comparative anatomist; Descartes, the French metaphysician; Copernicus, the father of modern astronomy; J. B. Porta, the inventor of the camera obscura; W. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; and Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator of unknown seas.

Close observers such as these men were will always have strong projecting bones about the eyes. But this is not, as phrenologists teach, because certain parts of the brain are largely developed there, for there is usually no brain nearer the eyebrows than from three-fourths to a whole inch. It is that these bones serve as a miniature telescope, and assist the vision by excluding the surplus light that would confuse it, and would thus prevent accurate observation. It is rare that we see a man with a relatively large forehead that makes his mark in any department of natural science. Those who do so have, as a general rule, ordinary-sized foreheads, with massive backheads and capacious chests. The chest must be large to supply a sufficient flow of healthy blood to sustain the intellectual as the corporeal life; and if the brain is sufficiently large to provide both body and mind with nervo-vital fluid, it matters little whether that brain is in the front or side or back part of the skull. An immense forehead with a thin chest bespeaks weakness and mental incapacity.

Guliemus Gratolorus, an able observer, says: "Those who have a great forehead are dull; they may be compared to oxen."

Peuschel in his German work has it: "A forehead of an *excessive size* announces a man slow of conception, but who retains so much the more tenaciously what he has acquired. Dull and sluggish in forming his ideas, he will find equal difficulty, and feel equal reluctance, in executing them."

We quite agree with what Lavater says about perpendicular foreheads in his "Essays on Physiognomy" (vol. 4, p. 61, quarto edition): "Perpendicularity always indicates coldness of temperament, a want of elasticity and capacity. . . . A perfect perpendicularity and a total want of judgment signify one and the same thing."

The narrow, high, bold forehead betokens not only little originality, much deficiency in judgment, an inability to grapple with great principles, but it generally

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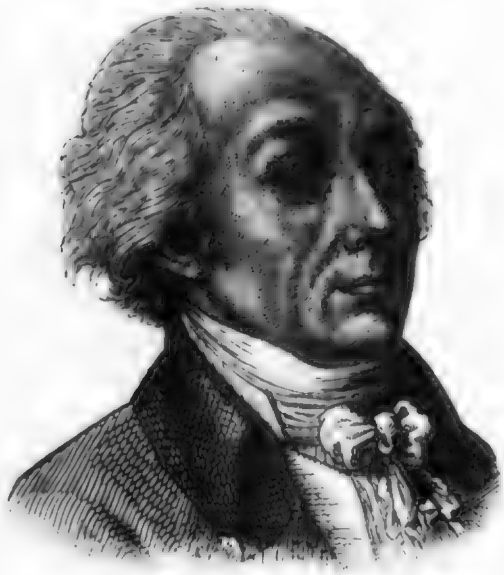
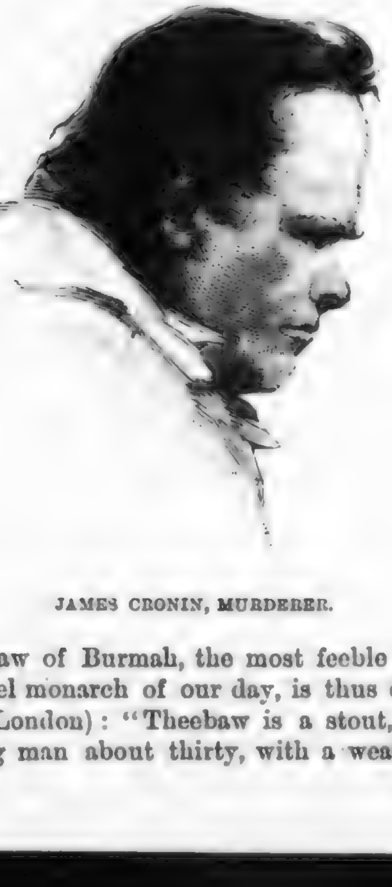
indicates a good share of self-conceit and a disposition to be insolent to others. What such persons achieve is chiefly in the way of collecting the ideas and imitating the works of more talented men. They often display considerable facility for embodying their borrowed ideas in fine language, and thus attain to popular reputation for superior talent.



DR. J. F. BLUMENBACH.

We have some conspicuous names connected with foreheads full, broad and even protrusive in the upper part. talented men in their way, but whom no one would characterize as profound thinkers. It may suffice to instance "Mark Twain," "Sam Slick," or Judge Halliburton; "Mother Partington," or B. Shillaber; Edgar A. Poe; Wagner and McCabe, the actors; and Fernando VII. of Spain.

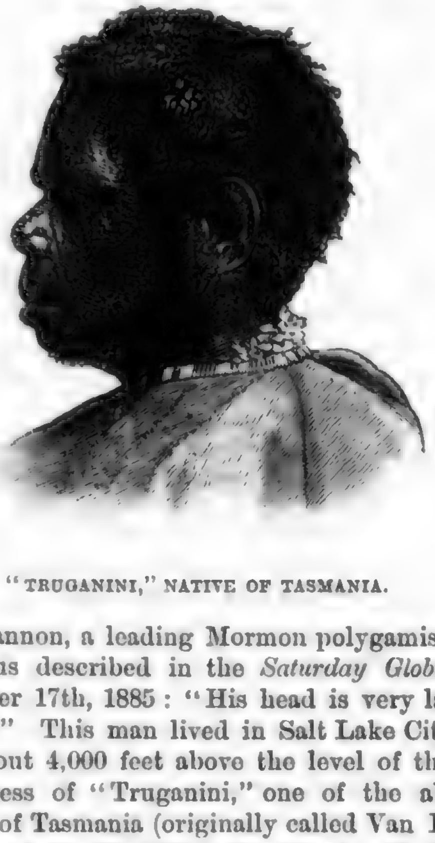
The same character of forehead has appeared remarkably in men noted only or chiefly for their crimes. Ex-King Theebaw of Burmah, the most feeble yet barbarous and cruel monarch of our day, is thus described in the *Times* (London): "Theebaw is a stout, young and good-looking man about thirty, with a weak face. He has not the receding forehead which has always been a distinctive mark of the descendants of Aloung Pra." Thus we find a weak, ignorant, cruel ruler possessed of that vertical forehead which some phrenologists say betokens true depth of mind, with original genius and general power of intellect. The facts in this case prove the theory untrue and delusive. The face betrays the weakness of his character, but the form of his head conceals it. Quite often we read of murderers having large foreheads, "immense brows," "big heads," "voluminous foreheads," "head wide at top and narrow at the base," "towering head," "well-shaped head"; "healthy, heavy brain, with little in the animal region, a large quantity in the moral department"; "an excellent head according to phrenology," etc.



JAMES CRONIN, MURDERER.

Le Roy, hanged for murder at San Francisco in 1885, and Maxwell, arrested for a similar crime at Auckland, New Zealand, may both have been clever fellows in their way, and both were remarkable for the form of forehead we refer to.

William H. Harper, a murderer, hanged in Greene County, Arkansas, October 30th, 1885, was "forty-five years of age, and had a commanding forehead."

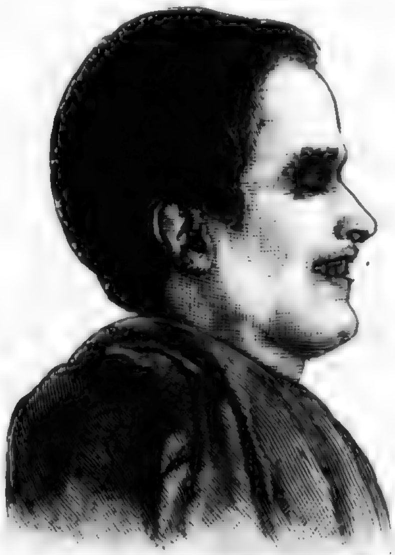


"TRUGANINI," NATIVE OF TASMANIA.

Bishop Cannon, a leading Mormon polygamist at Salt Lake, is thus described in the *Saturday Globe*, Utica, N. Y., October 17th, 1885: "His head is very large and quite round." This man lived in Salt Lake City, Utah, which is about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The likeness of "Truganini," one of the aboriginal inhabitants of Tasmania (originally called Van Diemen's Land), shows a grand, high, protruding and fully developed forehead, which stands well out forward of the eyes and ears. According to some teachings this prominent brow represents a strong intellect; but alas! the facts are that this black woman possessed the same bold form of forehead as is shown by all the photographs of members of her tribe, yet she, with the rest of her sable people, were little removed, intellectually, from idiots, or the level of the wild animals which were their former companions in savage, cannibal life. The improvident, ignorant and weak-minded ways of these people have caused their entire extinction; and this mental deficiency is clearly exhibited in "Truganini's" infantile face, though not in her head.

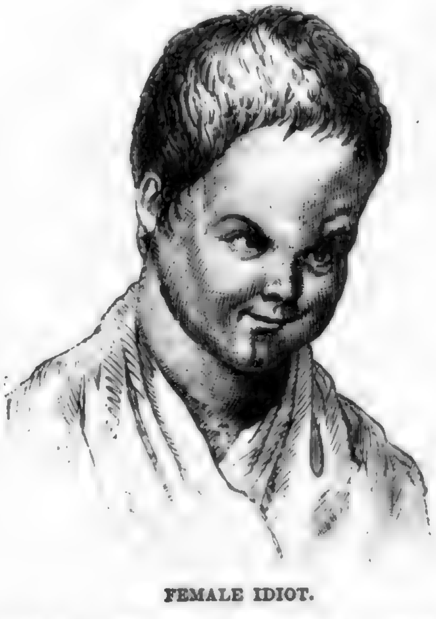
James Cronin murdered his father and mother, yet his profile, herewith given, represents a somewhat bold, high, salient forehead, which shoots well forward over a weak and imbecile face, which reminds us of the words of Charles Dickens: "There is nothing truer than physiognomy taken in connection with manners." The English "Cyclopædia" says: "The character of a man can be read in his face, though perfect skill in that language be rare." His picture shows his brutal and destructive nose, also his thick ear, turning back on itself, which alone would mark any person as self-willed, ignorant, unsympathetic and extremely vicious.



PROFILE OF CHARLES SKINNER.

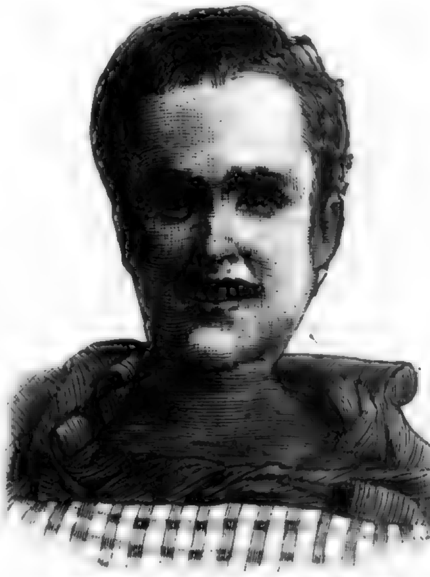
There was in the asylum for idiots, New South Wales, Australia, a girl who, though twenty years of age, was a congenital idiot, and could not feed herself; but her head was as high as usual, with as broad a forehead as is common to women.

Another, idiot from birth, of similar age, was as high and broad in the front-head as the ladies in Sydney, or other seats of civilization. Another, thirteen years of age, manifesting extreme idiocy, which had been her misfortune from birth, had the usual height of forehead. Two boys I measured at the Dunedin Asylum (New Zealand) had capacious and well-formed foreheads, not unusually receding, but, on the contrary, bold and wide in front, yet they were idiots from birth.

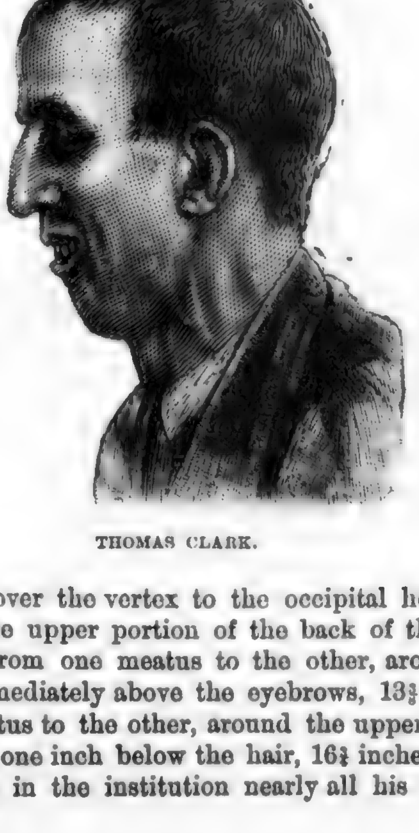


FEMALE IDIOT.

But the boldest, widest and highest forehead I ever saw was that of a congenital idiot, in the institution for idiots at Newcastle, New South Wales, Australia. He was neither epileptic, hydrocephalic, nor rickety. This boy's name was Charles Skinner. I saw him, and measured his head last on September 24th, 1883, when he was sixteen years of age, and then had him photographed. The likeness is here given. The following enormous measurements were then carefully taken: Horizontal circumference of the head, immediately above the eyebrows and the tops of the ears, 26½ inches; from one meatus auditorus external, or hole in the ear, over the vertex to the opposite meatus, 18¾ inches; from the top of the nose, over the vertex to the occipital hollow, at the top of the upper portion of the back of the neck, 19⅛ inches; from one meatus to the other, around the forehead, immediately above the eyebrows, 13⅜ inches; from one meatus to the other, around the upper part of the forehead, one inch below the hair, 16¾ inches. This boy has been in the institution nearly all his life, can



CHARLES SKINNER—FULL FACE.



THOMAS CLARK.

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barely talk a little, feeds himself, yet cannot sit up alone. Has generally been healthy. His eyes are gray, with fine brown hair.

We present the likeness of Thomas Clark, an idiot from birth, who has been reared in the same institution as the last. He is twenty-two years of age, not epileptic, and enjoys very good health. He is about five feet ten inches tall, talks poorly, can feed himself, and is able to work as he is told. His hair and eyes are brown. The head was unusually large, the horizontal circumference 24¼ inches. From the top of the nose, over the vertex, to the occipital hollow at top of the neck, 16¾ inches; from one meatus external, or hole in the ear, to the other, over the vertex, or the top-head, 16⅜ inches; from one meatus, around the brow, immediately above the eyebrows, to the opposite meatus, 13 inches. The distance from one meatus to the other, measured around the upper forehead below the hair, 15¼ inches.

John Auburn was a very healthy, strong, congenital idiot, in the same institution as the two preceeding. His age was twenty-two years, and like the two before-mentioned he was neither rickety nor hydrocephalic nor epileptic. The circumference of his head was 23¼ inches; transverse arc from one meatus to its opposite fellow, 14⅜ inches; vertical arc, from nose to occipital hollow, 16⅛ inches. He is about five feet high, and is deformed in several parts of his body. Has dark brown hair and eyes.

The measurements of the last three described idiots may be compared by the reader with those before given of George Washington, or with those which may be made on persons in any community.

The likeness of a "Female Idiot" is given in this article; the portrait was copied from "Lectures on Mental Diseases," by Dr. A. Morison, London, 1826. He describes her as having "a *large* head and good-humored expression. She attended to the calls of hunger and thirst, but was never able to dress herself. . . . She had been taught some words." Please observe her stupendous forehead.

Children are generally full, and often quite protrusive, in the upper part of the forehead, where Lavater, long before Gall, located the reasoning powers; but where do we find such reasonless mortals as these? Boys in their teens have generally more perpendicular foreheads than men of fifty, which change is produced at maturity by the outer, lower portion of the plate of the frontal bone in the forehead spreading outward, and apart, at the diploe, from the inner plate of the skull, thereby forming an opening between the two plates of the skull above the eyes and nose. This opening is called the frontal sinus, which is often sufficiently capacious to hold two to six ounces of liquid. This spreading outward of the outer plate of bone in the forehead immediately over the nose and eyes, more or less in different cases at maturity, gives the appearance of receding, which, with a person of creditable education, good health and noble habits, is characteristic of natural strength of mind, joined with honesty of purpose and sound judgment.

## A NIGHT OF HORROR.

By C. F. Gordon Cumming.

Of the many legends wherewith in my childhood a Highland nurse was wont to hold us entranced, when on long Winter evenings we gathered round the fire craving for "stories," one especially has remained deeply impressed on my mind, though, alas! treacherous memory fails to recall the names of those concerned or of the castle wherein the scene was enacted. It may be, however, that some one who reads this page may recollect both, and be able to supply these missing links.

The castle which was so minutely described, and so vividly realized, was an old baronial fortress, whose massive gray walls, many feet in thickness, harmonized well with the weather-worn rocks around and the precipitous crags which frowned in the background. Many a quaint turret crowned the angles of the castellated towers, and from niches in the battlements armed clansmen had in times of siege poured molten lead on the heads of their assailants.

Though successive generations had converted the upper stories to the uses of modern comfort, the stone cells of the basement, with heavy doors and rusty iron-grated windows without glass, were still more gloomy than many modern prisons, and though now only used as household offices, suggested that in days of old feudal tyranny they might well have served as dungeons for many a luckless captive taken in tribal foray. The most spacious of these dismal cells, which served as a hall of feasting for the clansmen, was partly hewn from the solid rock, as was also the great baronial kitchen, so that, in truth, the castle seemed but a part of the solid rock on which it was so securely founded. Nor was it always easy to shake off something of an eerie impression, even in the dwelling-rooms on the upper floors, with their antiquated, comfortless furniture and grim portraits of bygone generations. Such a home could only be cheery in the bright sunshine, and when ringing with the laughter of joyous young voices; but at the time of which I speak, the old house was left wellnigh as desolate as the deserted nest from which the full-fledged brood have flown.

Wellnigh half a century had passed since the day when the late owner of these broad lands brought home the comely bride who had ever since filled her place so well in the hearts of the people. Sons and daughters grew up around them, and the ghostly walls re-echoed their childish glee. But as the years rolled on, one by one forsook the old roof-tree--the sons to seek their fortunes in foreign lands, while of the daughters—"some were married—some were dead."

Then came a day of bitter woe, when the lord of the castle (no longer so strong of hand as of yore) was thrown by a restive horse, and was brought home only to close his eyes in death.

Long years had passed by since then, and still his widow dwelt alone in the gloomy castle, wisely ruling over all the interests of her first-born son, who still continued to hold high office in the service of his country beyond the seas. Her one mainstay in any unusual difficulty was a brother, known to all the country side as "The Colonel," a brave old officer who, after many years of active service, had now returned to end his days in peace on a small property within a distance of about six miles.

Her household consisted for the most part of old and tried retainers, the most recent importation, at the time to which I now refer, being a butler (whom the coachman and other old servants considered quite a newcomer because he had *only* been at the castle seven years) and a lady's-maid who had been engaged but a few months previously, on the death of the valued companion of half a lifetime. This woman was personally good-looking, and came armed with the highest recommendations as to character and skill in millinery, and was also described as a tender nurse in sickness. Nevertheless, her new mistress could not conquer a natural instinct of distrust, against which she fought in vain, telling herself how unreasonable and unjust was such unfounded prejudice against a person of such well-certified excellence. But so resolutely did she strive to overcome this unsympathetic feeling, that no outward sign ever betrayed its existence, for a kinder mistress never lived, and, besides, the conduct of the woman was irreproachable. So no ripple on the calm surface of domestic life betrayed that any manner of evil lay hidden in its depths.

Summer had slipped away, and with it the glory of golden gorse which lighted up the barren moorland with its gleaming gold. Now Autumn had kissed the hills, clothing them in fragrant purple; a cheery party of friends had assembled at the castle to witness the village sports, and enjoy some days' sport in pursuit of the moor-owl, and for a while all was stir and movement. But when the guests had all dispersed, the silvery-haired hostess was more than usually conscious of a sense of loneliness, as she sat by herself in a spacious room wainscoted with dark old oak (whose color told how many successive generations had come and gone since those parent oaks were felled). Musing of bright days long gone, and of loving faces and voices far away, she still sat on in the deepening twilight. Then opening the latticed casement (and thereby startling a flock of jackdaws from their roost in the ivy-covered turret), she looked out to the cloudy night, and watched the play of dim moonlight on the pale mists and on the gloomy morass which lay outspread beyond the castle.

Many a time the same outlook had soothed her and whispered peace, but to-night she only felt its eeriness. Earlier than was her wont she retired to her tapestried bedchamber—a sombre room, furnished with handsome old oak tables and cabinets, and a richly carved bedstead, heavily draped with gold-embroidered velvet, which had once been crimson; but its color had long since faded, and the gold was tarnished beyond recognition. Bidding her maid heap on a blazing wood-fire, she dismissed her for the night. Then, unlocking a curious Flemish cabinet, she opened several drawers, rapidly glancing at the silken and morocco cases containing her bridal jewels, now laid by until her son should in his turn bring home a bride, on whom she would lovingly bestow them. Then from an inner recess she took several packets of old letters, and was soon so thoroughly absorbed in memories of the past that the hours slipped by unheeded, and the fire had burnt low ere she roused herself to a consciousness that it was time to seek forgetfulness in sleep.

But that night sleep was wooed in vain. Her mind was too thoroughly awake; even the hooting of the owls in the great tower seemed tenfold louder and more ghostly than usual, and ever and anon the rising breeze caught an unruly ivy-branch and drew it sharply across the window-pane. She resolved that the errant bough should be duly trimmed on the morrow, and again tried to compose herself to sleep, but without effect. She found herself watching the occasional faint glimmer of the smoldering logs, playing fitfully on the dim tapestry, and presently, though by no means given to indulging in nervous fancies, she felt convinced that the curtain which half draped the door was shaken.

Another moment proved that this was indeed no fancy. Slowly and silently the door opened, and her heart stood still with horror as she distinctly saw her trusted butler, holding in one hand a lighted candle, in the other an unsheathed dagger—while close behind him followed the lady's-maid.

With a sudden instinct of self-preservation their mistress closed her eyes and feigned deep sleep. Not a tremor disturbed the regularity of her breathing as the would-be murderers came close to her and passed the light before her eyes. "I cannot do it," she heard the man whisper. "She's so fast asleep that she is quite safe. You go on while I keep watch." She heard a low murmur of dissent, after which, while conscious that the man's eyes remained fixed upon her, she heard the woman searching for her keys, and then proceed to unlock the Flemish cabinet and open the various drawers in which were stored her most valued jewels, after which she passed to an inner dressing-room, wherein were sundry objects of considerable intrinsic value.

Having collected her booty, the woman once more returned to urge her companion to the foul deed of murder. "Better do it," she said; "better make sure—dead folk tell no tales!"

Happily his heart failed him. "I cannot kill a sleeping woman," he said. Then, with a sense of indescribable relief, the feigned sleeper was conscious that the light was withdrawn, and that the cautious footsteps retreated to the door, and her sharpened ear followed their sound as they passed down the long corridor. No sleep was hers through the ensuing dark hours of vigil, as she lay in a stillness of great horror longing for the dawn.

Meanwhile she had decided on her course of action. Knowing the difficulties of getting away from the castle except by borrowing a horse from her own stables, or by sending for one to the nearest town, she was convinced that though the robbers might take advantage of the darkness to conceal their booty outside the house, they would scarcely attempt to start before morning. She therefore waited quietly till, at the accustomed hour, her maid came to call her, when, with her usual calm, she went through all the prolonged mysteries of the toilet in such a manner as completely to allay all possibility of suspicion. Of course she was especially careful not to ask for anything which she supposed might possibly have been removed.

She then went leisurely down to breakfast, at which her butler waited with all due care. On his inquiring whether she had any orders for the carriage that morning, she replied that she had not, as the weather looked showery. But as he reached the door she recalled him, and with the most perfectly assumed carelessness said, "Yes, I think I had better take a turn. Bid the coach come round at eleven." So, at eleven the carriage came to the door, and the lady gave directions for a short drive to certain farms. The coachman drove leisurely down the stately lime avenue and through the bird-fringed glen till he was well out of sight of the castle, when his mistress, throwing off her assumed calm, bade him take another road and drive to the colonel's house as fast as the horses could go.

In an incredibly short time her tale was told to one who was ever ready for prompt action, and who lost not a moment in ordering out his own fresh horses (the speed of the colonel's grays was proverbial throughout the district). Leaving his sister, now thoroughly worn-out with the prolonged nervous tension, he started in hot haste, and, urging his willing steeds to a gallop, he reached the castle just in time to arrest the guilty couple, who had completed their arrangements for flight with all their booty.

As the carriage dashed up the avenue, the panting horses betokening unwonted pressure, the butler was heard to exclaim, "It's all up! look at the colonel's

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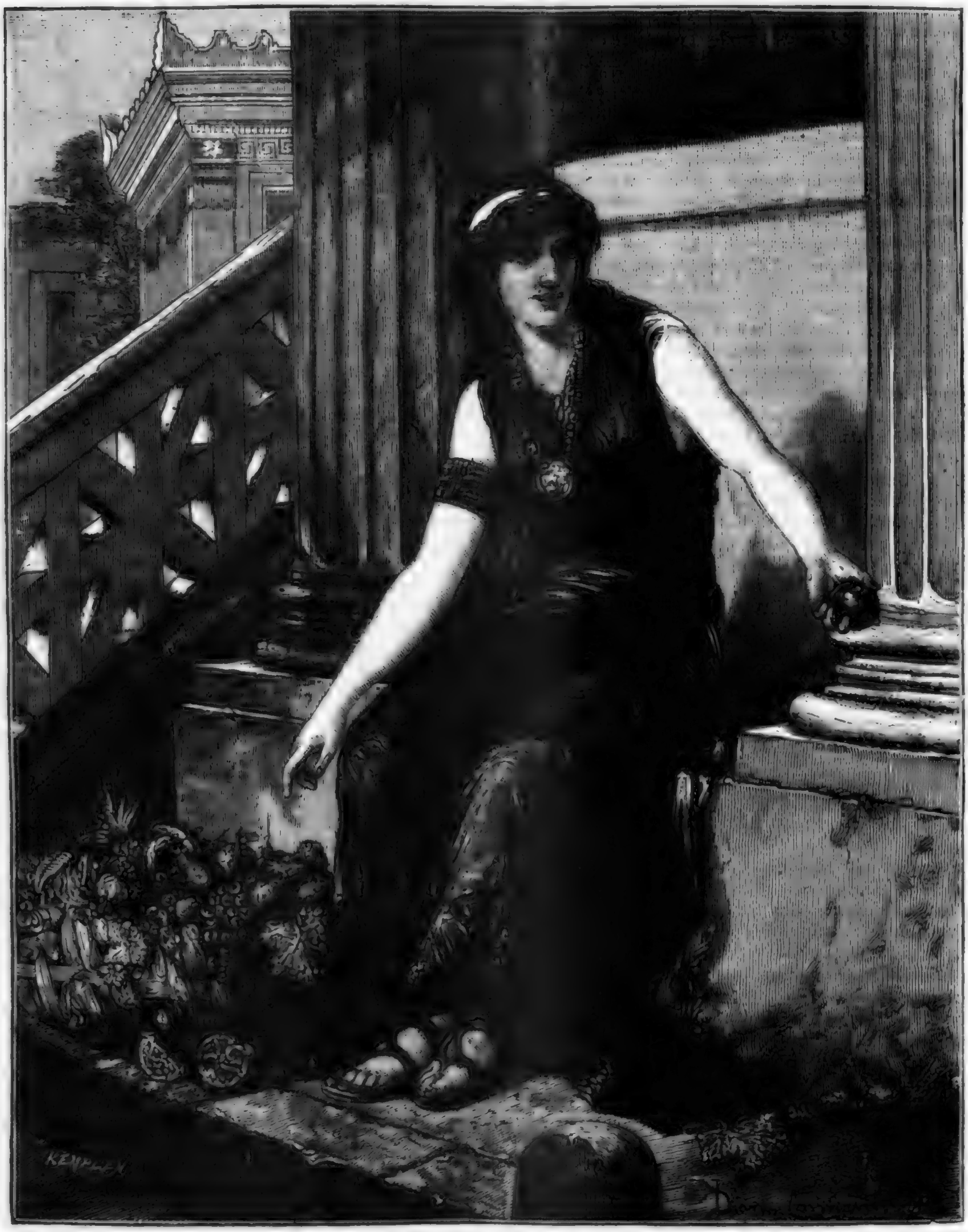
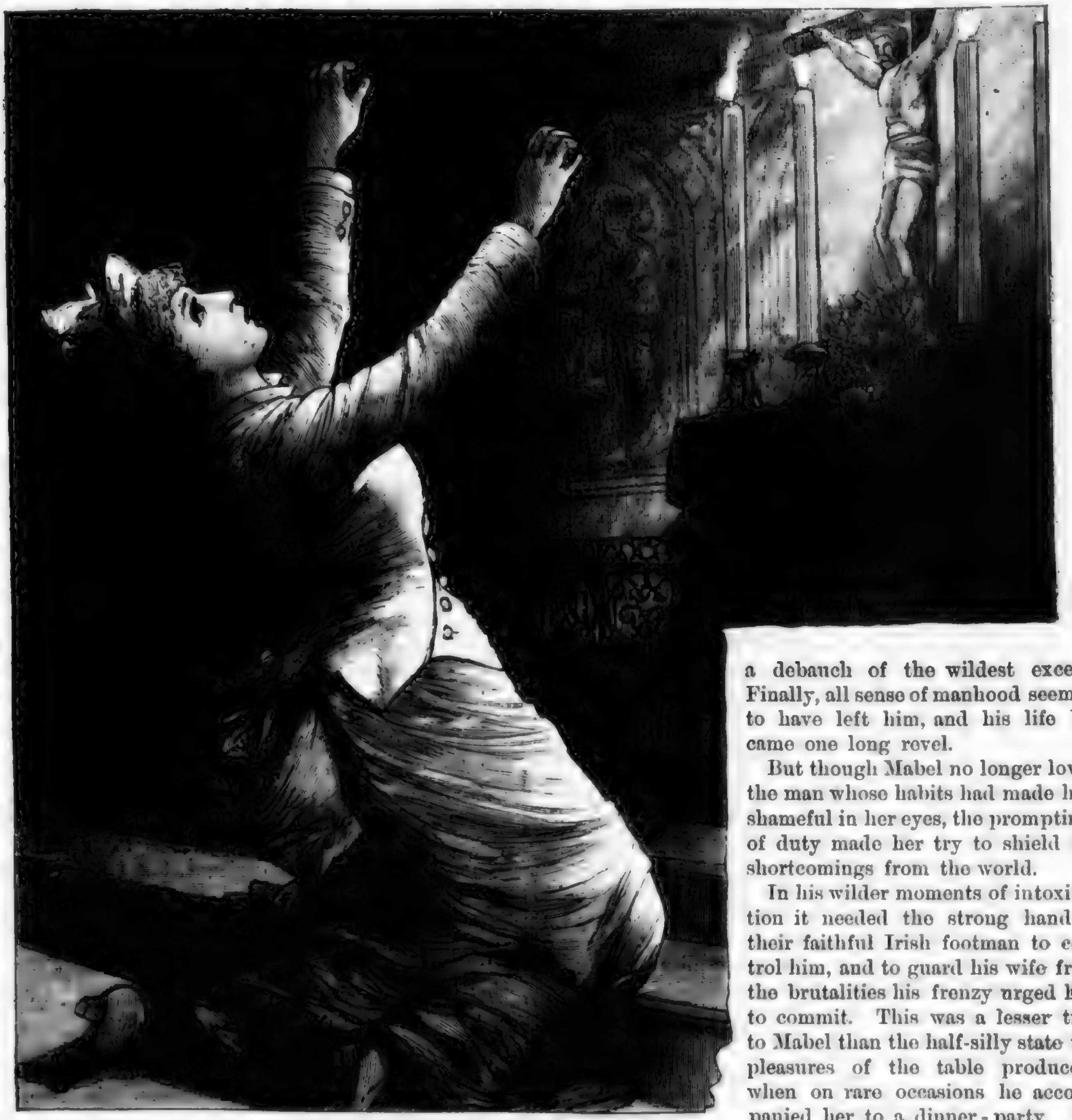
grays!" And "all up" for him it proved, for both he and the maid were forthwith arrested and committed to the county jail to stand their trial at the next assizes, and in Scotland, at the close of the last century, hanging was the penalty not only for sheep-stealing and cattle-lifting, but for all manner of theft.

The peculiarity of the present case was that the comeliness of the female prisoner so affected the jury (there were no women on that jury!!) that, in the very face of direct evidence to the contrary, they chose to assume that the woman was acting under the man's influence. So he who had persistently refused to murder a sleeping woman was condemned to be hanged, whereas the temptress who had urged him to the crime was pardoned! Such were the peculiarities of legal justice in the days of our grandparents.



A POMPEIAN FRUIT-GIRL.—BY DIANA COOMANS.



"SHE THREW HERSELF PROSTRATE AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS, EXCLAIMING: 'FATHER, FORGIVE ME!'"

# THE STORY OF MABEL.

By Marguery.

When Mabel Gardner married Victor Prescott, the society of B—— shook its head and whispered, quietly, it is true, that it would turn out badly, for Victor had been wild, it was said; nay! was still too fond of wine and cards to settle down into a steady and devoted husband. But his friends hoped much from this alliance with the fair and beautiful maiden, whom he seemed to love with passionate devotion.

And now, five years after the marriage, everybody knew that he loved dissipation better than wife or home, and both were neglected for haunts of vice. And Mabel? She still kept the place in society that birth and fortune gave her, and none knew that under a smiling exterior was hidden a heart from which love had fled. At first she had tried with fondest entreaties to win her husband from his wayward courses, but the promises he made and sealed with kisses on her lips were soon broken, and a period of sobriety would be followed by a debauch of the wildest excess. Finally, all sense of manhood seemed to have left him, and his life became one long revel.

But though Mabel no longer loved the man whose habits had made him shameful in her eyes, the promptings of duty made her try to shield his shortcomings from the world.

In his wilder moments of intoxication it needed the strong hand of their faithful Irish footman to control him, and to guard his wife from the brutalities his frenzy urged him to commit. This was a lesser trial to Mabel than the half-silly state the pleasures of the table produced, when on rare occasions he accompanied her to a dinner-party. Always the last to join the ladies, he seemed unable to tear himself from the fascinations of the wine-cup, and when his loud voice and louder laugh were heard above all others, Mabel would quietly withdraw from the parlor, order her carriage, and, meeting her husband before his situation was known to all, coax him to go home with her, sending by a servant an apology for her abrupt departure.

But at the date of our story Victor had almost withdrawn from the society of his equals, and his intercourse with his wife was most uncertain and informal. Her large fortune, settled strictly upon herself, gave her an ample income for all her wants, and it was tacitly understood that all invitations were accepted by Mabel alone. Many pitied her forlorn position, for she was an orphan, and without brother or sister to share what must have been a terrible grief to her.

A year before she had met at the house of an intimate friend a young French artist, Paul Villiers. Possessed of ample means, he was making an extensive sketching tour of our country, and, armed with the best letters of introduction, had been at once received by the most exclusive society of B——. He had not been long in the city before, meeting constantly our heroine, he heard her sad story, and meeting also the unfortunate Victor, felt his soul moved to pity for the terrible fate of a young and beautiful woman bound to such a man for ever.

He had passed the Summer with a family whom Mabel visited, and had been thrown much in her society, and before either of them knew the dangers of such an intimate association, each found the companionship of the other necessary for happiness.

The Summer was all too short for Mabel. Her husband was away on a long yachting cruise, and the fear of him was for a time removed. And surrounded by loving friends, who strove to make each day bright with some new pleasure, and in the society of a young and handsome man, always ready for each new pastime, time flew on rapid wings; for now the early Autumn had come, The first light frost had touched the tender plants, making them droop and die. Nature had hung on vine and bush and tree its blood-red signal of warning that Winter would soon approach. It was time for Summer birds to flee, and Mabel's friends were preparing for departure, when a summons came from her husband, and Mabel knew she must return to the cheerless mansion she could not call home.

It was not until she had parted from him that Mabel realized how dear to her was the young artist.

Too correctly nurtured to admit such an idea as that of unlawful love, she passed the hours of each night in fruitless argument and expostulation with herself, only to welcome the dawn and anxiously watch the hands of the clock, that moved so slowly on to the hour when Paul would make his morning call before going out for the day's sketching. She was ignorant of the fact that her handsome friend was deeply in love with her, for he forced himself to conceal it, fearing that the knowledge of it would banish him for ever from her presence. But an accident revealed each heart to the other.

Paul had called, one evening after dinner, on some slight pretext, that he might see Mabel one moment alone, for he expected to pass the whole evening in her box at the opera.

After the first greeting was over, they sat, almost silently, by the fire which glowed upon the hearth, too happy to speak. Victor had been away all day, and his wife knew not when he would return. In fact, she was generally ignorant of his movements, his valet only knowing where he could be found.

Suddenly they were startled by a noisy and forcible entrance into the outer hall, and a loud voice was heard calling:

"Max! Max! I say! Where in the deuce is that fool? He is never round when I want him!"

It was Victor, who, in a terribly drunken condition, was shouting for his servant to assist him to his chamber.

The door from the drawing-room into the hall was open, and Mabel, who sat quite near it, rose to close it to shut out the disgraceful sounds. Her husband caught sight of her, and said:

"Oh, it's you, is it, my lady? Come here—I want you."

Not daring to refuse, Mabel approached him. Something had evidently angered him, for his eyes blazed with fury. Somewhat timidly, Mabel said:

"What is it you wish, Victor?"

He held in his hand a pair of heavy driving-gloves; he raised them and struck her a blow across the face.

"That's what I want; to spoil your beauty, curse you!"

But at this moment Patrick hurried into the hall, caught his master's arm before he could strike a second blow, and half led, half carried him up-stairs to his apartment, where, calmed by the care and attention of his servants, he soon sank into a drunken slumber.

Poor Mabel! it was no new thing for her to be abused before the servants, but had Paul witnessed the shameful scene?

She covered her face with her hands and sank into a chair. She sat for a few minutes until she had somewhat recovered from the blow, and then re-entered the parlor.

She found Paul pacing the floor, in a state of great excitement. When he saw her, he took her by the hands, led her to a seat, and sat down beside her. He still held her hands tightly in his, and exclaimed:

"Oh, that I could kill that fiend who has dared to strike you. If you were mine, how tenderly would you be cared for; but I am powerless to prevent such usage of one I love. Nay, do not start away from me, Mabel; did you not know I loved you?"

He seemed completely unmanned by the scene he had witnessed, unable to control himself, and words of passionate devotion poured from his lips, frightening Mabel by the intensity of his emotion. He soon saw her terror, and, stopping for a moment, said:

"Forgive me! I forgot myself. On my knees will I beg pardon."

"No, no," said Mabel; "I beg you to arise. You do not mean what you say; your pity for me moved you to speak rashly. You must never forget yourself again, for I esteem you as a dear friend, and value your friendship so highly that I do not wish to lose it. I will forgive you, and we will still be friends, but I must say good-night, Monsieur Villiers. I shall not go to the opera to-night."

"And may I come to-morrow?"

"Yes; to-morrow, and all the to-morrows. Forget what you have seen here or I can never look you in the face again. It was nothing."

"Nothing?" he exclaimed, vehemently.

"No, no; say no more. Good-night."

"Good-night, madame," and he took his leave.

Mabel hastened to her chamber. Impatient to be alone, it seemed as if her maid had never been so long undressing her.

"Give me that white dressing-gown; I am not going out to-night. You may put away my dress, and then leave me. I will ring if I want you. Tell Patrick to say I am ill, if any one calls."

She sat down before the fire and sank into a reverie. Her heart was beating with passionate throbs, and threatened to burst its walls; her cheeks glowed with unwonted blushes; a delicious feeling crept over her. Paul's words kept sounding like sweetest music in her ears.

"He loves me," she murmured; "how wrong, but yet how sweet! No, no; I am wicked to say that. He is my friend, and it is only friendship, true and sacred, that he feels for me."

It was late before she slept, and then her slumbers were disturbed by curious dreams. The next day the young artist came early to see her, and every day the friends were together. His visits were made when Mabel was alone, and at that part of the day when callers were not expected. They often read from some favorite author, or sang together delicious love-songs, each speaking to the other in strains of sweetest music, what neither would have dared to say in more prosaic tones.

Mabel did not know how dangerous was this new friendship, made so different from their former intercourse by the few words of love Paul had spoken to her. He was always in her thoughts. The kisses on her hand, with which in true French style he always saluted her, burned like fire; without him, life would be nothing. Yet such was the innocence of her nature, she never dreamed of wrong, or of the fearful abyss that yawned before her unconscious feet.

But the gossips of the city were not ignorant of the intimacy of the young artist and our heroine, and strange rumors were circulated of their friendship. Her friends, knowing her pure and tender nature, could not believe the stories that were whispered about her. At the clubs, opinions varied, but the men were unanimous in saying that if ever a *liaison* was justified, it was this one; for the conduct of Mabel's husband left no honor for her to protect, no love for her to cherish. And so society still smiled upon the pair, guilty in its estimation, though no open scandal as yet defiled its pure ears.

One evening, late in the season, Mabel attended a large party, the last to be given by an intimate friend before her departure for the seaside.

Never had she been so particular about her dress. "Right fussy," her maid said, after she had gone. She wore a sheeny satin dress of delicate pink, like the lining of a seashell. Its garniture was of lovely pearls. The corsage was without sleeves, showing the beautifully molded arms, and square at the throat, displaying the lovely neck, softened and beautified by folds of costly lace. Her face was radiant with happiness. The gloom of her home, the shameful conduct of her husband, were forgotten, for she would see Paul, the friend she so dearly loved.

As soon as possible she took his arm and passed out of the heated parlor into a conservatory that, dimly lighted, afforded a retreat for those who desired to be alone.

They found a secluded seat behind a statue that was completely covered with a luxuriant creeper, forming a screen from curious eyes. They sat hand in hand. Neither cared to speak; it was enough that they were together. From the distant parlor came faint strains of music, mingling with the splashing of a fountain that cooled the air. Without, some night-bird was calling in tender tones for his mate.

The quiet of the place and the semi-darkness gave a curious feeling to Mabel and her friend. They seemed in the world, yet not of it; each felt that their world was in the other. Heart spoke to heart the sentiment that had been so long repressed. Paul's arm stole about her waist, and for the first time he was about to imprint a kiss on her lips, when they were startled by a loud voice near them.

Two ladies had entered the place, evidently in search of cooler air, for the evening was sultry.

"Yes, Julia," said one, "it is much cooler here—let us sit down and rest a while," and they seated themselves near the statue.

Mabel and Paul, completely concealed by the green foliage, could see and hear without being discovered. After a few moments' conversation one of the ladies said:

"Did you see Mrs. Prescott? She looked very handsome, didn't she? I wonder how she can look so happy when she has left a miserable, drunken husband, nobody knows where. For my part I should think it in far better taste if she remained at home. I know I couldn't go into society if *I* had such a husband."

"Thank Heaven, Julia, that you haven't any husband," said her friend. "But haven't you heard about Mabel Prescott and Paul Villiers? My dear, he is perfectly devoted to her. And they say she returns his love with interest. Why, she is wild about him. I don't imagine she ever remembers she has a husband. It's a wonder to me she doesn't get divorced. She has sufficient cause, for that drunken brute has often abused her; and it would be advisable, before her conduct becomes an open scandal, and so prevents her getting her liberty. But, then, I don't suppose Paul Villiers would marry her if she did. He is a Roman Catholic, you know, and his Church would forbid."

"Oh! yes, my dear," said Julia, "I've heard all about the Prescott scandal. But I don't believe Paul Villiers would marry her, any way. Men never do marry that kind of a woman. It's a fine excuse, though, isn't it, when a man tires of a woman to make his religion a cloak for his shortcomings? But, dear me! I feel too cool now. Let us return to the parlor;" and arm in arm they passed out of the conservatory.

Mabel, who had heard every word of this cruel conversation, would have confronted her slanderers, but Paul held her firmly, and would not permit her to move. After the ladies had gone, she exclaimed:

"Oh! Paul, what bitter, cruel things they said of me. Who could be so wicked as to call our friendship such an awful thing? Paul, what did they mean? I do not know. I am bewildered by what they said of us."

"Mabel, my darling, your innocent soul knows not what a wicked world can say of even a pure friendship like ours. But, Mabel, listen to me. It is something more than friendship I feel for you. I have tried to hide my love from you and to seem like a friend, fearing that, if you knew how passionately I adored you, you would banish me for ever from your presence; but now I can endure this life no longer, for I love you so madly that either you must be mine or I must leave you for ever. That brute whom the world calls your husband has severed every tie that bound you together. You are no more his wife. Promise me, darling, that you will be mine. Though no priest can sanction our union, yet the bond between us shall be stronger than any Church could give, for in the sight of Heaven I promise to be a true and faithful husband to you. Do not shrink from me. If I read you aright, your heart answers Yes to what I am saying."

Mabel covered her face with her hands, and her life passed like a shifting panorama before her. The loneliness of her home, her most sacred feelings outraged, even her life endangered by the man who should be her comforter and protector—the sweet and tender friendship with Paul, which the world called a wicked tie. To leave him—ah! what would life be to her? Did she love him? She knew she did; that the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, yes, even the echo of his footstep, caused the blood to flow with quicker pulsations through her whole being, dyeing her face with crimson blushes; and that only when with him did she forget the trials of her life, and was happy. She did not speak, but nestled closer to him, and placed her head on his shoulder. His arm stole around her waist, and he pressed a long kiss upon her unresisting lips. They remained a few moments in happy silence. Then Paul said:

"Listen, dearest, to me. We will leave B—— to-morrow night for New York. A steamer sails the following day for Havre. In the sunny land of France you will forget your past existence, and, happy in our love, we will live only for each other. I will not go to your house

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to-morrow, but will send you a note telling you where to meet me. Good-night, my darling; always my darling, and dearer to me than life itself."

That night Mabel never closed her eyes. Always before her was her handsome lover, and sounding in her ears the cruel slanders she had heard. Then she thought of her flight. Who would miss her? Not her husband. He had long ceased to regard her, except, perhaps, as a stumbling-block in the broad path that was leading him to swift destruction. Her friends? Ah, perhaps, the very ones who fawned upon her were circulating the cruel reports she had heard; and now she was leaving it all behind; all the cruel, shameful life that had been so bitter, so hard to endure.

She was going to another land, where she would have the tenderest care, where she would be almost worshiped by the man who had given up his whole life to her. A note came early from Paul, arranging the plan for her escape. All that day she seemed to be living a dual existence. She received callers, talked and laughed with them, made plans for future gayety, and all the while every throb of her heart made the note she had hidden in her breast rustle; it seemed to her so loudly, that all must hear. And even when surrounded by her friends — and never so many called as on that day — she kept saying to herself, "To-night I leave them all. To-night I go with him."

A DASH THROUGH THE GREEN ISLE.— DEVIL'S GLEN.

It had been a warm and sultry day, oppressively so for the early part of Summer. As night approached, Mabel dressed herself in a dark, unobtrusive costume. She had given her maid a holiday, well knowing that none of the other servants would notice her departure. She had given orders that she would not be home to dinner, and her husband, as usual, was absent.

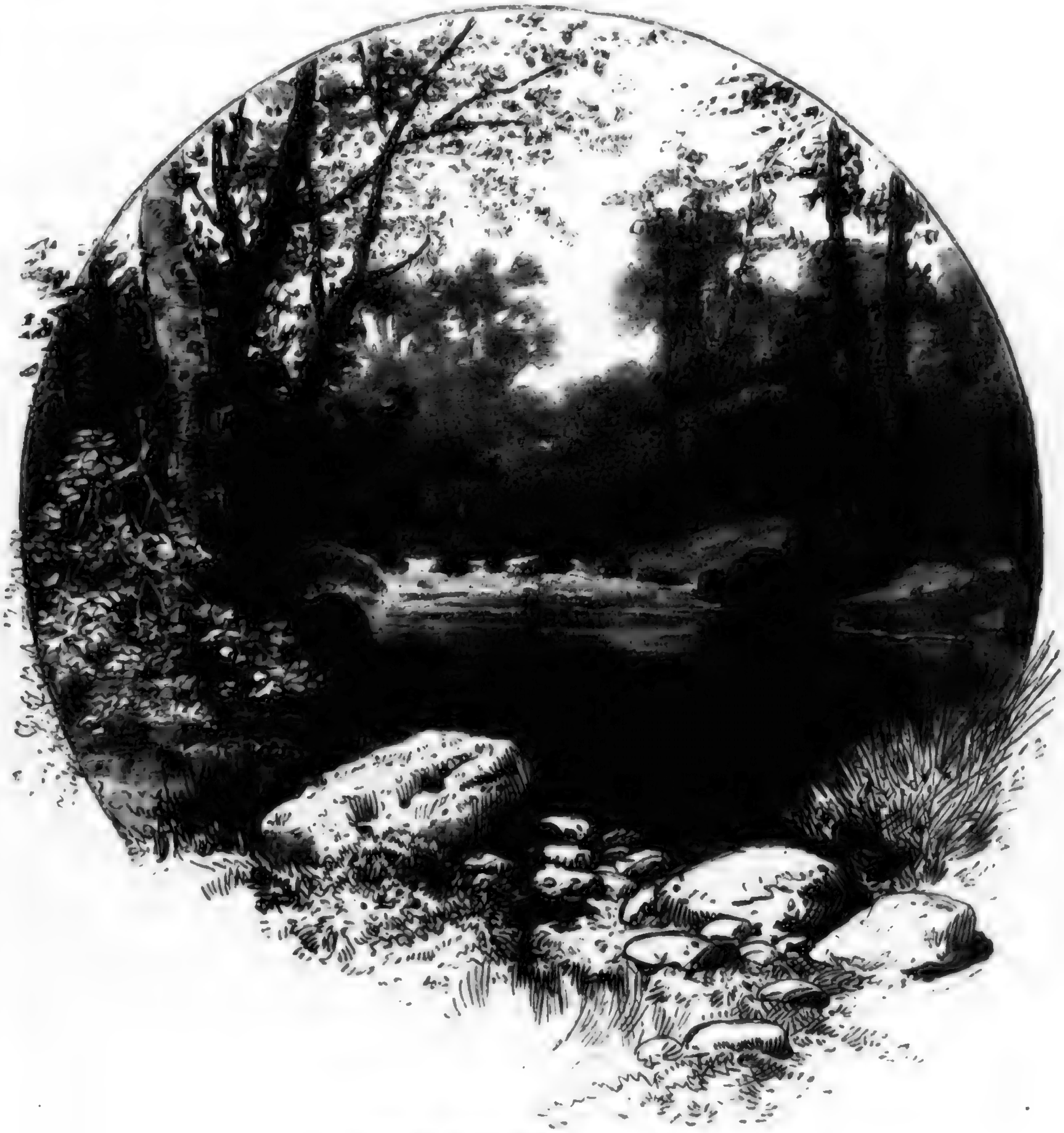
It grew very dark as she left the house; the sky was overhung with heavy clouds, and distant peals of thunder could be heard. A severe tempest was coming; such an one as sometimes visits our clime and expends itself with tropical fury. Mabel did not notice this, so engrossed was she with her own thoughts. She had gone but a few blocks from home when the rain began to pour in torrents. Awakened from her reverie by the shock, Mabel looked around for some place of refuge, hoping she might see an empty carriage that would take her to her destination, but the street was deserted. She could not return home. No; Paul would be waiting for her. She must hasten on. But the lightning now blazed so fiercely, the storm was so severe, that, scarcely knowing what she did, she entered a church, whose door stood invitingly open. Vespers had long since been over, yet this church was never closed, and Mabel sat down quite near the altar to wait until the storm had passed. The interior was but dimly lighted, yet a few candles which burned perpetually before the figure of the Virgin cast a faint light over the golden crucifix that was suspended above the chancel. It had been the offering to the church of a wealthy devotee, and the figure upon it was a marvel of carving, so lifelike it seemed. In the obscurity the eyes, still patient though full of agony, seemed turned in reproach upon her. The hands, fastened with the cruel nails, seemed stretched toward her. The whole attitude was one of appeal and entreaty to the lost and sinful. Still the storm raged with fury without; flash after flash of lightning illumed the face of the dead Christ. It seemed as if the lips were moving. Hark! above the noise of that terrible thunder, did she hear the sacred words, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee." Alas! she was, indeed, a sinner. For the first time she realized that she was taking a fatal step on that downward path from which there was no return. Was it too late? Before that agonized face, what was earthly affection? Here could she find solace for all her woes. She threw herself at the foot of the cross, exclaiming through her tears, "Father, forgive me!"

Half unconscious, she knew nothing of the storm that raged over the city, making even strong men shudder at the intensity of its fury, and women crouch together and whisper tremblingly that the end of all things was coming. And for Mabel it *had* come. A thunderbolt, hurled from a cloud that hung over the church, attracted perhaps by the golden crucifix, on its way to earth, killed the repentant woman, even while the prayer for forgiveness was upon her lips.

The next morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and shone sparkling and bright over the rain-washed earth; and the body of Mabel, her hands still clasped in prayer, was found at the foot of the altar. The lightning had done its cruel work and left no mark behind, save on her breast was printed in lurid colors a figure of the cross at which she had knelt. And with that blessed sign of our salvation upon her, placed there by Heaven's own hand, who will dare to say that her sin was not pardoned?

Her husband died soon after, in the wildest delirium, at a low haunt of vice he frequented.

And Paul? A broken man, old before his time, and bearing a burden almost too heavy for a mortal to bear. He it is who tells you this story of one who, if she sinned like a woman, died like a saint.



THE VALLEY OF THE DARGLE, WICKLOW.

# A DASH THROUGH THE GREEN ISLE.

By Noel Ruthven.

What could I do with my ten days? I was stopping in London. I had a return ticket to New York by the palatial *City of Rome*. I had ten days to spend, and with them twenty golden sovereigns, or one hundred dollars. Paris?—no. Twenty pounds in Paris would melt even more rapidly than one hundred dollars in New York. The English Lakes? A happy thought! A trip through Wales? Another happy thought!—Wales! Holyhead! Holyhead, sixty-four miles from Dublin. Aha! Why not take a dash into Ireland—"ould Ireland"? I rang the bell for a "Bradshaw," and found, after considerable cross-country work, that a train left Euston Station at 8:10 P.M., striking Holyhead at 4 A.M., and Kingstown at 7:45, or Dublin at 8.

The same evening found me spinning down the London and Northwestern on the train known as the "Wild Irishman," in company with two of the National Party in the House of Commons, bright, witty, joyous, well-bred men, who shared their Irish whisky with me *con amore*, and told me more about the United States

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than ever I knew before, and foretold Ireland's glorious future with a sincerity that carried conviction to my innermost soul.

As we had talked and laughed and sipped for nearly seven mortal hours, I slept like a top on the steamer, and it was a superb August morning when, upon coming on deck, I beheld the Hill of Howth, clad in a purple mantle of heather; on my right, the Wicklow Hills, also dyed in purple; to the left, the Dublin Mountains; in the middle, at their base, the shining terraces that compose Dalkey, Kingstown and Salthill; while distant spires and a solid, dark mass, a little to the right, proclaimed Ireland's capital, the "Second City of the Empire," as Dubliners are pleased—and mightily pleased—to term the ancient Eblana.

Kingstown Harbor is spacious and magnificent. Two great granite piers run out into the bay and inclose a miniature bay of smoothest water in their encircling arms. Handsome yacht-clubhouses—the St. George and the Royal Irish—guard on either side a commodious jetty, and a special pier with a covered way, the haunt of the detectives, accommodates those who come and go over the sixty-four miles of sea separating the Emerald Isle from the ancient Kingdom of Wales. At the entrance to this pier stands a dumpy granite pillar, surmounted by a crown, erected by the loyal Irish, and who, as Byron hath it, "danced in chains" when the "biggest blackguard in Europe" *alias* His Most Gracious Majesty King George IV., honored his obsequious Irish subjects by intrusting his bloated and decomposing body amongst them, in the year of grace, 1821.

Newspaper-venders greeted me with horse whispers of *Freeman's Journal*, *Irish Times* and *Daily Express*, as I plunged for a first-class compartment; and oh! how fusty and stale and stuffy its blue-cloth, sun-baked cushions smelt! Ten minutes, while the baggage—I beg pardon, luggage—was being transferred from the boat to the train, and with a shrill whistle we were *en route* to "dear, dirty Dublin."

The bay lay on our right for three-fourths of our ride of fifteen minutes—Dublin's citizens occupying terraces and cottages and villas and domains on the left. Sandymount, a cheap, faded-looking place, lies at the city gates, and by it Irishtown and the North Wall, where, in the days of our grandfathers, travelers were detained for weeks at the Pigeon House Fort, for fair winds to ferry them to Liverpool.

At the Westland Row Depot everybody has to scramble for his or her luggage, and woe to the weak or the timid. It is *sauve qui peut.* The jarvies, who drive outside jaunting-cars, and the Jehus, who charioteer cabs, are lying in wait to pounce on your luggage, if it be responsible-looking; and the "gintleman" with handsome *impedimenta* is sure of one of the best vehicles, while those with more modest belongings are compelled to wait until they catch the speaker's eye, since all the drivers are yelling and bawling the merits of their respective vehicles with a mendacity and vigor of imagination equal, in every possible respect, to their fearful and wondrous lung-power.

"Here's yer own car, yer honor!" "Here's a baste fit for the Lord Liftinint!" "Here's action, sir!" "Come along wid me, sir—I'll rowl ye to the castle, me lord!" "Here's the horse that won't ax a pinny if he doesn't give the hoighth of satisfaction!" "Here's *the* vacancy for yer lordship!"

My appearance must have been somewhat impressive, for I was the centre of a struggling, gesticulating, vociferating crowd, and ere I was aware of what I was about, found myself seated upon an outside car, minus my baggage.

"Lave yer bag wid me, me lord, and fight like the divvle for the rest of yer luggage. Here's me number."

Acting upon the suggestion, I did "fight like the divvle," and after a severe skirmish succeeded in bringing off my *impedimenta.*

I had read so much about Morrison's Hotel in Lever's novels that I resolved upon sojourning at that venerable hostelry, in preference to the more meretricious attractions of the Shelbourne, and spinning along Nassau Street, established myself in a spacious apartment overlooking Trinity College, the Provost's Garden, and the College Park, wherein a few agile lads were practicing at cricket.

The cheerful chambermaid, who escorted me to my room, having observed the magic letters "N. Y." on my valise, gleefully exclaimed:

"Bedad, ye're aigar for to ketch a sight of the ould Parliament House! If ye climb on this table an' stretch clane out of the windy, ye'll see it betune the ind of Grafton Sthreet an' the front of the Colledge."

I was not so eager as this worthy lady imagined, but, nevertheless, thanked her warmly in the shape of a shilling for her courteous and well-intentioned ciceroneship. After a capital breakfast, I sallied forth in quest of adventure.

Now, as this is only a dash through the Green Isle, I do not pretend or intend to serve up a few *réchauffé* pages from a guide-book—the saints, especially St. Patrick, forbid! I shall mention what I saw, and that, too, after my own fashion.

I found Morrison's Hotel at the corner of Nassau and Dawson Streets. Along the former runs a handsome granite wall, surmounted by an ornamental railing, inclosing the park attached to Trinity College. Dawson Street is wide, and it boasts of the buildings of the Royal Irish Academy and the Mansion House, the residence of the chief magistrate, of which, and its flesh-pots, more anon.

My great desire—and here the cheery chamber-wench guessed aright—was to behold College Green. A hundred yards from Morrison's brought me to the corner of Grafton Street, and a hundred yards along Grafton Street planted me opposite the old Parliament House, with the charming statue of Henry Grattan standing in the centre of the once Green, in the attitude in which he uttered his famous *Esto perpetua.*

Anything more elegant than the façade of "Old House" it is impossible to conceive; anything more impressive in architectural beauty than this little bit of Dublin it is difficult to imagine. To the right is Trinity College, founded by Good Queen Bess, her effigy, as stiff as her ruff, surmounting that portal so fatal to the happiness of alumni addicted to the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal'." On either side of the entrance stand exquisite statues of Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke. College Street, with the Provincial Bank, stretches to the right; Westmoreland Street, revealing O'Connell Bridge and Sackville Street, opens in the centre, while on the left is the Royal Bank, and a fine structure of the last century, once the famous Daly's Club House, where, after the passionate debates on the ill-starred Union, members would repair to order coffee and pistols, and fire off witticisms and play cards until the daydawn bade them repair to Fifteen Acres in the Phœnix Park, there to settle the disputed question at twelve paces, perhaps less.

Turning to the left, Dame Street greeted my gaze with its long vista opening up that wondrous old pile, Christ Church, whose foundation was laid before St. Patrick ever planted his sandal upon a shamrock.

I crossed over to the old House, at present the Bank of Ireland, and, deeply impressed by a set of gorgeous flunkies in green coats with gilt buttons, scarlet waistcoats and high hats, who ought to be bank directors at the very least, entered the cash-office, where a dull rattle of coin was relieved by the occasional giggle of some pallid clerk over the joke of a facetious client. Passing through this melancholy hall—there is more business done in a New York bank in one hour than here in a week I was led into a very handsome, but gloomy, chamber, which, at the period in which Ireland was sold into the Union, was the House of Lords. The same tables, the same chairs, the same tapestried hangings, await Parnell's trumpet. And soon may he play it, or play upon it!

"You'll be turned out of this some fine morning," I observed to the liveried porter, my guide, as I slipped half a crown into his all-too-willing palm.

"Yis; but will we be compinsated?" was his very pertinent rejoinder.

The chamber used by the Commoners, and called the "Goose Pie," on account of its oval shape, no longer exists, and, as I passed out, I bethought me of the Titans who caused its roof to ring with their marvelous oratory—Grattan, Flood, Curran, Burke, *et id genus omne*—and indulged myself with a fervent hope that the day was close at hand when Irish eloquence would again be heard within an Irish Commons House, with Ireland a Nation.

Crossing College Green, I visited Trinity College, its Dining Hall adorned with portraits of Ireland's greatest sons; its Museum rich in all that delights the heart of the antiquarian, including Brian Boroimhe's harp, and manuscripts ripe as the dust of ages; Botany Bay; Oliver Goldsmith's Room; the Library, wherein were seated "Sam" Haughton discussing Home Rule with the grave Professor Galbraith, for I heard "Sam" say, "I tell you that Parnell may be able to——"; the Coronation Hall; and the New Buildings, where Dr. Shaw, sunset-bearded, was exploiting some quaint fad to his son-in-law, "that beardless boy Tyrrel," albeit a Fellow, and a very learned one to boot, though Mohaffy, the "General," will scarcely admit the fact. Mohaffy, too, I beheld, and heard his Alcibiadian lisp, as, with a cricket-bat under one arm, and one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant under the other, he strode onward in the direction of the Cricket Ground; for Mohaffy has pitched a wicket at Marathon, and bowled out one Goulding.

Quitting the groves of the Academy, I strolled up Westmoreland Street and inspected the statue to Sir John Gray, Kt., a man of great ability and untiring industry, and to whom the citizens of Dublin are indebted for as fine a water supply as this wide world affords to any community. As I visited the source of this supply, in the Wicklow Hills, I shall have to speak of Sir John Gray later on. The statue of that pure but dull patriot, William Smith O'Brien, faces D'Olier Street, famous for Kinahan, of "LL" fame, and Burton Findon's, an oyster-house where the real Poldoody oyster from the County of Clare was to be had for the asking, washed down by a pint of Guinness's "XX."

Crossing the noble O'Connell Bridge over the unsavory smelling Liffey, I was confronted by Dan's statue, a magnificent ornament to Sackville Street, which is one of *the* streets of the world. The O'Connell statue is a monument in every way worthy of the great Tribune. Sackville Street finished my day's sight-seeing, and I returned to Morrison's to dinner; after which I repaired to the Gaiety Theatre, a pretty little house, where I heard "The Chimes of Normandy" admirably given.

I rose rather late next day, for your Dubliner is late o' nights, and, as a consequence, does not *rise* with the lark. I sauntered up Dawson Street, visited the Royal Irish Academy, a veritable casket of ancient Irish literature, and turned into the Mansion House, next door, to write my name in the visiting-book of Dublin's patriotic Lord Mayor.

"It's a fine lump of a house, sir," said an obliging and gorgeously attired flunky. "Wouldn't you like to see the Oak Room and the Round Room, where the big banquets does be?"

Gladly assenting, this courteous official led me into a truly imposing oblong apartment, wainscoted in oak black as ebony from age, the panels also being disfigured by portraits of past Lord Lieutenants and Lord Mayors; from thence into the Round Room, built in a few days by a Lord Mayor—at the expense of the citizens—with an eye to a baronetcy, for the purpose of dining and wining that "bolting hutch of beastliness," King George IV., for whose character, etc., *vide* Thackeray.

It is the habit of the Lord Mayor to give his inaugural banquet to about seven hundred citizens in this room, and, up to within a few years, it was his custom to invite the Lord Lieutenant, in order to allow that high and mighty personage to make a speech bristling with cooked statistics in relation to the prosperity of Ireland. The farce, however, became too stale, the audience went behind the scenes, and would have no more viceregal buffoonery. The "Cawstle" and the Mansion House no longer hobnob, and "His Ex" has to exploit his cooked statistics before an English audience, who are actually beginning to exhibit symptoms of revolt.

Out of Dawson Street I lounged into St. Stephen's Green, making a call at the Shelburne Hotel. The park is very pretty, very tastefully laid out, and tolerably well kept. Around Stephen's Green are numerous imposing structures, notably the club-houses on the north side, and the College of Surgeons on the west. The Catholic University is situated on the south side, once the residence of one "Buck Whalley," an eccentric Orangeman, whose bones would rattle, if they could, at the bare idea of sanguinary "Papishes" holding his fort.

The mashers affect Grafton Street, late in the afternoon. They are a very "job-lot" looking set. Their clothes are wretched misfits, and as for the boots and shoes—well, a tightly folded umbrella would seem to be part of the paraphernalia of the Dublin masher. The fashionable quarter lies southwest, the principal squares being Merrion and Fitzwilliam. The former is very large, but its houses have a bald appearance, like faces without eyebrows. The North Side, being solely occupied by physicians, is facetiously named Pill Lane; while the South, on account of its occupancy by members of the Bar, is known as Chancery Row. On No. 1, North Side, was born *the* Oscar, his father, Sir William Wilde, and "Speranza" occupying it during that momentous event. Sir William was as skillful an oculist as he was a good and genial friend. He was a scholar to boot. On the occasion of my visit fashionable Dublin was either at Kingstown, Killarney, Bray, or living in back rooms, the blinds in the front ones hermetically sealed. Dubliners are genteel or nothing. Alas! it is the shabby-genteel all the time.

On the north side of the city are Rutland and Mountjoy Squares. The former is very spacious, and surrounded by some magnificent old houses, all of the pre-Union

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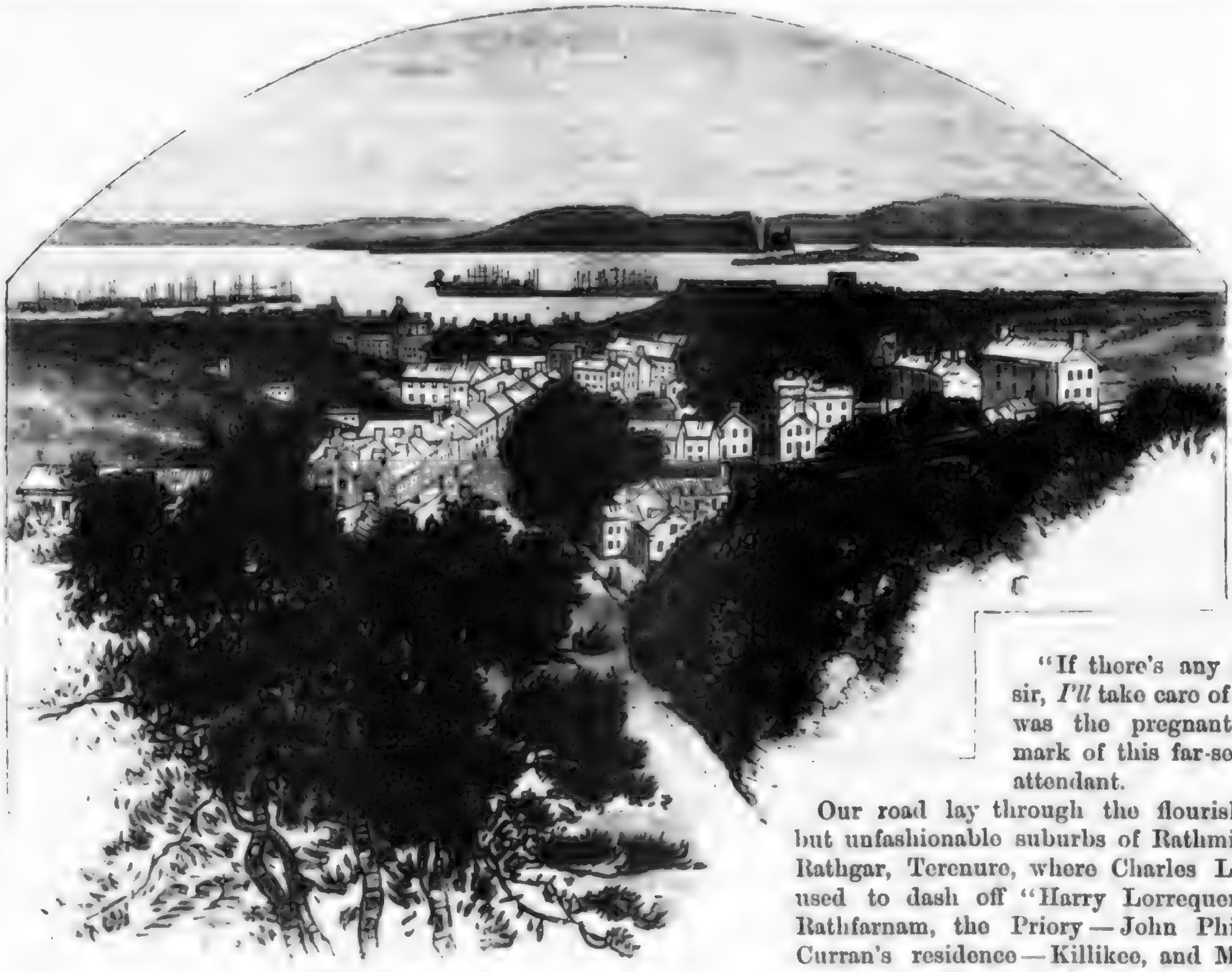


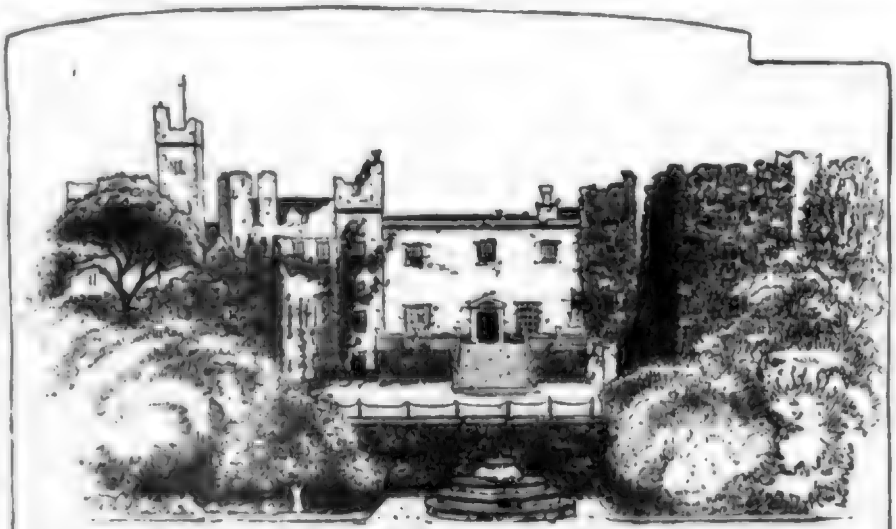
VIEW OF HOWTH.

date. The Rotunda, that hall whose walls have witnessed so many sensational episodes in Ireland's nineteenth-century struggles, stands on the south side of the square. It is a large, circular apartment, dingy and dirty-looking in the extreme; but I was behind the scenes, and the footlights were not yet lit, nor had the audience been rung in. Umbrageous elms, "as old as the hills," shade the grassy slopes, verdant walks and lover-fashioned alleys. From Mountjoy Square, I strolled up Eccles Street, past the residence of Archbishop Walsh and the magnificent Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, and by the sign of the Thatched House at Phibsborough on to Glasnevin Cemetery. In this necropolis sleep many of Ireland's gifted sons, notably O'Connell, whose monument is of rare, but simple, beauty.

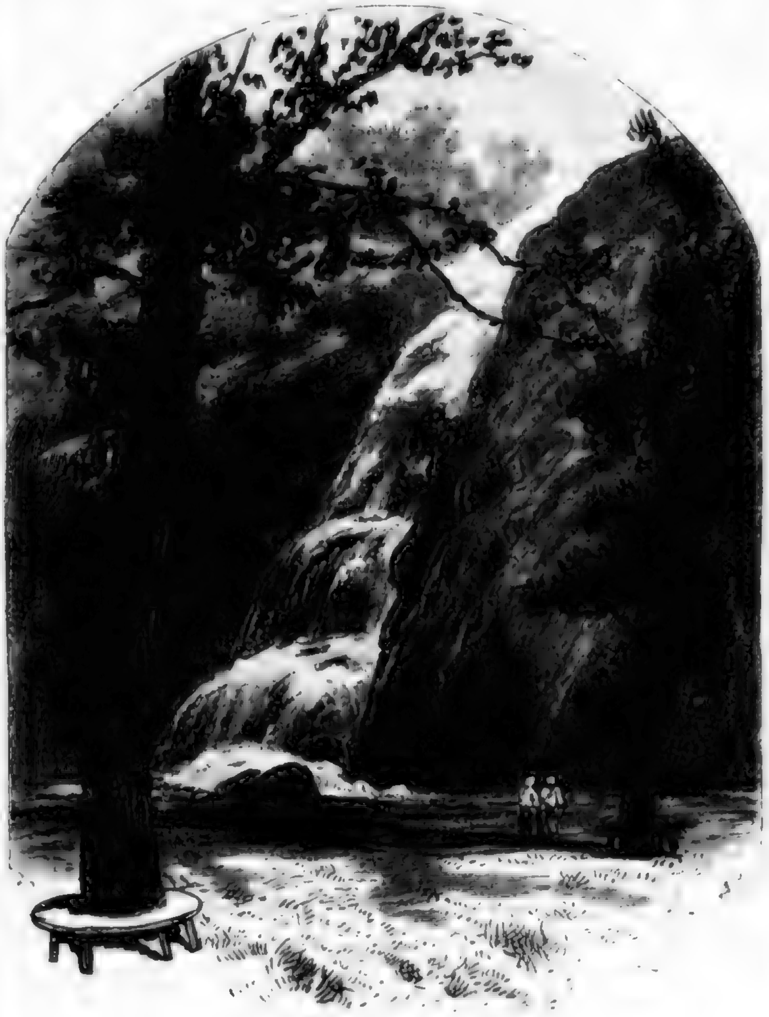
The next day being Saturday, and having been invited to a dinner at the Quoit Club, up in the Dublin Mountains, at a place with the poetic name of Glenismoel, or the Valley of the Thrush, I started at 9 A.M. for a visit to the Reformatory at Glencree. A waiter at Morrison's, possessed of bibulous tendencies, with whom I had established one-shilling relations, chartered a first-rate outside car and horse, and also undertook the feed for "baste" and man; stowing away as much meat and drink in the "well" as though I was off for a week, instead of for half a Summer day.

"If there's any left, sir, *I'll* take care of it," was the pregnant remark of this far-seeing attendant.

Our road lay through the flourishing but unfashionable suburbs of Rathmines, Rathgar, Terenure, where Charles Lever used to dash off "Harry Lorrequers"; Rathfarnam, the Priory — John Philpot Curran's residence — Killikee, and Montpelier, whose dismantled and ghostly-looking castle was the headquarters for the famous, or infamous, Hell-fire Club, of one hundred years ago. On the top of the mountain we struck the famous Military Road, so called since it was constructed in 1798, the year of the Rebellion, by the soldiery, in order to open up a very patriotic portion of the country. The barracks is now a Roman Catholic Juvenile Reformatory, and in this peaceful solitude crime is nipped in the bud, and washed away by the mountain-dews. I spent "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" in this noble institu-



HOWTH CASTLE.



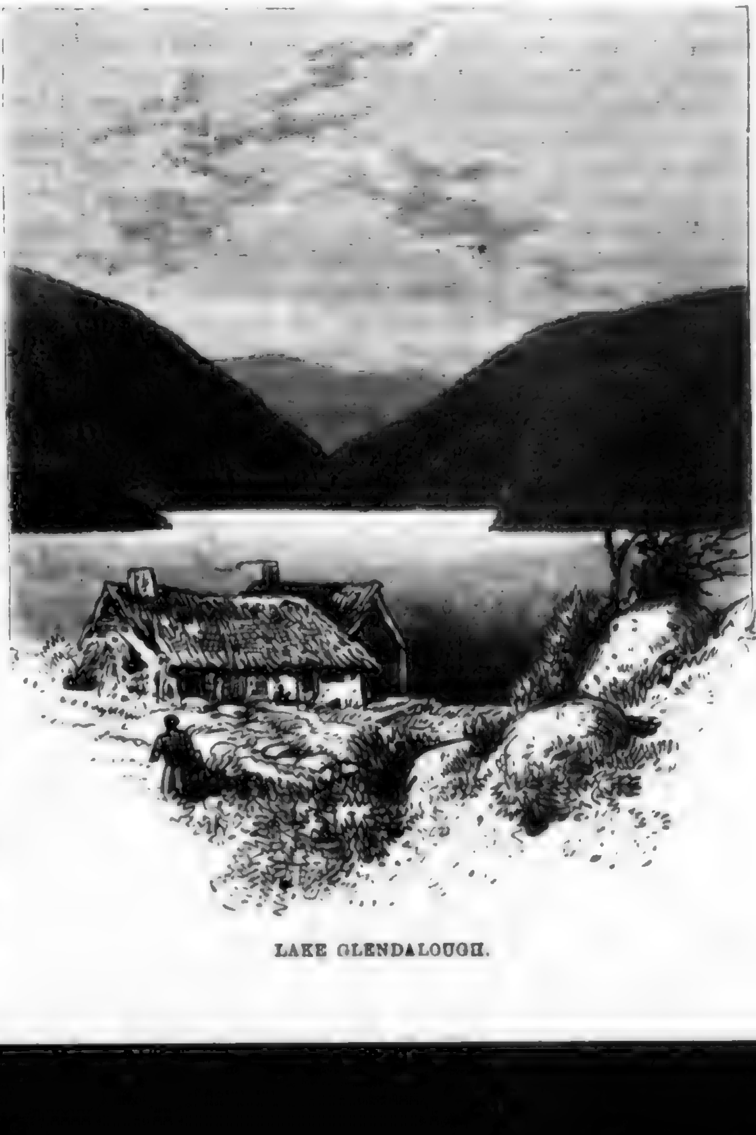
POWERSCOURT FALLS.

tion, and a finer, healthier, or cheerier lot of little lads I have never seen together. From Glencree I strolled on to Lough Bray, the sometime residence of Sir Philip Crampton, Surgeon-general, who, some fifty years ago, was the handsomest man in Dublin, and the ablest man with the knife. I struck—to use an Americanism—Glenismoel just in time for dinner, five o'clock. The Quoit Club has found its quarters in a quaint old monastery, nestling on the side of a hill, and commanding a view that would almost compel a monk to forget his *pater* while gazing out upon such unadorned loveliness. The last game of quoits had just been played off, and the players were washing their hands and taking nips of a most seductive liquor, known to them as "Mild Scotch," doled out to them by Mat Chamberlaine, the most genial and sympathetic individual whom I ever chanced to meet. A strapping lay-brother, in the brown habit of the Order, with a rosary of wooden beads the size of pigeons' eggs girdled to his waist, announced dinner, and we marched into the old Refectory, where ham and chickens, a boiled leg of mutton "with," a tail end of beef, and a saddle fit for Bucephalus, greeted our expectant eyes. Ah, what a feed! That ham and that cabbage, those boiled chickens, that colonel's cut of the saddle! And, ye gods! the Mild Scotch! What was it? what is it? Nectar! I responded for the Stars and Stripes. I sang a song. I proposed Mat Chamberlaine's health. I accepted a dozen invitations, and invited the company to deviled bones and fizz to the masthead at Morrison's on the way home. That *was* an ambrosial night!

Sunday I devoted to the churches. The Roman Catholic Cathedral in Marlborough Street (Grecian) disappointed, while the Byzantine Chapel attached to the Catholic University fetched me. The Jesuits' Church, in Gardiner Street, is famous for its organ, while St. Andrew's, in Westland Row, boasts the most "swell" congregation, and it is *de rigueur* to attend the eleven o'clock Mass. I visited St. Michan's, and in its vaults, which possess the quality of preserving the bodies of the dead, I beheld several corpses in a strange condition of semi-mummifaction.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, restored by the brewer Guinness, is in a very dingy quarter of the city, known as the Liberties. Its monuments are chapters in history. Dean Swift, the author of "Gulliver," lies here, beside Mistress Hester Johnson, better known as Stella. A distiller, Roe, not to be outdone by a brewer, resolved upon restoring Christ Church Cathedral. In performing this admirable work he so crippled himself (the cost was $2,500,000) that later on he went to the wall, and as my guide feelingly added, "More's the pity!" and so say I. The present Chancellor of Christ Church, the Rev. Dr. Tisdale (Charlie), is one of the wittiest men of the time, and is noted for his delightful companionship. A divine, a scholar, a gentleman, and last though not least in old Ireland, a judge of liquor. As in St. Patrick's, the monuments in Christ Church are chapters of history.

On Monday I did Dame Street; turned into the Chamber of Commerce and the City Hall. Here, in a very handsome chamber, adorned with



LAKE GLENDALOUGH.

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portraits of past Lord Mayors, the City Fathers meet, and hold hot debate, as in a miniature House of Commons. The Lord Mayor presides, on a high oaken chair, the arms representing Irish wolf-dogs. Beneath him sits the Town-clerk, the Mace-bearer and the Sword-bearer standing on either side of the chair. The Conservatives occupy the benches on the left, the Nationalists the right. The few Liberals or Whigs have no happy hunting-ground. The Hall is very fine, surmounted by a dome supported by pillars. A statue of O'Connell, by Hogan, and one of Grattan, by Chantrey, occupy prominent positions. Here is also a very clever statue of Lucas, a pre-Union patriot.

Dublin Castle is next door to the City Hall, and, like to many neighbors in other places, they are on the worst possible terms. They do not speak. They hold one another in contempt, and lose never a chance to insult and revile.

The Upper Castle Yard is known as the "dirty half-acre," from the jobbery and lickspitting that flourished since the time of Castlereagh, and still flourishes within the quadrangle. Two brutal-looking Tommy Atkinses, two English Hodges, pipeclayed into English guardsmen, flung bulldog glances at me as I passed into the "Yard." Another guardsman kept watch and ward over a ragged flag that had been stormed at with shot and shell, standing in the centre of the Yard. I crossed over to the entrance to the state apartments, wherein the gilded puppets of this Brummagem Court live, move and have their being. Two more guardsmen crossed bayonets as I attempted to pass a glass door. Luckily I was provided with a Chamberlain's order to view certain portions of the "Cawstle." An imposing flunky scanned me, then the order, and a private soldier, "his bayonet by his side," escorted me up a wide staircase, at the head of which Lady Tyrconnell received James II., after the battle of the Boyne, with that withering rejoinder which is as a flash of light in Ireland's history. I passed into the Throne Room — save the mark! — where the Lord Lieutenant, with his wife, receives at "levée" and "drawing-room," and where His Excellency is privileged to kiss young ladies on being "presented" — on the cheek—ahem! There have been Viceroys who—but no matter. *I* don't blame them. St. Patrick's Hall is a noble apartment, and when lighted up for banquet or revel, presents a scene of brilliancy difficult to match. The Long Drawing-room contains portraits of the Viceroys from almost the first Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, and a more sensual, imbecile looking set of worthies it is impossible to conjure up to the mind's eye. Greed and rapine are written on many of their rascally countenances. I visited the Birmingham Tower, where the genial and unerring Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-arms, does his historic and important work. It is a grim old fortress, and could tell many a bloody tale of the fortunes of the "City of the Hurdles." Two gentlemen were crossing the Lower Castle Yard, both notables, wits and worthies. One was Dr. Nedley, physician to the police, the other the Rev. Father Hely, P.P. No swell dinner-party is complete without either of these racy Irishmen, and the host lucky enough to secure both marks a red-letter day in his diary.

Chartering a jaunting-car, I crossed Grattan Bridge, formerly Essex, and "rowlin'" along the quays, entered the famous Four Courts, that hotbed of Irish eloquence and Irish wit. The Hall, where men of the greatest names on the bright bead-roll of Ireland's glory so often paced as briefless barristers, was very crowded and very noisy, and the appearance of the members of the Bar, in black stuff gowns and perky little horsehair wigs, held me in fascination. All seemed to be occupied in eating sandwiches, and in gossiping after a frivolous, if not a boisterous, fashion. In the Courts, I was pointed out the judges by name, ensconced on high, under heavy, stuffy canopies, the Royal Arms being conspicuous above the seat occupied by their lordships. Baron Dowse has a North of Ireland accent, so keen that his "i's" and "u's" fairly cut through the air, while Lord-justice Barry's mellifluous Limerick brogue falls on the ear like Munster music. I spent the remainder of the day in prowling about the Courts, intensely interested; not because of what was going on just then, but because of the traditions of the building under whose dome I was for the time being so aimlessly wandering.

The following day I gave to Phœnix Park. The Wellington Testimonial is a huge obelisk—O'Connell christened it "an overgrown milestone"— the bass-reliefs, illustrating episodes in the sanguinary conflicts out of which the Iron Duke rode Copenhagen so successfully, being beneath criticism. The Fifteen Acres, so famous for the good old times when a man could not call another a liar without having to pay the penalty opposite the pistol's mouth at ten paces on this magnificent greensward, were traversed by me on foot; and oh, what a springy turf! it felt like a flat tight-rope.

The Vice-regal Lodge and our White House are as like as two peas. A deep haha or fosse keeps the *oi polloi* from this sacred ground. A red-uniformed bulldog kept the gate. A cricket match was being played by the Vice-regal eleven and the Phœnix first eleven. The Royal Standard floated in the breeze in the direction of the Dublin Mountains. The view from this portion of the "Phaynix" is delightful. The Three-Rock Mountain in the purple distance; Montpelier, with its ruined castle; the Liffey, flowing like a silvern thread beneath the picturesque village of Chapelizod and Knockmaroon Hill, so well known to Dubliners who, during the season, take a jaunt to the famous Strawberry Beds, or the Spa at Lucan. The trees in the Phœnix Park are magnificent, especially the giant elms, while the hawthorn abounds everywhere, and the "merrie month of May" is one mass of bloom, the perfume making itself felt for miles. The spot where Lord Cavendish and Under-secretary Burke were done to death is now one of the sights of the Park. Poor Burke was raised in the polluted atmosphere of the "Cawstle," and, although of fine Irish stock, was an Englishman at heart, ay, and Cromwellian to boot.

I pottered around Dublin for another day, and then started for the County Wicklow. The run from the city to Bray is through exceptionally lovely scenery — the view as the train speeds out of the tunnel at Dalkey being marvelous in beauty; the exquisite vale of Shanganah, guarded by the twin Sugar Loaves and the wooded heights over Powerscourt demesne and the Dublin Mountains, dappled with mansions peeping from thick copses, and purple and yellow blossoming furze for a background. We swept by a scimitar-shaped bay, and in less than one hour were decanted at the picturesque and fashionable town of Bray.

Two very large hotels adjoin the depot; that run by Edward Breslin, a jolly good fellow, being *the* most aristocratic hostelry in the country. The sweep of strand, over a mile long, is bordered by a strip of green, level and rich as a well-laid-down carpet. Bray Head, steeped in purple heather, blocks the way after a most resolute and frowning fashion. I lunched at Breslin's, the worthy Boniface refusing to take payment.

"No, sir!" he gleefully exclaimed. "You come from New York, and you know my kinsmen, the Breslins of the Gilsey House. I was out there two years ago, and I was treated like the son of an Irish king. Not a halfpenny will I take, and"—here he dropped his voice—"I've put a bottle of the real John Jameson, eight years old, into the well of your car."

All honor to Edward Breslin, who would thus repay his welcome in the United States! Let him come again—who's afraid?

I did the Dargle, a wooded glen of the most romantic and picturesque description, the favorite picnicking-ground of the Dubliners. Every available corner was occupied by a white tablecloth, with its attendant cold chickens, tongues, lamb, ham and lobster, and bottles *ad lib.*, and every secluded spot was availed of by two—need I say that one was of the sterner, the other of the gentler sex? Through the trees came the sounds of fiddles, singing and laughter. I felt inclined to exclaim, "Where do I come in?"

Tinnihinch, the demesne purchased by a grateful people for their idol, Henry Grattan, and now occupied by his lineal descendants, runs along one side of the Dargle. A sweet, sweet place, embosomed in woods and loveliest foliage. It was from here that he was carried from his sick-bed and borne by four horses to Dublin, to burst into the Irish House of Commons and thunder against the Union.

*En route* to the Powerscourt Waterfall, we passed the house, a pretentious-looking building, but of no account. It contains some third-rate pictures. Lord Powerscourt imagined that he was the possessor of a Holbein till the late Tom Taylor mercilessly tore the vail from his belief. The drive to the Waterfall is through a thick wood, and the Fall comes to you suddenly. It resembles a cotton thread laid out on a gray board, standing almost perpendicularly. Here the picnickers were thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and one set insisted upon my taking a glass of cold punch, and upon being informed that I hailed from the States, I was compelled—no, not against my will—to toss off another, and then another.

Was it the punch? but certainly as the car ascended Sugar Loaf Hill, I thought the view over the valley was *the* loveliest I had ever laid eyes upon.

Across a country of bog for eight miles, with the Mountain and the hill over Luggelaw flinging purple shadows on the scrubby heather, we reached the village of Roundwood, where the great reservoir for the supply of water for the City of Dublin and its suburbs wells into being. Murphy's Hotel, where I stopped for the night, is one of Charles Lever's, and the waiter a rare specimen of his profession. The broiled chicken and "musharoons," washed down with my friend Breslin's J. J., was a supper over which memory licks its chops; and the fresh eggs, and the mountain mutton-chops and the delicious tea with *such* cream, the next morning, equally to be savored over. And the bill—ye gods!—supper, 1s. 6d.; bed, 1s. 6d.; breakfast, 1s. 6d. Total 4s. 6d., or one dollar!

The uniformity of charge was soothing in its sameness. A neat little horse and a capital car "rowled" me up to Lough Dan, and a boat ferried me to a golden strand where I struck a lovely valley, by the side of a saucy little fern-kissed trout-stream, till I arrived at Luggelaw, "a gem without a flaw." I recalled Gerald Griffin's lines, later on—

"In Luggelaw's deep wooded vale!"

as I stood beneath the towering mountains in as peaceful a spot, far from the madding crowd, as any sane mortal could conjure up in visions. Returning by another road—it *was* collar work to climb out of the valley and reach my car—I tapped the Roundwood Reservoir, a basin three miles long, in the widest part a mile broad. The house for the accommodation of the Waterworks Committee of the Dublin Corporation when they set forth on visits of inspection is a commodious structure, and the dining-room can seat fifty. The Valve Chamber is well worthy a visit, being the most perfect of its kind in the world. On the walls, in bronze, are the names of Sir John Gray and John Tarnesa, respectively chairman and vice-chairman of the committee which promoted and carried to completion—after obstructions the most grievous—this truly great and magnificent work. The son of Sir John Gray is Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, a Member of Parliament, who has made a brilliant mark in the House, and is proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal.*

Leaving the Waterworks behind me, I sped down-hill to the Devil's Glen, a dark and romantic tree-embowered rift in the hills, and struck the Newrath Bridge Hotel—with *such* a garden, a blaze of flowers—for dinner; and then to a small station on the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, where I caught a train that bore me to the Wooden Bridge Hotel, in the heart of the sweet Vale of Avoca. And there is *not* in this wide world a valley so sweet, with its meeting waters, and its wooded hills, and its caressing air of calm and peace.

I stood on the little russet bridge that spans the brown, brawling Avonmore, and made way for a tall, broad-shouldered, bearded man to stride past. The face was familiar. Where had I seen it?

"More power, Masther Charlie!" cried a cheery voice from the slope in front of the hotel, and then a number of the guests rushed out, and there came from stentorian lungs:

"Three cheers for Parnell!"

It was Charles Stuart Parnell, the uncrowned King of Ireland, with whom I had shared the dust on the gray and russet bridge.

Later in the day I walked over to Avondale, Mr. Parnell's residence, and contented myself by a peep at the house, a fine roomy, old-fashioned eighteenth-century mansion, without any pretenses to beauty or style in architecture. I continued my walk, the road almost dark by overlacing trees, on to Rathdrum, where I chartered a car for a twelve-mile ride to Glendalough and the Seven Churches. This is a wild—very wild—and picturesque drive. The habitations are few and far between, and of the natives we did not encounter one. Passing Castle Kevin and Derrybawn, we spun up to Jordan's Hotel, the driver gayly warbling:

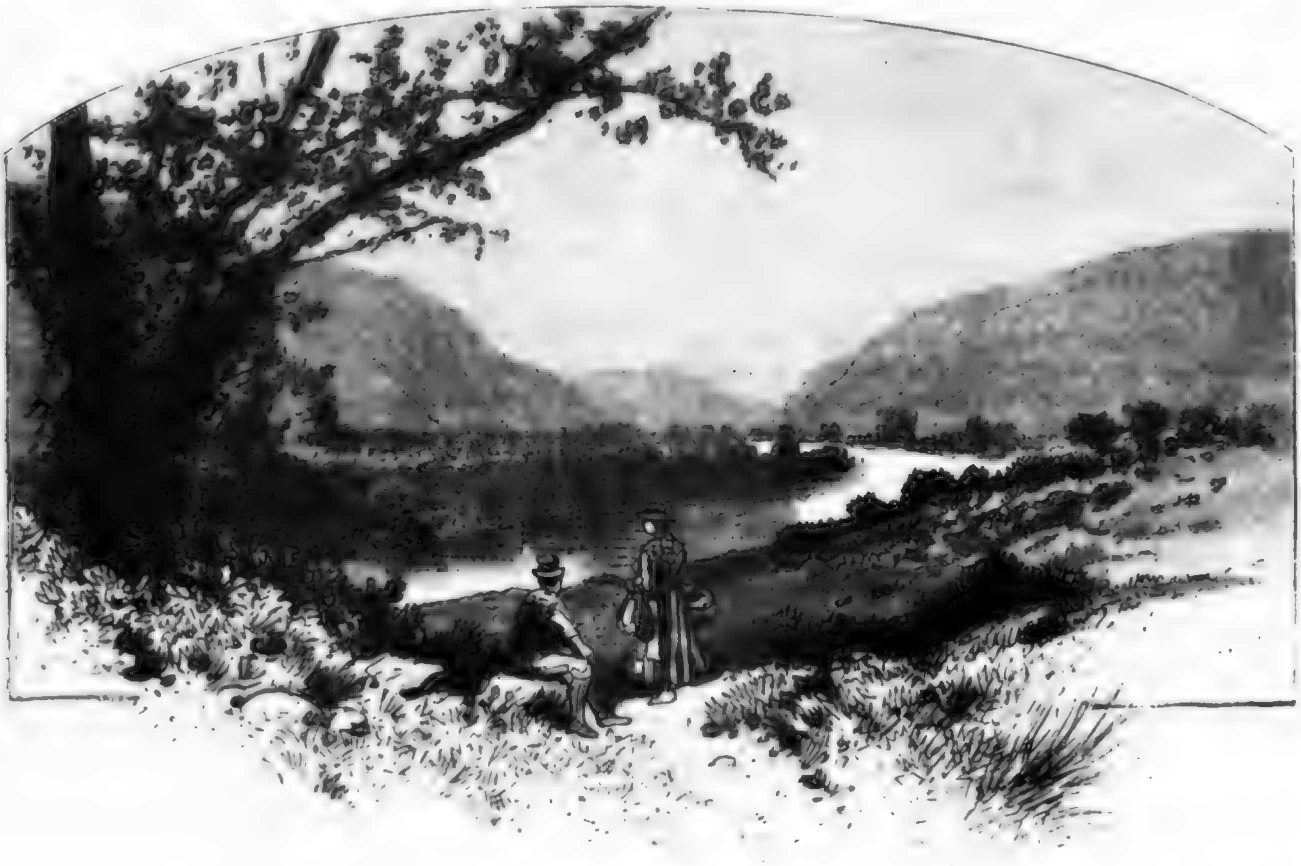
"'As St. Kavin wanst was walkin' through a place called Glendalough,
He chanced to meet wid King O'Toole, and axed him for a shough.
Sez the King, Ye're but a sthranger, for yer face I've niver seen,
But if ye've got a taste of weed, I'll lind ye my dudheen.'"

I was by that lake whose gloomy shore skylark never warbled o'er, bright and early the next morning. I hired a garrulous guide who stuffed me with chestnuts (if I had had a bell, it would have been ringing all the time), and was glad after I had done the ruined churches to skim the lake in a boat, my old man of the sea being compelled to go by a goat-path in order to indulge me with an echo. I climbed into St. Kevin's Bed. I've been in as hard out West, and am proof against rheumatism, having seated myself in the saint's chair; he *was* a hard man and found it hard lines. If Kathleen, the ill-fated, bore any resemblance to the lady who now personates her, the saint would have been safe had I been on the jury—safe as a round tower.

I caught the night train up to Dublin, slept at Morrison's, raised the cockles of the hearts of my waiter and chambermaid by having seen Parnell, and next morning started from the railway Depot for Galway, the City of the Tribes, and for the wilds of Connemara. Five hours' ride by rail landed me at Black's Hotel, in Eyre Square. I spun across the Shannon at Athlone, and got a peep at Ballinasloe, that most famous of all fair-grounds in Ireland, barring Donnybrook, which, by-the-way, is now laid out in terraces, inhabited by church-going clerks at $1,000 per annum.

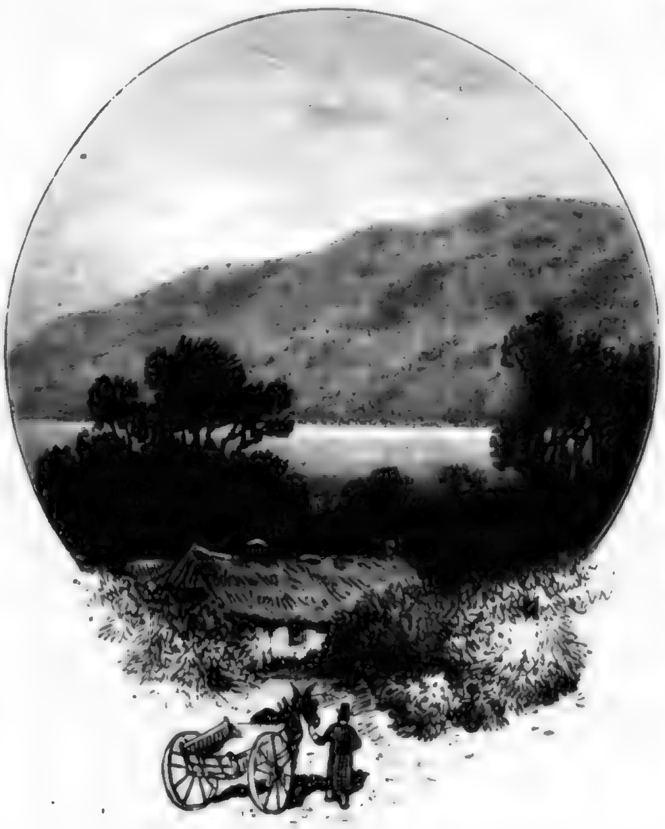
Galway presents a forlorn, decayed, slow and melancholy aspect. Great stone warehouses, with doors rotting on rusty hinges; quays, luxuriant in grass, with a fishing-smack here and there roped to a granite post that would hold an ironclad. In the good old times Galway did a roaring wine business with Spain, hence the *patio* or courtyard—as in Spanish dwellings—in the houses here. A certain warden of Galway, "who grimly sentenced his own son to death," still lives in history, and his residence is shown while the ghastly story is told with almost bated breath. The *Claddagh* is a fishing village close to the city. It was on these yellow sands that one or more of the Spanish Armada was wrecked, the crews being saved by fate to marry with the Irish maidens, and to this hour those dark eyes one meets with in Andalusia, the blue-black hair, and, above all, the wondrous sweeping carriage, are all to be seen in perfection among the women of the Claddagh. Their dress is peculiar and picturesque; a blue petticoat and a red cloak of a strange and special hue. I bought one of these wraps for a certain lady in New York who has a legal claim upon me, and who prefers it to a mantle that cost me five times the money at the Bon Marché in Paris. To stand on the bridge at Galway and gaze into the depths below, *paved* with salmon, is one of the sights. A canal runs from the city into Lough Corrib, and on the canal a small steamer. We passed close to Menlo Castle, a feudal stronghold of the Blakes, and puffed over the Lough and through its 365 islands amid wild and romantic scenery, backed by the mountains of Connemara.

Four hours landed us at Cong, where XX porter has erected a palatial mansion for Lord Ardilaun, *née* Guinness, and who was in the worst possible odor with the people of the surrounding country on account of having just imported 80,000 ball cartridges—for what? The ruined Abbey of Cong is very celebrated, having been built in the seventh century and again in the twelfth. The architecture is Norman, and much of it is in the finest condition of preservation. Lough Mask adjoins that of Corrib, and marks the boundaries of the Joyce country.



THE VALE OF AVOCA.

I hired an "iligant" car and an "iligant" lump of a horse, and albeit the traces were *suggawns* or hay ropes, and the cuticle of the driver was visible in the fundamental portions of his bifurcated garment, I "rowled" merrily along the Joyce country till I came to the territory so long and autocratically ruled over by the Martins of Ballinahinch, the celebrated "Dick" Martin having been the uncrowned monarch of Galway. The people love the name to this hour, and speak of "Miss Martin," who died in the United States some years ago, as though she were "beyant in the Castle." And such a stronghold! with its lake in front, a sluice in readiness to fill the moat; its prison for evil-doers on an island in the middle of the lake; the magnificent banqueting-hall, where claret used to be consumed by the hogshead, and the best blood in Ireland roistered right royally; its stables of Connemara marble, with fifty loose boxes for



VIEW OF LAKE DAN.

hunters! *Ay de mi*, all is changed. The cursed Union, fast living, hospitality that recognized no limit, and improvidence, have eaten away, inch by inch, every acre of this princely estate, whose gate-lodge was *forty miles* from the house, and until there is never a Martin in Ballinahinch. Times go by turns, and it would not surprise me to learn that Mr. Charles Peshal, the great-grandson of "Dick" Martin, a prominent and very able young lawyer of New York, and the best judge of a dog in the United States, was "some day" to step into the "ould acres," and restore the ancient glories of his lordly house on a basis sure, secure and solid. Why not? I hinted this possibility to the tattered driver.

"Glory be to God, sir?" he exclaimed. "Av that war to come thrue, there'd be a bonfire on every hill from Lough Inagh to the Killeries."

All along the road we were chased by strapping barefooted lasses, who offered knitted stockings for sale, their own handiwork—a run of five miles for fifty cents, often a run of ten for nothing. Exquisitely limbed, and agile as goats, their red petticoats could be seen for miles on the vividly green bog, as they bounded onward to head off the car. Having a son in knickerbockers, I bought largely of their wares, and had enough blessings showered on my head in Irish to produce a nimbus over my dust-covered *caubeen*.

Clifden is a very dull little town, and owes its unenviable notoriety to the "Soupers," the nickname for the members of the Proselytizing Church Mission Society. The verse of a song warbled by a ragged youth, as he drove a lean calf to grass, I almost remember as I write; it ended with:

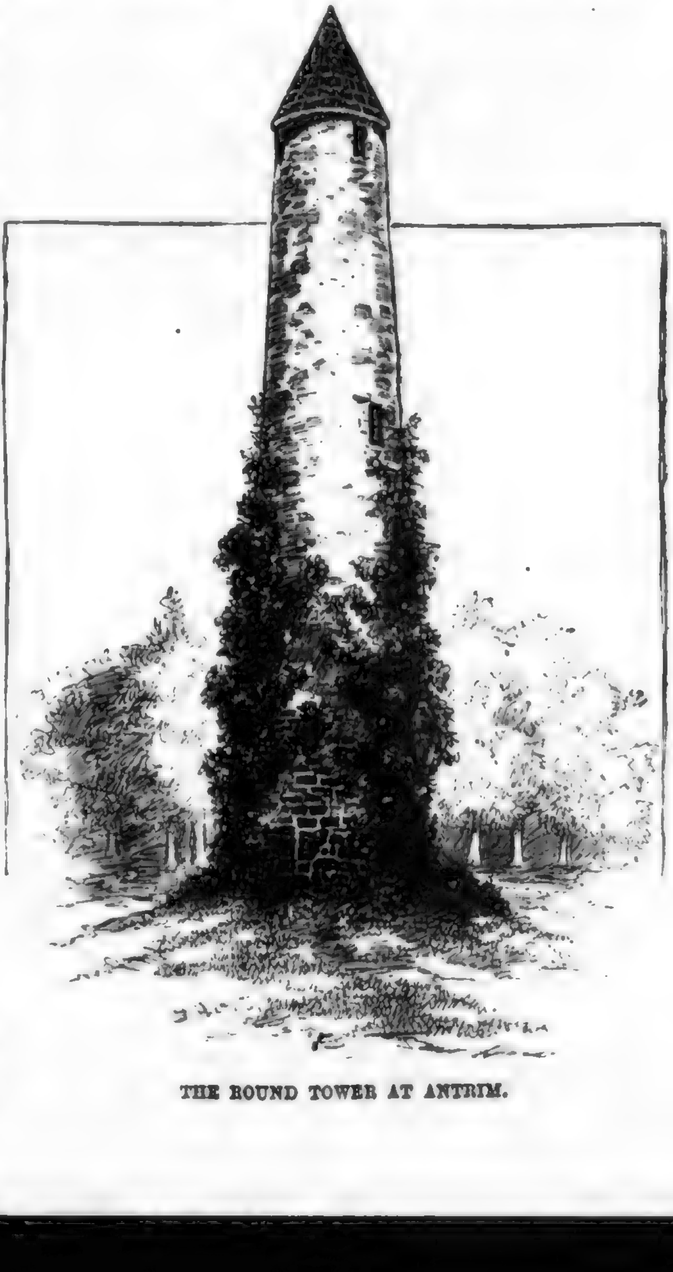
"Sell yer sowles
For penny rowles,
An' hapes o' hairy bacon."

The "Twelve Pins," a group of sharp-pointed mountains, proclaimed Kylemore, and Kylemore proclaimed the magnificent Tudor Castle, erected some twenty years ago by Mr. Mitchel Henry, an enormously wealthy Manchester man, who, however, claims relationship with our immortal Patrick Henry. Mr. Henry was M.P., and *the* man for Galway till Mr. Parnell came to the front. Mr. Henry trimmed and—went overboard. His son-in-law is Lieutenant Henn, who did *not* discover Livingstone, and did *not* beat the *Mayflower* in the recent aquatic contest for the American Cup. The Castle hangs over the road and lake, and, being of granite, presents a feudal, lordly and romantic appearance. The late Sir William Wilde, Oscar's father, had a fishing-lodge on Lough Muck, close to Kylemore, and in these solitudes the youthful Oscar allowed his hair to grow long, and his imagination to run riot over half tones and tender tints that led up to the full blaze of the sunflower.

I lay that night at Leenane, a quaint little village on the shore of the Killeries, a land-locked bay, the high, gray mountains sheer over it. The next morning I caught the Lobster Car that plies between Clifden and Westport, an enlarged outside jaunting-car, holding six persons on either side, two with the driver and "a dog in the well." It is a long eight-hours' ride, dreary enough, and only relieved by a sight of Croagh Patrick, the highest mountain in all Ireland that towers by the broad Atlantic. At Westport, another melancholy, faded and decayed town, I found the railway, and took the night train for Limerick, the "City of the Violated Treaty."

"Och, Limerick is a purty place,
As everybody knows."

So sings Boucicault in the "Shaughraun." It is a "purty" place, at least that portion of it lying by the



THE ROUND TOWER AT ANTRIM.

Shannon's shore and the old Castle, dating from the thirteenth century, now a barracks. The celebrated siege will ever shed its ray of glory on history's page, and the infamy that marked the violation of the Treaty will live but to add to that glory. I visited the stone where the Treaty was signed, and gazed upon its weather-beaten surface as intently as on any illumined scroll. The Gothic Cathedral, dating from 1194, is highly interesting, and the view of the lordly Shannon from the tower repays the leg-aching climb.

I had two days left for Killarney, then, hey for the *City of Rome* at Queenstown, and the six days on the pond! From Limerick to the junction and a change at Mallow, and later, Killarney. The evening was a glory as we slowed in, and the mountain of Mangerton a sheen of gold and purple. After dinner I strolled out to Ross Castle, on the edge of the Lower Lake. The night was a night of nights. The earth was bathed in the liquid pearl of a delicious moonlight. The outlines of the mountains were soft yet dark, promising exceptional beauty; the lake of molten silver was still as a mirror. In the distance lay the island of Innisfallen, while a few lights on the right announced the Victoria Hotel. Presently from behind a small island came sounds of voices in harmony, and a boat glided out, the oars causing a thousand bars of silver to shimmer on the disturbed waters. Yes? No! Hang it!—

"For he's going to marry Yum Yum, Yum Yum!"

The "Mikado" drove me hotelward, and to bed. At breakfast I joined a carriage and boat party to do the Gap of Dunloe, and round by the Upper Lake, the Eagle's Nest, the Old Weir Bridge, Dinis Island and Muckross Abbey.

We were a merry party. Three were English. A very fine, laughing-eyed, white-toothed buxom woman, the wife of an eminent London solicitor; her husband's sister, a dapper little tailor-dressed girl; and her *fiancé*, a pale, interesting young fellow, very well bred and very polite—a law student engaged in eating his dinners at the Temple; dinners that as yet failed to put fat upon his bones.

We bowled along a level road in a sort of mail-phaeton, with the Lower Lake and its glorious softness of scenery on our left. Then we came to the mountain, where we deserted our carriage, partook of goats' milk from an old fraud impudently calling herself "Kate Kearney," and mounted sturdy squat ponies. As the older lady was the possessor of dainty feet and unexceptionable ankles, she gave no trouble about her skirtings; but the younger, not being similarly blessed, led her gentle *fiancé* the life of a half-pay officer during the ride through the Gap, and until we reached the boat awaiting us at a fern-covered bower at the Upper Lake.

I am not going to describe Killarney. I could not if I would. It grows upon you. Its delicious scenery sinks into the very soul, and the eye asks for no more than the gazing upon it. You are silent, intoxicated with the subtle essence of its beauty. I have now said my say.

In the boat was a substantial luncheon and a bottle of rich golden sherry. As we glanced back at the Foil Dhuv or Black Valley, we toasted the Gap of Dunloe; then, when passing along the reach of water underneath the Eagle's Nest, we toasted the Nest; then we had a glass after shooting the Old Weir Bridge, and if *we* did not take tea in the Queen's Cottage, in Dinis Island, why, we took something stronger, that's all. Perhaps Victoria put a stick in that tea—who knows? John Brown is dead!

"Sweet Innisfallen" we visited, and the ladies gathered maidenhair-fern, while I made arrangements for the next day, in the shape of salmon to be broiled on a fire kindled of arbutus-wood.

The next day came, and with it Muckross Abbey, Tore Waterfall and O'Sullivan's Cascade. Muckross possessed a special interest for me, as its lordly owner, Mr. Henry Arthur Herbert, was known to me in the United States, where I met him gallantly fighting the battle of life "like any other man," and pluckily endeavoring to mend his broken fortunes by honest, hard-fisted work. May he win!

We caught a salmon and we—tell not Henry Bergh—crimped him. And the ladies—bless them!—lighted a fire, and the boatmen adjusted the fish over the sputtering logs at the right minute. And while his salmonship broiled, the cloth was spread, and a couple of red bonneted champagne-bottles delivered up their souls. What a joyous feed that was, and how affectionate the engaged couple became, and how jolly I felt, and volunteered the "Star Spangled Banner," while my companion followed with "God Save the Queen." And how full of exquisite fun our joke seemed when, as the engaged couple emerged from a grove of arbutus we greeted them with—

"For he's going to marry Yum Yum, Yum Yum!"

I parted from the trio that very evening, for I had to tap Queenstown and sleep at that abominably kept hotel. Why does not some Yankee "catch on," and, running a hotel on the American plan, make his little pile? I parted, I say, from that trio, swearing eternal friendship, and contracting to send the married lady, at Yule-tide, terrapin and canvas-backs in return for a side of Southdown mutton and a plum pudding. I slept at Queenstown, prowled about the place till the tender was ready to start for the *City of Rome*, and at the last glimpse of Erin, I exclaimed, aloud:

"Well, old fellow, you put in a royal ten days in A Dash Through the Green Isle."

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To Englishmen it is a matter of astonishment that so few Americans of wealth seem to appreciate the pleasures of a country life. With the exception of a few places on the Hudson River, there are no residences which rise above the rank of large villas. This is the more extraordinary, as the number of Americans possessing an annual income of over $100,000 is very large, and would probably be found to surpass those that England could produce. It is matter also of notoriety that she possesses millionaires whose incomes double and triple those of the plutocracy of Great Britain. These same men are content to spend thousands in erecting residences at Newport or Lenox, which they call "cottages," sometimes (especially in the former place) on small plots of ground, scarcely an acre in extent, and overlooked by their neighbors. For these little plots of ground they have to give exorbitant prices, sometimes even as much as $10,000 an acre, whilst within easy distance of New York and Boston there are vast tracts of the most beautiful, mountainous, well-wooded country, which can be bought for a song. In one of the most lovely districts of New Hampshire, land can be obtained for $7.50 an acre. In many places, owing to the competition of the West, the Eastern farmers are throwing up their farms and migrating westward. There being often no demand for these farms, the lands are sometimes deserted, and can be obtained almost for the asking.

# LOVE AND GOLD.

[BALLAD.]

By Rosa Vertner Jeffrey.

Warm with the bliss
Of sunset's kiss,
The breakers shoreward came,
Vailed in the dyes
Of Western skies
And crowned with crimson flame.

A maiden fair
Was lingering there,
A red rose on her breast;
Her sad eyes turned
Where Venus burned
A lamp in the golden West—

Where a far-off sail,
'Neath the amber vail,
Of the evening star grew dim,
And a whispered prayer
Stirred the twilight air,
With the gush of the tidal hymn.

A parting gift,
That rose was left
To fade, and die above
A heart so true,
It never knew
But one unchanging love.

Two lovers swore
For ever more
Their hearts should beat as one,
Though stars might fade
And endless shade
Eclipse the Summer sun.

Not deeper glows
That crimson rose
Than her fresh lips, aflame
With love's first kiss,
Too pure a bliss
To bear an earthly name.

Tides ebb and flow,
Ships come and go,
The tear-washed rose turned pale,
Love's missives ceased;
But from the East
Came not his homebound sail.

Long years sped by!
She did not die.
To those who breast the tide
With earnest will—
Though hopeless still—
Death's mercy is denied.

And where was he?
Ah me! ah me!
*His* tale is quickly told;
A nabob now,
With sunburned brow,
And pathway paved with gold.

'Neath tropic sun,
He wooed and won
A widely sought-for prize,
Too sure to please
With red rupees
A man thus worldly wise.

But, when he swore
No love before
Had filled his heart and soul,
He heard the knell
Of a last farewell—
Love's *de profundis* toll.

And tender eyes
Through sleep's soft guise
Disturbed his pampered rest;
For hearts thus sold,
And bought for gold,
Are not the hearts most blessed.

* * * *

In the gloaming pale
A spectral sail
For a sad-eyed woman gleams,
And a rose, long dead,
Still glows blood-red,
As she kisses it in dreams.

# EARLY HISTORY OF GERMANY.

The number of tribes that originally inhabited Germany was very great, each with its own head or leader; and among these, Herman, or Armin, stands pre-eminent as a noble example of true patriotism. Fighting for freedom, not for conquest, his sole idea was a united Germany, free from the Roman yoke; for notwithstanding their first successes, both Cimbri and Teutons had in the end to succumb to the better-disciplined armies of Rome. But having at last won independence for his native land, in the grand victory of Teutoburger Forest, the account of which reads like some ancient epic, he shared the fate of many a hero who has striven for the welfare of his fellow-men. His own people rose against him, and he fell at the early age of thirty-seven. His wife, Thusnelda, one of those noble women of whom Germany may well be proud, was delivered by her father, who sided with the Romans, into the hands of her country's enemies.

The next stage of German history is "a game of Puss in the Corner, only without the laughter," and with tears and bloodshed instead. The Huns suddenly appeared and fairly overran the country, causing terrible consternation, many of the German races changing their habitation. The tribes had by this time formed themselves into large confederacies, among the most important of which were the Allemanni, the Franks, the Saxons, and the Goths. These last were by far the most cultured, having been converted to Christianity by Bishop Ulphilas, whose translation of the Bible into old Gothic, in silver letters on a purple ground, is still preserved in the Library of Upsala. The first Frank sovereign of any fame was Clovis, who was converted to Christianity by his wife Clothilde, and of whose baptism at Rheims Mr. Gould gives a splendid account from the writings of Bishop Hincmar. But the great kingdom left by Clovis did not long remain in the hands of his sluggish descendants, and Pepin, the energetic Mayor of the Palace, acting on the Pope's reply—that he who governs, not he who wears the crown, is king—shut up the last of the Merovingians in a monastery and seized the throne.

A strong missionary spirit was developed about this time by the Irish monks. They penetrated into all parts, and it is a curious fact that some of the earliest Irish manuscripts have been found in Switzerland and Germany. Crossing over to England in rude wicker-work boats, covered with tanned hides, they made their way through the island, and again taking boat, penetrated up the Rhine and Scheldt, pushing through almost impenetrable wildernesses, teaching the heathen, and establishing bishoprics wherever they possibly could.

A Silly Habit.—Smelling-salts do considerable injury. Not that the salts contain injurious properties, but simply from the fact that they produce irritation, the same way as any powder or snuff inhaled frequently. This constant irritation, in many cases, destroys outright the sense of smell. One day a lady had a large bouquet of fresh flowers in a vase. She smelled them and said: "Doctor, these flowers are beautiful, but entirely devoid of odor." I knew then what was the matter, for the flowers were especially fragrant. "Madam," said I, "here is a piece of quartz that has no odor; if so, it is very peculiar." I gave her a small lump of asafetida. She smelled it and declared it had no odor. Then, when I told her that her sense of smell was gone because she used a smelling-bottle too often, and her throat was sore from the result, she nearly fainted, but admitted the fact.

XUM

## THE FIRST WIG.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, lost, in consequence of a malignant fever, the whole of his hair. The misfortune was the more severely felt by him in consequence of his approaching marriage with the beautiful Princess, Isabella of Portugal. Among his friends and in public on ordinary occasions he could wear a cap, but who could remain thus covered in the presence of his beloved? The distress of the duke was great, and he looked in vain for help; his deep grief was apparent to all, and induced a learned prelate to inquire the cause.

"My lord," said the bishop, "your excellent citizens of Brussels are inconsolable at the grief of your highness; are there no means of alleviating your suffering?"

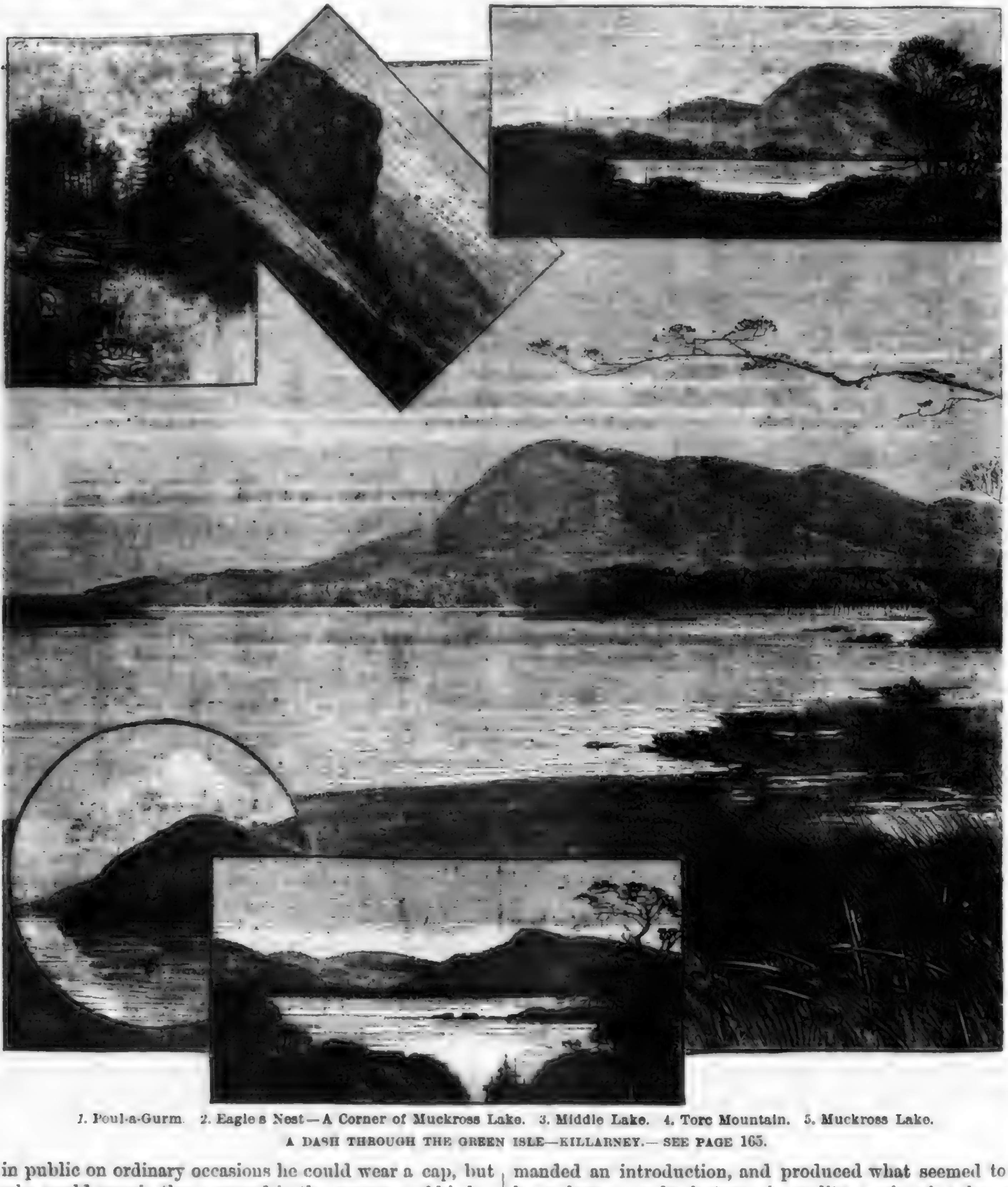
"It is impossible," said Philip; "my disorder is incurable; and I can never hope to please my affianced bride."

The prelate was deeply interested in the case; he said that he thought it not beyond hope; he offered a premium for some suggestion as to a remedy; and—behold the power of money!—a stranger appeared, demanded an introduction, and produced what seemed to be a human scalp, but was in reality a wig of auburn hair.

"Thy name?" said the overjoyed prelate.

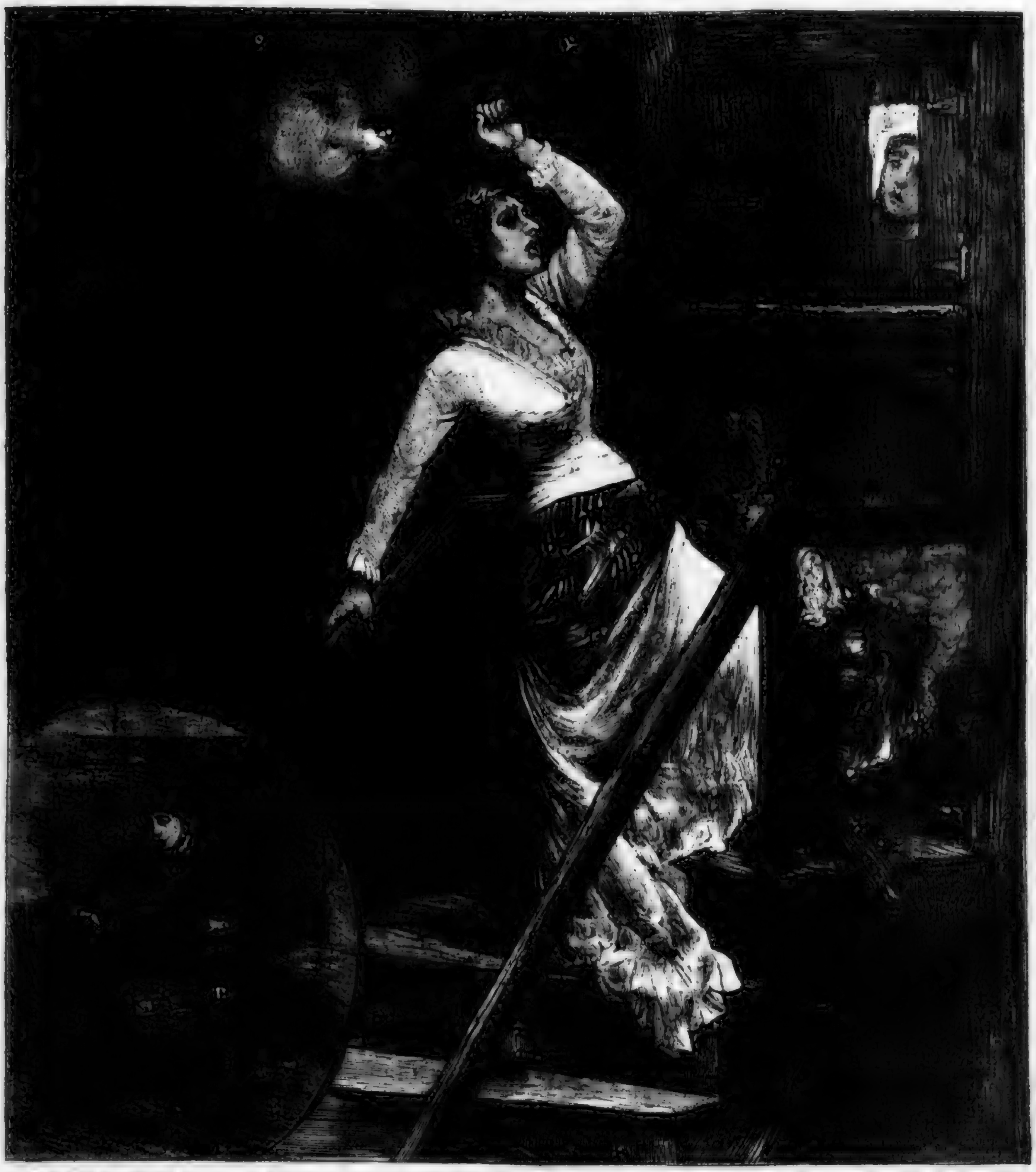
"Pierre Lorchant, barber, of Dijon."

So the heart of Philip the Good revived within him. With his newly acquired treasure he could hope again for the love of Isabella; and that night at the ball there was not a merrier dancer than Philip.



1. Poul-a-Gurm. 2. Eagle's Nest—A Corner of Muckross Lake. 3. Middle Lake. 4. Torc Mountain. 5. Muckross Lake.

A DASH THROUGH THE GREEN ISLE—KILLARNEY.—SEE PAGE 165.



THE BAD DESMOND BLOOD.—"HER TEARS WERE FALLING AS SHE THREW BACK THE LID OF THE CHEST." . . . "'BURN—BURN AWAY!' SHE SHRIEKED, FLINGING HER ARMS WILDLY ALOFT. 'I COULD DANCE FOR VERY JOY!'"

# THE BAD DESMOND BLOOD.

By Rett Winwood.

Laurel Deane climbed the rickety stairs for the last time. The place was a shabby tenement-house in the Latin Quarter of the City of Paris.

Her knock elicited a feeble invitation to "come in."

The room Laurel entered was long and low, with two small windows looking down upon long stretches of glittering roofs. A veritable "sky parlor" in all save its dingy shabbiness.

The sole occupant of the apartment was an old man, who lay in a mean bed, with his face turned to the wall. He did not look up or stir at the sound of the girl's light, quick step.

"How do you find yourself to-day, Mr. Desmond?"

"No better."

"I am sorry. I leave for America in the morning, and am come to say Good-by. I hoped to leave you on the road to recovery."

"It is another sort of road I have set out upon."

The sick man turned as he spoke. Laurel saw his face for the first time—a thin, ghastly face that had changed for the worse within even a few hours.

"And so you are really going back to your native land?" he added, paying no heed to her start of recoil.

"Yes."

"You have been a great comfort to me, child. I shall be utterly alone when you are gone. It is sad to die in a strange land without a single friend to receive your last sigh." He suddenly stretched forth his hand. "Don't go, child. I cannot give you up. Wait until all is over."

Laurel's eyes filled. She had a tender, sympathetic heart, and it was full of pity for the lonely, friendless old man. She had seen him for the first time on one of the public streets where he had fallen down in a fit. He was a countryman, and looked a decent person; that was enough for Laurel. She had had him taken to a public-house, and watched beside him until he recovered. Since then she had been very kind in many ways, giving him all the time she could spare out of her busy life.

"Do not leave me," Mr. Desmond urged. "The end is near—nearer than you think. It will only detain you a few days. You will be rewarded. All I possess in this world will be yours when I am gone."

Laurel could not forbear glancing about the shabby room. It could not well have been more meagrely furnished. Besides the bed, it held only two chairs, a table and a small, brass-bound chest. Poor man! Instead of being made richer by his death, she would be compelled to pay the expenses of his burial, perhaps.

It was not this thought that made her hesitate. For twelve months she had been studying French under the best Parisian instructors with the expectation of teaching the language in America. Her means were wellnigh exhausted. When her passage-money was paid, she would have fifty dollars left with which to begin a new career.

But it seemed heartless to forsake a dying man in his need. Laurel began removing her hat and shawl.

"I can sit with you an hour," she said, drawing a chair to the bedside. "Then I must go away for a while to countermand my orders for to-morrow."

"You will remain?"

"Yes."

Nothing more was said upon the subject. The sick man did not even thank her. Laurel listened patiently to his complainings, administered the medicine at stated intervals, and prepared a bowl of savory gruel by a neighbor's fire, the ingredients of which were purchased with her own money.

As she rose to go, Mr. Desmond looked at her steadily, and said:

"Make no change in your arrangements until you hear from me again. It may not be necessary, after all. There, now, do not ask me what I mean. Go, and—good-by."

Though puzzled by his words and manner, Laurel saw that he really did not wish to be questioned. So she returned to her own cozy quarters in another street, not far away, and sat down to think.

A ring at the door disturbed her reverie. It was only a boy with a note from her sick friend, as follows:

> "Good-by, my friend. I shall never forget your kindness; but it would be selfish to keep you here when you are longing to be away. I appreciate the sacrifice you would have made, but cannot accept it. You must take passage on the *Asia* to-morrow, as you intended. RUEL DESMOND."

Laurel was greatly disturbed by this note.

"No," she said, without a moment's deliberation; "I will trust in Providence, and remain to close the poor man's eyes."

Resuming her street wraps, she went hurriedly back to the dingy attic. No voice responded to her knock, and she pushed open the door.

The room looked the same as before, only the sick man was gone from the couch, the brass-bound chest from its place in one corner.

The occupant of the next room had a singular story to tell. The moment Laurel's back was turned, Mr. Desmond had sent for some strange man who was with him, perhaps, half an hour. Then the two went away in a carriage, taking the chest with them, but leaving the few sticks of furniture for the *concièrge.*

"He may not have been so badly off as he pretended," was the concluding remark. "He walked down-stairs and climbed into the carriage without assistance."

Laurel felt hurt and astonished. But Mr. Desmond's abrupt disappearance left the way open to her. She would return immediately to her native land.

Two days later, as she sat upon the deck of the *Asia*, a step sounded near, and the steward stood beside her.

"Are you Miss Laurel Deane, please?" he said, in a hesitating tone.

"That is my name."

"You have a friend on board who wishes to see you. Be good enough to follow me."

A friend! It seemed impossible. Startled and curious, Laurel arose and accompanied the steward to the cabin.

He did not pause there, but was passing on to one of the staterooms beyond, when Laurel detained him, saying, in an excited voice:

"I think there must be some mistake. Pray tell me who it is? You can inquire, if you do not know the name already."

At that instant a feeble voice called to her from beyond the half-open door.

"Come in, child. You have no reason to fear one who loves you so well."

Laurel staggered across the threshold. It was Ruel Desmond who lay panting in the narrow berth.

She saw at a glance that his hours were numbered.

"The fatigue and exertion of getting here were too much for me," he said, feebly extending his hand. "It has hastened the end. I hoped to reach my native shores, but it is not to be."

Laurel stumbled over the brass-bound chest in trying to reach him. It stood right before his berth, where he could see it without raising his head.

"You have been rash and foolish!" she cried. "Why did you leave Paris? It would have been no hardship to remain to nurse you."

"I am content. You are with me, dear child, and there is nothing left to desire. Do you know why I am so fond of you?"

"No," she answered, slowly, in a wondering tone.

"It is not because of your goodness, though you have been an angel of mercy. But your eyes and smile remind me of one who was very dear to me in my happy youth. May God bless you, Laurel, for brightening the last hours of a friendless stranger."

A brief silence ensued. When he spoke again, his words had a feebler sound.

"I am going fast. Take this key, child. It unlocks the chest beside you. I leave it as a dying legacy. Let them bury me in the deep, and when the blue waters have closed over me for ever, do you come back and examine the contents of the chest. Promise me."

"I do," Laurel said, through her falling ears.

"The chest and its contents are your own. I could not leave them to one more deserving. I have only one word of caution to add. Beware of the Desmond blood! It is false and treacherous."

He turned weariedly, a spasm convulsing his face.

"Kiss me, child. God bless you. Now call the captain and mate. I wish them to hear my last instructions. They will be your witnesses should trouble arise in the future."

A moment later the little stateroom was filled with grave, anxious-looking men.

Laurel sat holding the dying man's hand until it grew cold and icy in her clasp.

What followed seemed like a dream. She tried vainly to conjecture what had been Ruel Desmond's history, and why he had quitted Paris so secretly to follow her on board the steamship.

When the solemn rites were over, and the sea had received one more among its dead, Laurel returned to the deserted stateroom alone. Her tears were falling as she threw back the lid of the chest.

It was full. Quite at the top lay a folded document, to which had been pinned a slip of paper containing some penciled words addressed to herself:

> "Read carefully my last will and testament, which you will find herewith; and may Heaven guide and keep you."

Laurel's eyes were so blinded, she could not make out a word of the document, so she put it aside for a moment to examine the further contents of the chest.

She found several pieces of rich silk and velvet, some yellow old laces, a pile of papers whose import she could not comprehend, and quite at the bottom of the chest an ebony casket with a key in the lock.

Laurel started back with a cry of irrepressible amazement as it flew open. Reposing on the black velvet cushion was the most dazzling array of jewels she had ever beheld—diamonds, rubies, pearls, amethysts, and in the centre a great yellow topaz that seemed to glare at her like a living, human eye. Like one in a dream she picked up a necklace of rose diamonds and suffered it to slip through her fingers in drops of flickering light.

"How beautiful!" she murmured, in a bewildered tone. "I thought Ruel Desmond a poor man; but those jewels would purchase a prince's ransom."

When she picked up the will the measure of her surprise was complete. It was dated two weeks back. Besides the jewels, there was a bewildering enumeration of houses and lands, bank and mining stocks, deeds and mortgages; the sum total amounting to half a million. And this immense fortune was left unconditionally to Laurel.

"It's all a delusion!" cried the girl, hysterically.

Appended to the will was a clause that Laurel did not observe until later. It ran thus:

> "I have quarreled with my relatives, and shall give them nothing. They are a bad lot and deserve to be punished. To deprive them of the fortune they covet is the bitterest revenge I could take."

This paragraph gave Laurel ample room for thought. Who were these unknown relatives the dead man had disinherited? Perhaps he had misjudged them. Had she a right to keep this immense wealth, when a fraction of it might bring happiness and comfort to the suffering?

"I will hunt them up and judge for myself," she decided. "It is a duty, and I have nothing else to do."

Fortune favored the plan. The first daily paper she took up on arriving in New York contained the following advertisement:

> WANTED—An intelligent, agreeable young woman who is willing to go a little distance into the country, and be nurse and companion to an invalid. Address,
>
> "MRS. CYRIL DESMOND, Fair Haven."

Laurel could not be sure this lady was one of the family she wished to find. But she answered the advertisement at a venture, and received a favorable reply.

A queer adventure befell her on the way. The "little distance" proved to be nearly a hundred miles, and the journey must be made by water. When Laurel went on board the steamer in the gray dusk of early evening, she noticed a pale, handsome man, with a singularly refined face, leaning against the railing. He gazed at her earnestly, and involuntarily raised his hat—then colored at his own audacity.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in some confusion. "For a moment it seemed as though I was greeting an old friend instead of a stranger."

Laurel passed on, full of vague wonder. Oddly enough, she had experienced the same feeling, though there was not the slightest reason for believing they had ever met before.

The look of sadness in the man's dark eyes haunted Laurel's dreams that night. Suddenly she was awakened by a shrill succession of screams and cries, and a quick hurrying to and fro. In a moment she was dressed and outside her stateroom-door.

As she paused there, bewildered by the roaring, crackling sound that filled her ears, and nearly suffocated with smoke, one of the crew rushed past.

Laurel attempted to seize the man's arm, but he drew roughly away.

"What is the matter?" she cried.

"The steamer is on fire!" he answered. "Quick! Save yourself!"

Laurel never knew how she gained the deck. A fiery glare of light flashed suddenly in her face. The heat was intolerable, and her heart sickened as she caught the muttered groans, cries, prayers and curses that arose on every side.

Then a hand fell upon her shoulder, and the handsome stranger stood there, hastily binding a life-preserver about her slender figure.

"Thank God!" he uttered, huskily. "I feared you would be lost. I had hunted everywhere. Are you willing to trust yourself to me?"

"Yes," she answered, simply.

No need to describe the scene when the gallant steamer, burned to the water's edge, went down.

Later, Laurel found herself drifting in the dark, with only a few frail planks between her and a watery grave.

But she did not despair, for the sad-eyed stranger, who seemed a host in himself, was still beside her.

Few words passed between them; but once he stretched out his hand, and grasped her own.

"Are you afraid?" he whispered.

"No," she replied.

"It may be death or life. God alone knows. We will meet the issue together, whatever it may be."

"I hope you will save yourself and let me go, should it be necessary."

"Never!"

It was a long, long night. When the fires of dawn flashed in the eastern sky, sending long shafts of deepening light along the water, they were picked up by an open boat, almost exhausted.

With safety assured, Laurel's hardly strained fortitude gave way, and all was blank for a season.

Later, she seemed to waken out of a dreamless sleep, to find herself in a strange room, with a woman bending over the couch where she lay—a woman with a beautiful face, almost like marble in its pallor, and great burning eyes of a yellow tint, that reminded one of a beast of prey.

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A shiver of repulsion ran over Laurel, and she involuntarily put her hands before her face.

The gesture made the woman smile.

"You are afraid of me," she said. "That is strange. Most persons find me very fascinating." In the next breath she added: "You have passed through a terrible experience. I am deeply interested. Pray tell me all about it—every circumstance—even your words and thoughts."

"It was too dreadful," said Laurel, looking up in simple wonder at the request. "Do not ask me to recall the terrors of that frightful time."

"You are the person my husband saved, and therefore I cannot treat you as an utter stranger."

"Your husband!" Laurel cried.

"Yes. He was on the steamer, and took you in charge. You stood beside him half the night, looking death in the face. You two can never be indifferent to each other after such an experience."

Laurel felt a sickening sense of loss and disappointment, for which she was unable to account.

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"He—your husband—is he safe?" she faltered.

"Yes, but utterly exhausted. He is lying down. He sent me a telegram the moment you were safely landed, and I came on the next train. I have been here an hour. Now tell me something of yourself. Where were you going, and what is your name?"

"I am Laurel Deane, and——"

A cry broke from the woman's lips, and she grasped the girl's wrist firmly with one long, white hand.

"Laurel Deane!" she whispered. "That name! How very strange! I wonder if he knew?" Then she spoke aloud: "You were on the way to Fair Haven. I can tell all about you now. I am Mrs. Cyril Desmond."

A sudden trembling seized Laurel. It was fate, and she felt frightened. Should she go on and keep her engagement?

Mrs. Desmond seemed to be weighing the same question, though from her own standpoint. At length she spoke:

"Of course I shall take you home with me. I see no company at Fair Haven—the condition of my health will not admit of it. I have many lonely hours when my husband is away. Cyril fancied I should find life more tolerable with a constant companion of my own sex. It was to please him I advertised."

Later, when Mr. Desmond entered the room, looking very pale after the night's terrors and exposure, Laurel saw at a glance that his wife had told him all.

"I had no suspicion whose life was being periled with mine," he said, in a low tone that thrilled the girl strangely. "I am glad you are going to Fair Haven, Miss Deane. My wife cannot help deriving pleasure and benefit from your companionship."

"But, sir," she faltered, "I was considering mentally the question of turning back."

"Oh, you must not do that."

Happening to glance up at that moment, Laurel encountered Mrs. Desmond's yellow eyes fixed upon her. She had entered the apartment unperceived.

"No, Miss Deane," she said, advancing. "I lay claim to your services. I think we shall get on very well together. You will forget your antipathy in a little while, and learn to endure me."

Laurel murmured a confused response. After that there was but one course to pursue. Moreover, it seemed a duty to learn if the Desmonds were her benefactor's relatives before losing sight of them for ever.

The next day found them all at Fair Haven—a quaint old place, with wide verandas, mullioned windows, and old-fashioned, wainscoted rooms that charmed Laurel from the first moment.

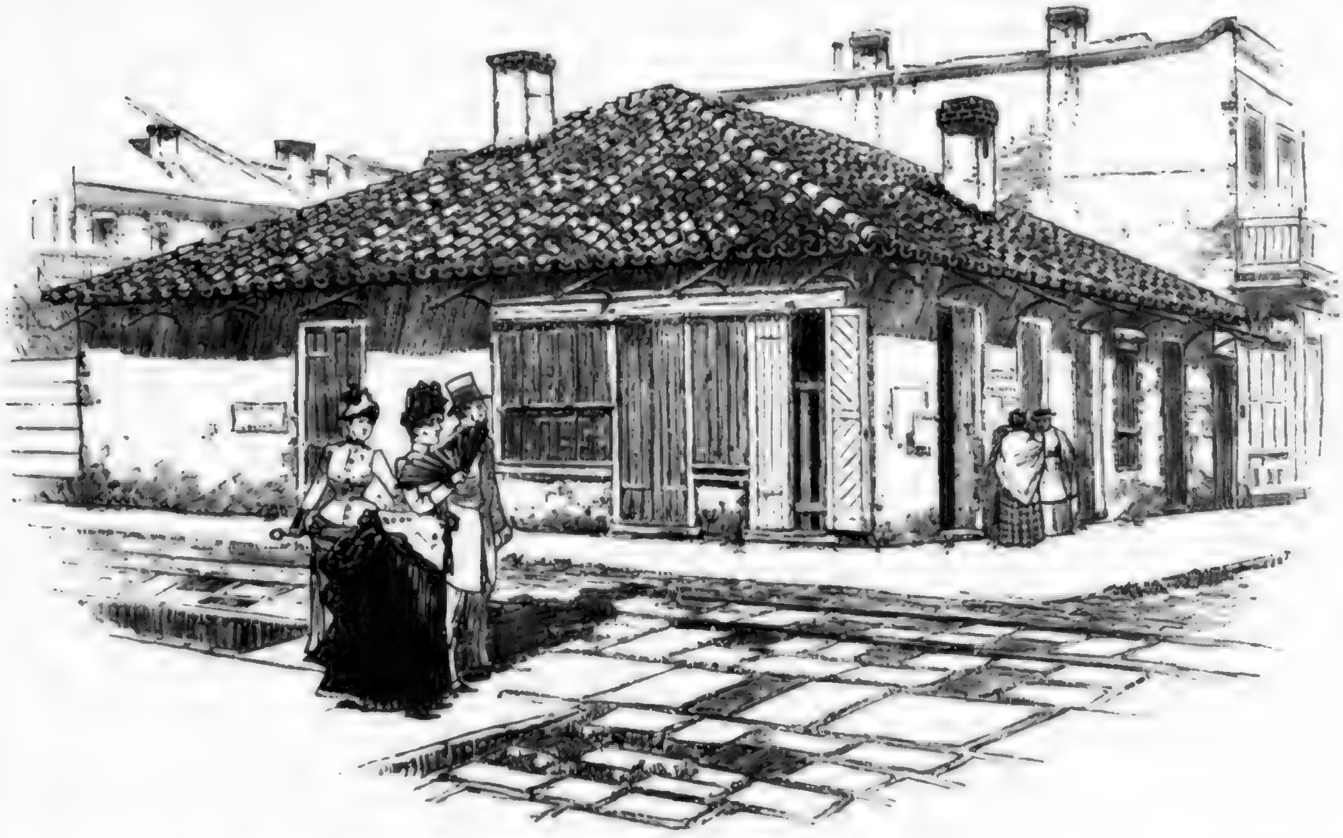
"The house was built by a Desmond in Colonial times, and has never known an alien owner," Cyril said, observing her mute look of admiration.

Mrs. Desmond did not share her husband's liking for the place.

"I find it gloomy and disagreeable," she confided to Laurel, when they were alone. "I never cared a rush for the dead-and-gone Desmonds, though I am one of them. That was my name before I married—Cyril and I are cousins. I have asked my husband to sell the place, but he would almost consider it sacrilege to dispose of the home of his ancestors. But I shall build a mansion of my own when my ship comes in."

"Your ship?" Laurel repeated, struck by the quotation. "Then you have expectations?"

"Oh, yes. A handsome fortune will fall to me some



OLD NEW ORLEANS.—GOVERNOR BIENVILLE'S HOUSE, CHARTRES STREET.—SEE PAGE 186.

day. I am tired with waiting for it. She sighed deeply. "We are not what you would call poor, but our resources are limited. I should enjoy riches."

Laurel longed to question, but refrained. She felt a growing conviction that the fortune for which Mrs. Desmond waited was the same that had been lavished upon herself.

Certainty came a day or two later. Entering Mrs. Desmond's dressing-room one afternoon, she found the latter pacing the floor, pallid with fury.

Clinched in one hand she held a letter that had just been received—a letter bearing a foreign post-mark.

"Read that!" she cried, her eyes blazing luridly, as she turned and thrust forward the crumpled sheet. "Read, and see how cruelly I have been disappointed!"

Laurel's agitation was so great that she failed to understand the beginning of the letter, save that it had been written by a Parisian notary at his client's request.

Finally a single paragraph arrested her attention:

> "Ruel Desmond will be no more when this reaches you; but it was not his wish that you should delude yourself too long with false hopes. The wealth you covet has been bequeathed to a stranger—a young lady every way deserving of her good fortune. Not one dollar will ever come to you. My deceased client wished me to say that *you will understand*, without any word of explanation, why you were passed by."

Laurel read no more. Mrs. Desmond's frenzy absorbed her attention.

"The revengeful demon!" she muttered. "I could curse him in his grave. I have waited so long for the money, based so many hopes upon its possession. It was almost within my grasp once. Oh, why did I fail——"

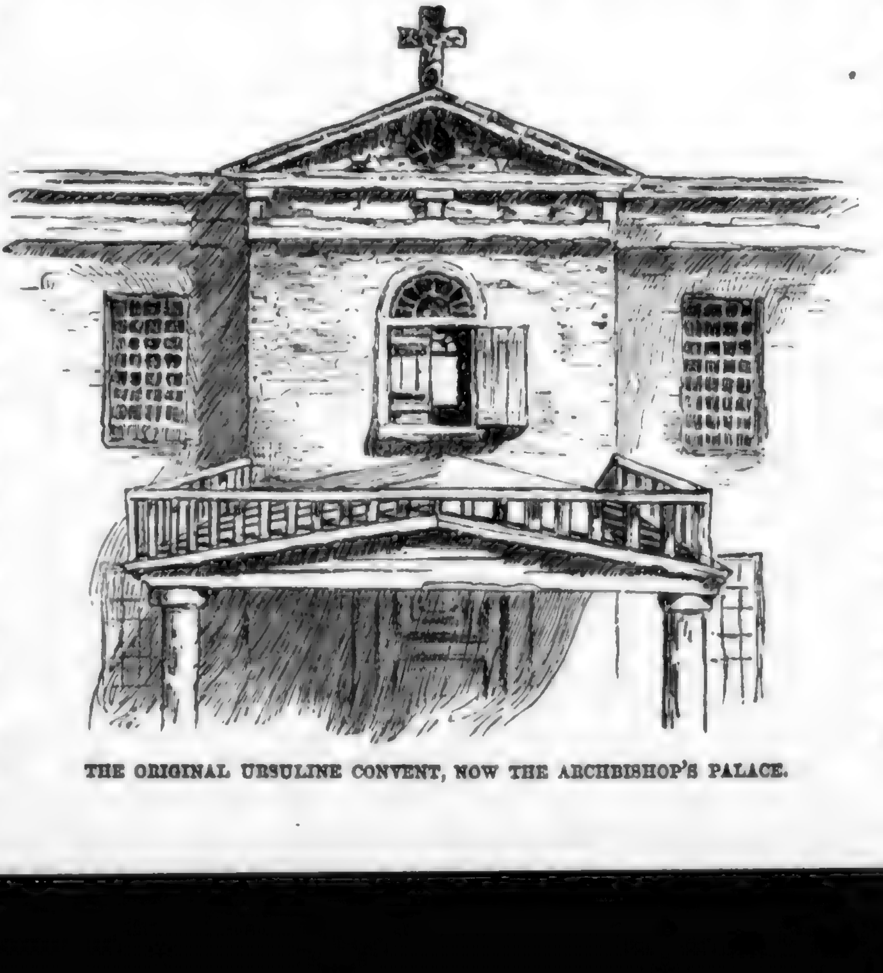
She broke off abruptly, and fell to the floor in violent convulsions.

A physician was hastily summoned, but some hours elapsed before the medicine he administered produced any perceptible effect.

Cyril Desmond happened to be absent at the time. His wife was lying in a heavy slumber when he returned.

As he stood, white and troubled, beside the couch, Laurel put the notary's letter into his hand.

"You should



THE ORIGINAL URSULINE CONVENT, NOW THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.

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know at once the cause of Mrs. Desmond's illness," she said.

She noticed a sudden darkening of his face as he read.

With a shuddering gesture, he tore the note into fragments, and dropped them into the grate.

"That accursed money! How much sin and misery it has caused!"

Observing Laurel's wondering look, he added:

"If you knew all, you would not wonder that I shrink from the mere thought of the fortune that has been lost. It is a bitter blow to Elinor, but I am glad the money is to go elsewhere."

What did he mean?

Laurel had been upon the point of confessing the truth—that she was the lady referred to in the note; but his words, and the strange, shuddering tone in which they were uttered, sealed her lips.

When Mrs. Desmond awakened, long afterward, her first eager inquiry concerned her husband—whether he had been home and had learned of her disappointment.

When answered in the affirmative, she fell back, muttering:

"I would have showered the riches all upon him, had they been mine. They might have helped me win the love I have hungered for all these years."

The words were no revelation to Laurel; she had seen from the first that, while all the wife's passionate heart was given to the husband, he barely tolerated her presence. Ever polite and courteous, Cyril would shrink and turn pale if even if her garments brushed against his.

Instead of love, it was shuddering horror she inspired.

Laurel wondered that he had ever married her; but the gossip of the servants threw light upon the matter.

"She reminds me of a tigress ready to spring," said one of the maids. "My heart leaps into my mouth every time she turns those yellow eyes upon me. No wonder Mr. Desmond passes so much time abroad."

"Was it always like this?" Laurel could not refrain from asking.

"Ever since I have been in the house. Master never wanted to marry her. Another man in his place would have refused outright. My lady's father was alive then. He begged and pleaded with master, and my lady groveled at his feet. They made out between them that my lady was slowly dying of disappointed love, and only this marriage could save her life. Master was too kind and generous not to make the sacrifice, but I know he has bitterly regretted it since. Some very dark pages in my lady's history have been hinted at."

"Dark pages? What do you mean?" asked Laurel

But Meggins could not intelligently explain. She only knew that the circumstances dated back to a time when a rich bachelor uncle was in the house.

There had been trouble of some sort, and Ruel Desmond had gone away abruptly and never returned.

It was the same relative who had disinherited Mrs. Desmond; and as he had been fond of her at first, once going so far as to make a will in her favor, some powerful motive must have decided him to leave all his possessions elsewhere.

After this Laurel scarcely knew what course to adopt, whether to reveal her identity and offer them half her fortune, or be silent a while longer. Ruel Desmond had not wished them to have the money, to be sure, but it seemed like defrauding the natural heirs to keep it all.

It might be better to wait. As an initiatory step, however, she sent for the brass-bound chest which had been left for safe-keeping in New York.

Mrs. Desmond happened to be crossing the hall when a servant brought it in. She had been restless, almost wild, since receiving the notary's letter, taking little notice of anything; but, at sight of the chest, she stopped short.

"Where did that come from?" she demanded.

"It is mine," Laurel answered, stepping forward. "I sent for it, and it has just arrived."

Mrs. Desmond gave her a swift, searching look, that had in it something of menace, and put her hand before her face.

"It is a singular-looking chest. Will you tell me where you got it, Miss Deane?"

"A—a—friend gave it to me," Laurel faltered.

No more was said. Laurel did not feel sure at the time whether Mrs. Desmond had seen the chest before, and recognized it, or not; but that night she was awakened by a rustling sound in the anteroom where it had been left, and on rising and softly opening the door, she beheld Mrs. Desmond standing in a flood of brilliant moonlight, that streamed in at the large, shutterless window, slowly passing the glittering meshes of a diamond necklace through her firm, white hands.

The chest stood open beside her, the moonbeams playing like lambent flame about the jewels in their velvet-lined receptacle.

"These beautiful things are mine by right," she muttered. "I will have them yet."

Then her quick ear caught the sound of Laurel's breathing, and dropping the necklace with a crash, she fled.

Laurel struck a light, and went to investigate. She found her own key in the lock of the chest—Mrs. Desmond had stolen it from under her pillow.

Everything was in disorder. While attempting to regulate the contents of the chest, Laurel accidentally struck a spring at the bottom, and discovered a tiny, shallow receptacle in which was a folded strip of paper containing a few written words:

> "This hiding-place may never be discovered—it will be as Heaven directs. But I feel impelled to leave a silent witness against Elinor Desmond. It was her treachery that made me a wanderer in foreign lands. She is a wicked woman—the bad Desmond blood flows in her veins. She attempted to murder me to gain possession of my wealth. I do not know whether her husband was implicated in the plot, but I will never look upon the face of either again. RUEL DESMOND."

Laurel's heart sickened with horror as she read this message from the dead. She understood now what were the dark pages in Mrs. Desmond's history to which Meggins had referred.

No allusion was made, the next morning, to anything that had occurred during the night.

As the day wore on Laurel chanced to meet Cyril in the conservatory, whither she had gone to gather flowers for the vases. It was the first time she had seen him alone since coming to Fair Haven. The expression of suffering on his pale, refined face was so marked, that she felt quite startled by it.

"Are you ill, Mr. Desmond?" she asked.

"I have no bodily ailment," he replied. Then added, with a sudden change in his voice: "But mental suffering may be a thousandfold harder to bear than mere physical pain."

She understood.

"True," she said, beginning hastily to gather the flowers within reach to hide her agitation.

Cyril watched her eagerly a moment.

"Will you give me one of those roses?" he said, then.

Laurel selected the most beautiful of them all.

"It is only returning what is yours already," she said, as he took it from her hand.

Happening to raise her eyes, she saw Mrs. Desmond standing at the open door, a glare in those yellow orbs that made them look more like a wild beast's than ever. Before Laurel could speak, she set her teeth viciously into her under lip and had turned away.

The day was oppressively warm. As it waned, Laurel had taken a book into the cool shade of an arbor, where, lulled by the drowsy drone of insect life all about her, she had finally fallen asleep.

A smell of smoke and the sound of an almost breathless struggle aroused her. When she opened her eyes, a piece as large as her hand had been burned out of the skirt of her dress, and Mrs. Desmond, with the face of a fury, was struggling and panting in her husband's arms.

"Oh, what is it?" Laurel cried, starting up in alarm.

Mrs. Desmond laughed strangely as she released herself.

"Your garments caught fire, and Cyril seems to think I did it. As though I could be tempted to harm so dear a friend!"

An expression of keenest agony crossed the man's haggard face.

"I saw you apply the match," he said, just above his breath, turning away.

Mrs. Desmond laughed again. But there was a look in her eyes as though she longed to tear the trembling young girl in pieces.

"Do not listen to him," she said. "He always puts the worst possible construction upon anything I do. The fire was kindled by accident, and I was putting it out when he pounced upon me."

A nervous trembling seized Laurel when the woman had left her. She could no longer doubt but that Mrs. Desmond was insanely jealous of her, and in a fit of frenzy had attempted her life.

"I must go away," she told herself. "This is no longer any place for me."

Cyril stood at the door when she returned to the house. He was evidently waiting for her, and paused for a few hastily uttered words.

"Your life is in danger here, Miss Deane. Go at once, within the hour. Nothing else will save you from that madwoman's vengeance."

The warning was scarcely necessary. Laurel gathered her few possessions together, and by that time Meggins appeared, with a scarlet-looking face, to say that the carriage waited below.

"Master thinks you had better go to the hotel in the village until you can mature your plans."

Laurel did so, passing a sleepless night. She had but just breakfasted the next morning, when a maid-servant from Fair Haven—not Meggins, but another—entered the room.

"My lady has sent for you to come back," said the girl. "She is like one distracted, and bitterly reproaches herself for being the means of driving you away. She declares you are her only friend."

"But how can I return?"

"She calls for you constantly, Miss Deane, and says the house is like a tomb since you left it. Unless you come back immediately she will take her own life, or do something quite as desperate."

Laurel shuddered. It was very strange that Mrs. Desmond should even wish to see her again.

"Better go," said the maid. "You have no idea what a state my lady has worked herself into. I believe she will lose her reason if you refuse."

That plea was not to be denied. She would go back and remain until Mrs. Desmond was calmer, and reconciled to the separation. But she left the brass chest at the hotel, in the landlord's care. It was better that Mrs. Desmond should not see it again.

The gray old house seemed very still as she approached it. There was quite an affecting scene. Mrs. Desmond looked humble and remorseful, falling upon Laurel's neck with a burst of hysterical tears.

"I missed you so!" she cried. "There was no comfort or peace to be found anywhere. You are my only friend, and had been driven away by my ill-treatment. I may as well confess the truth—I was wickedly jealous of you! You are just the sort of woman my husband might have loved. No matter—I am jealous no longer. You are too good and true to make trouble. You must never leave me again."

She appeared so softened and remorseful, genuine pity was awakened in Laurel's heart. After all, it might be her duty to help guide and control this undisciplined nature.

They remained in Mrs. Desmond's dressing-room all the morning, and lunch was brought to them there.

It was mid-afternoon when some errand took Laurel below, and she encountered Cyril face to face in the hall.

He started back as if she had been a ghost, growing deadly pale.

"You here? What madness is this?" he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Desmond sent for me. I could not refuse to return."

"You must not remain!" he cried, in an agitated voice.

"Your wife needs me just at present. She is nervous, hysterical, totally unfit to be left alone, and has expressed her regret for what has occurred."

He gazed at her, a sort of deadly horror growing in his face.

"You do not know that woman, Laurel," speaking rapidly, and wholly unconscious that he had used her name. "A pure nature like yours is incapable of understanding one so morally warped and deformed. Have you ever heard mention made of the bad Desmond blood? It runs in a turgid tide through Elinor's veins—the corrupt outgrowth of a dozen evil generations. Do not trust her; she is false and treacherous—most dangerous when she speaks the softest. Fly, before it is too late!"

With these wild words of warning and appeal, he abruptly left her.

Laurel re-entered the dressing-room in a strange state of perplexity and uncertainty. Cyril would never have spoken in that way unless he believed the danger real.

She had had that experience in the arbor as a warning; but Elinor met her with such a gentle, pensive smile, it was impossible to harden her heart against her.

"We will be like two sisters, and forget the past," she said, wreathing her arms about Laurel's waist. "I love you dearly. Cyril is going abroad one of these days, and you and I will be left in undisturbed possession of the old house. It is beautiful at this season of the year. I know we shall be very happy together."

She paused, her yellow eyes darkening visibly as she asked:

"Were you ever in the 'tower chamber', my dear?"

"No."

"Then you have missed the greatest glory of Fair Haven," Mrs. Desmond said, with a strange laugh. "It is little better than a ruin now, in the oldest portion of

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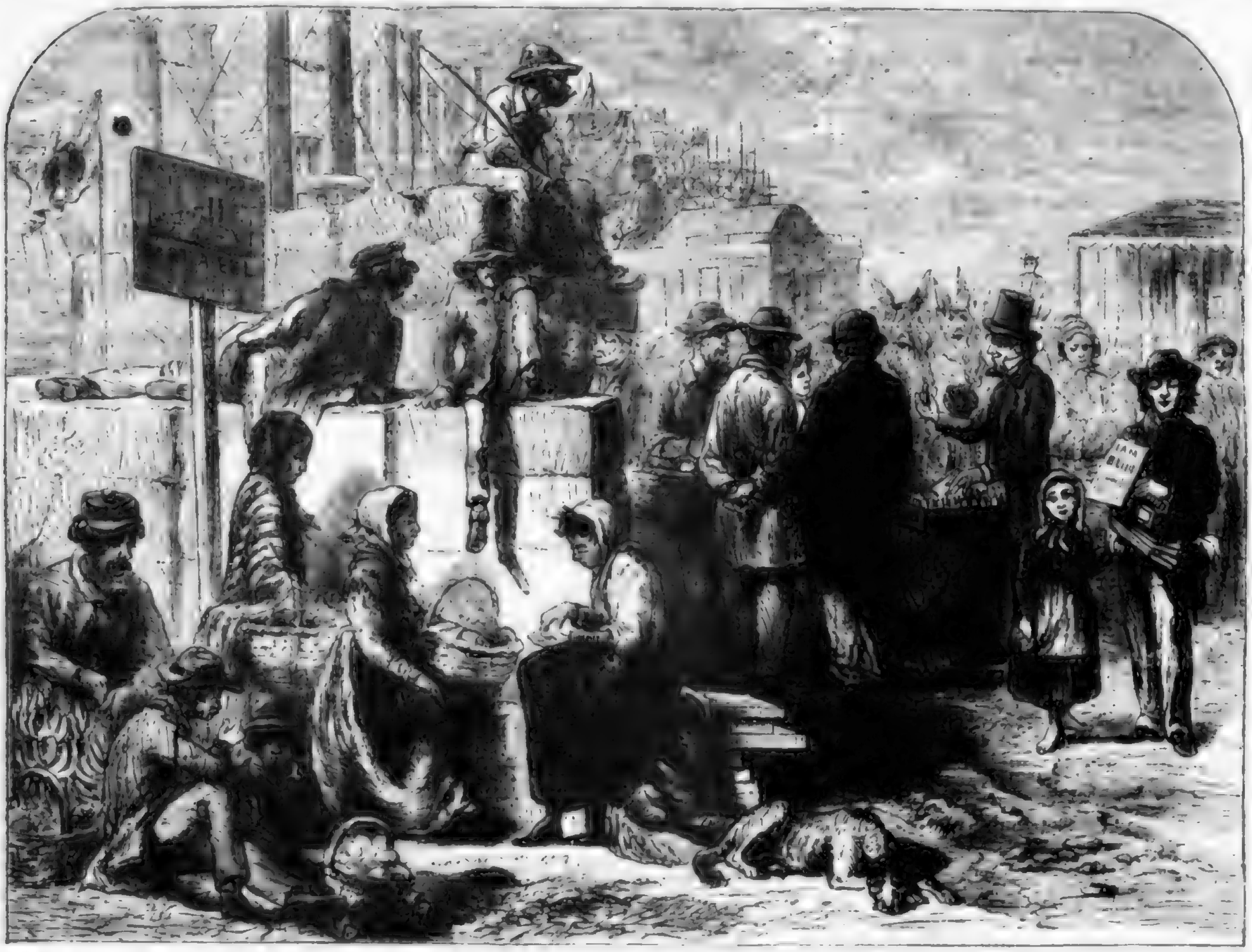


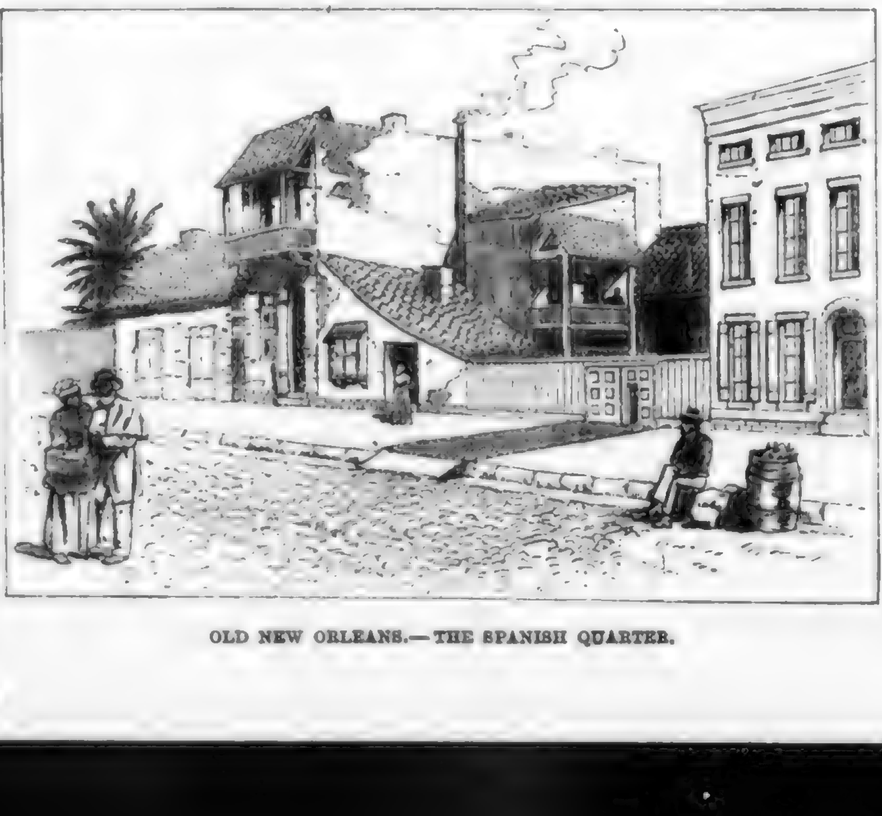
OLD NEW ORLEANS.— SCENE ON THE LEVEE.— SEE PAGE 186.

the house, and seldom entered; but the view is charming. We have nothing better to do; let me take you there and point out its many beauties."

Laurel consented. She was ready to conciliate her employer by every possible means, and so pave the way gradually to a final separation.

Their destination led them directly away from the inhabited part of the house. There seemed to be one dusty, echoing corridor stretching after another, and at last they came suddenly to a long, precipitous flight of spiral stairs. Here the woodwork was beginning to crumble away, and the boards creaked dismally under their tread.

"Faster!" cried Mrs. Desmond, excitedly, as she led the way up the winding stairs. "I am impatient to be there."



OLD NEW ORLEANS.— THE SPANISH QUARTER.

The "tower chamber" was about twenty feet square, with windows on every side looking down on the gray, mossy roof of the mansion, and commanding a view of the country for miles and miles around. A stout oaken door, provided with bolts and bars, and in which were two narrow slits to aid in lighting the long flight of stairs, shut it in.

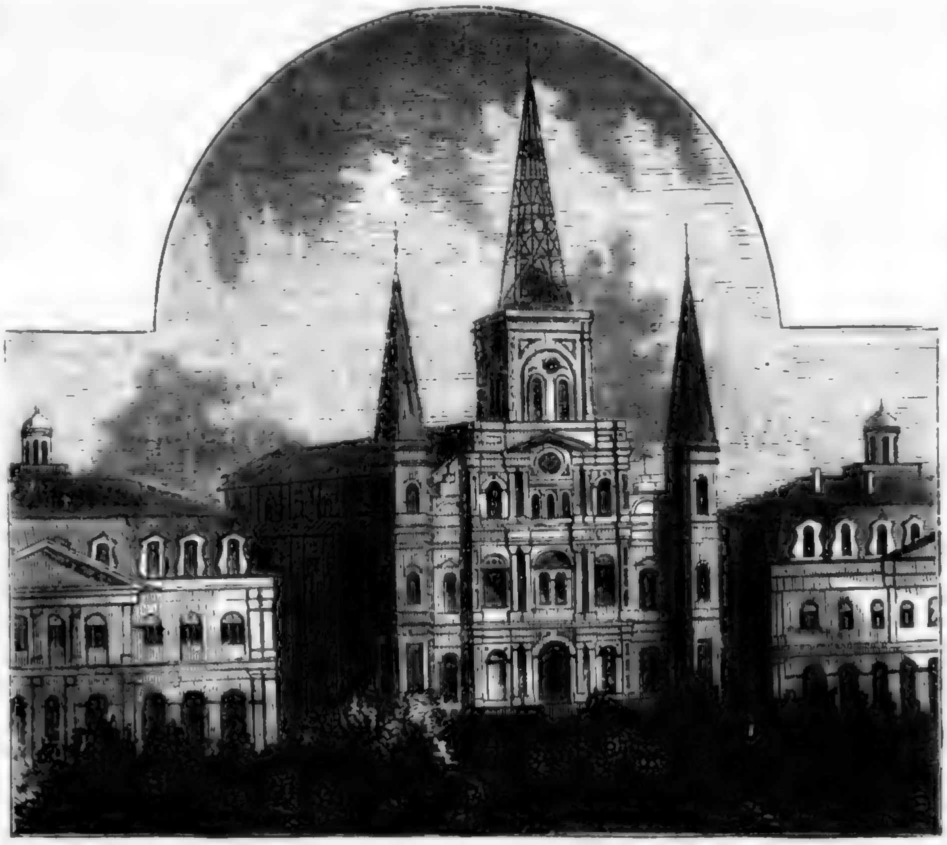
"I will tell you what I had resolved to do if you refused to return," Mrs. Desmond said, in a low, husky voice, as they stood together in the centre of the apartment. "I was coming here to throw myself from one of these windows, and the result would have been certain death."

Her reckless laugh curdled Laurel's blood. She turned and looked at her, a suspicion of the woman's sanity for the first time crossing her mind.

"It is such an uncanny place," she faltered. "Come, let us go back. I should not enjoy the view in the least."

"One moment. Tell me who it is coming up the avenue?"

Laurel stepped to the nearest window. Mrs. Desmond's dreadful laugh sounded behind her, and the next instant she heard the door close with a bang,

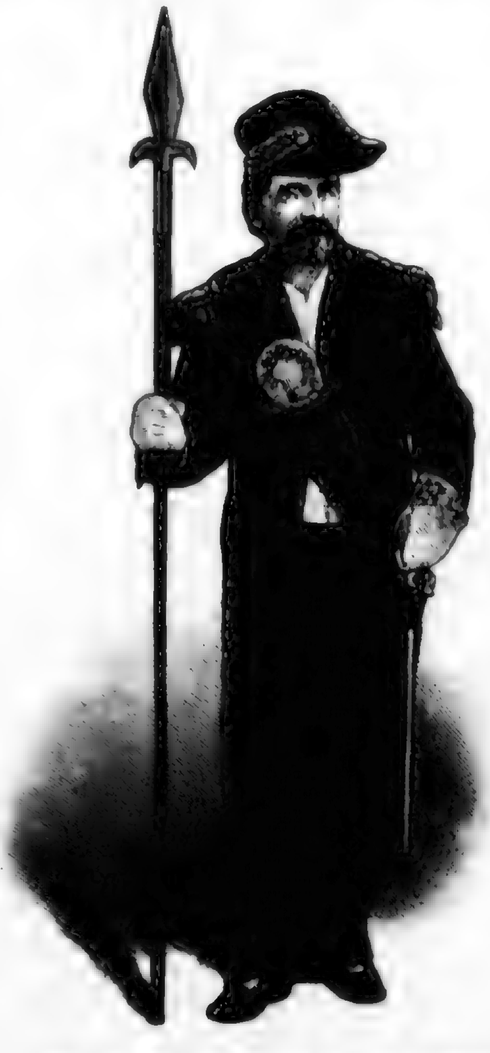


OLD NEW ORLEANS.—THE CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 186.

and the bolts slipped sharply in their sockets. She was a prisoner!

Through the narrow apertures in the door Mrs. Desmond was visible, furiously tearing the decaying woodwork into fragments and splinters, and piling them against the oaken barrier.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" she said, meeting the girl's horror-stricken glance. "Burn you alive! I enticed you here for that purpose. Nobody saw us come this way—I shall not be suspected—I shall pretend to be heart-broken over your loss. It will be set down as a mysterious disappearance. Ha, ha! Uncle Ruel's money, and all those gleaming jewels will be mine, and Cyril will learn to love me. I have hated you bitterly from the first. It was only to wreak some terrible vengeance upon you that I suffered you to come here. What matters a life more or less when it is a barrier between me and happiness?"



THE "SUISSE" OR BEADLE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Laurel could not utter a word. She stood white and motionless until the woman had gathered a sufficient quantity of the dry material, and applied the match.

Like one fascinated she watched the first trembling spiral of smoke, and then beheld the tinder-like fragments burst into flame.

Mrs. Desmond had fallen back a step. There could no longer be any doubt—it was the fire of insanity that glittered in her yellow eyes.

"Burn—burn away!" she shrieked, flinging her arms wildly aloft. "I could dance for very joy. Let tongues of fire kiss those lovely cheeks, and arms of flame enfold that graceful form!"

Laurel could never clearly recall what happened afterward, but as the madwoman capered wildly about, she seemed to lose her balance all at once, and fell back against the railing. It was old, rotten, and gave way instantly under her weight. One shrill scream of unutterable agony, one glimpse of a pallid, distorted, upturned face, and she disappeared in the gloom and darkness. There was the sound of a dull thud as she struck the paved floor fifty feet below, then—silence!

Laurel felt her senses going. As she reeled backward, there came a sound of flying footsteps on the stairs, the burning embers were torn violently apart and trampled out, a stalwart shoulder made the door quiver and tremble, and the next instant Cyril Desmond was in the room, holding her in his strong arms.

"In time to save you!" he gasped, huskily. "Thank Heaven!"

* * *

Laurel returned to New York, and lived very quietly until a year had elapsed; then, one perfect June day, Cyril came home from the Old World, where he had been aimlessly roaming.

"I have only a broken life to offer, Laurel," he said, "and the bad Desmond blood, that you have every reason to distrust, flows in my veins. But I am trying to live uprightly before God, and atone for the sins of my race. I can only add that I have loved you tenderly and devotedly since the hour of our first meeting."

What more could Laurel ask? She put her hand in his with a happy smile.

They spoke of Elinor but once afterward.

"I believe her mind had been unsettled for some time previous to that fatal day," Cyril said. "Poor soul! she

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was scarcely responsible for her acts—we can afford to forgive the dead."

* * * * * *

On their wedding-day, Laurel brought Ruel Desmond's will and laid it before him. Though Elinor had known, no suspicion had ever entered Cyril's mind that Laurel was his uncle's heiress.

"The king shall have his own again," she gently said. "It seems a strange way of making restitution. But—I am glad."

## A FEBRUARY DAY.

Gone half of the year, though the sweetest to follow,
Since the death of the rose and the flight of the swallow
Robbed joy of the sun!
And the day has come round when, in Winter's despite,
Under skies cold and clouded we hail with delight
The birds wooed and won.

Not yet does the wind bring the cry of the plover,
Not yet does the nightingale answer her lover
Between twilight and morn.
Nor the swifts in mad flight cleave the air like a flame,
Nor the voice of the cuckoo is heard to proclaim
That the Summer is born.

Dusk and brown lie the woods, for the sun's lessened glory
Reveals the bare boughs where the wood-pigeon's story
Was cooed 'neath the leaves.
Far afield comes a carol, clear, loud, and unbroken;
What signal of Spring the earth needs for a token
The lark's song achieves.

O'er pasture and heath rings her song of the morning,
While a wayfaring thrush flings her passionate warning
To the city's dark street,
And the world is awakened. The Spring's feet outrun
Our longing impatience. What birds have begun
Leaf and flower will complete.

## OLD NEW ORLEANS.

By Stamford.

In 1717, after exploring the banks of the Mississippi, Governor Bienville selected the present site of New Orleans as the most appropriate one whereon to build the chief city and capital of the Province of Louisiana. He appointed Sieur le Blond de la Tour to survey the ground, stake off the squares and mark out the streets. He ordered that the city be laid out in imitation of Rochefort, the town from which he and his brother D'Iberville, with Sauvolle, had sailed on leaving France to renew La Salle's explorations on the Gulf of Mexico.

The position of the Parish Church—now the St. Louis Cathedral—was selected by Bienville, and the exact location of the edifice was traced on the ground by him with the point of his trusty sword, which France had bestowed on him and the Church had blessed. The Presbytery, Conseil de Ville and City Warehouses were also assigned their exact situations by him. Leaving fifty men to clear the ground and erect cabins, Bienville returned to Fort Biloxi to make preparations for removing the colony. Meeting with opposition from the Home Government, unfortunate in having his work interrupted by the overflowing of the Mississippi, he did not succeed in actually getting New Orleans settled until 1723. In the meantime he continued improving the then frontier town of New Orleans, to which he had gradually transferred the troops and Government stores. Bienville erected for his own occupancy a brick residence, considered in that day a spacious one; this he took possession of in August, 1723, at the same time formally declaring New Orleans the provincial seat of government.

Charlevoix, a chronicler of that day, writes: "There are in the city fifty log cabins, placed with little order among the brambles and trees, three dwellings—one of these was Bienville's—a chapel and storehouse; a population of 200 men and a few women; the town presents the appearance of a camp in the wilderness." Such was the foundation of the "Crescent City" in 1724.

The first residence of Governor Bienville exists still in the ancient French quarter, on the corner of Chartres and Ursuline Streets. Though the oldest house in the city, it is yet well preserved. It is a large, low, thick-walled structure, time-stained and covered with picturesque brick tiles; a style of roofing not in general use until after 1794, when the city had been, for a second time, almost destroyed by fire. This building is so antique in appearance, that it causes others surrounding it, which have themselves stood for over a century, to look new by contrast. Although they are mellowed and furrowed by time, they seem veritable *parvenus* who have encroached on ground already made sacred by the history, traditions and legends of a remote era. The Governor's grim mansion was once the centre of wealth and power; there congregated the beauty, fashion and chivalry of colonial days. The mystic charm of a brilliant past hangs over it and the narrow street where once resounded the clink of cavaliers' swords, knightly spurs, and the tap, tap of red-heeled slippers worn by high-born dames. The impress of former grandeur is heightened by stepping within the age-darkened house where are now offered for sale quaint china, dusty bronzes, carved furniture whose rich upholsterings are faded and worn. These are relics of former greatness, sad mementoes of the decay of noble families whose descendants dire poverty has compelled to part with their old heirlooms. The whole form a mute, but eloquent, appeal to our sympathy for a people whose grandeur and influence have perished.

Hard by stands, sombre and grand, another relic of the French *régime*, the Archiepiscopal Residence, once the Ursuline Convent. This venerable pile was erected in 1727 by the West India Company, for the Ursuline Nuns who, with several Jesuit Fathers, arrived in New Orleans, August 10th of that same year, after having spent nearly six months in crossing the ocean from France. As the monastery was not completed until several years later, the courtly Bienville, who received them most kindly, offered the ladies the use of his new residence in the country. This was large, two-storied, and capped by a flat belvedere roof. The doors and windows were numerous, the sash-frames being filled with fine linen cloth instead of glass. A flower-garden bloomed in front; in the rear were the vegetable-garden and poultry-yard, the whole surrounded by a forest, through which crept sluggish bayous. At the present writing (1886), the ground then so occupied forms one of the busiest portions of New Orleans—that square now bounded by Bienville, Chartres, Condé and Decatur Streets. The religious removed before very long to a plantation presented them by the West India Company. On July 23d, 1734, just seven years after their arrival in Louisiana, they took possession of the Chartres Street Convent, only then completed. Here they took, as boarders, the daughters of the aristocracy; held day-school for the poor whites, and evening-classes for the Indians and negroes. They cared for the orphans, tended the sick at the hospitals, besides ministering to the needs of the poor. In 1824 the Ursulines moved again, this time to a larger and more magnificent structure some three miles further down the river, and for a while the old Convent remained closed. In 1831 it passed through an episode never anticipated by its founders. The State House having been destroyed by fire, the sessions of the legislative bodies of Louisiana were temporarily held within the walls of the old convent. Still a few years later it became, and has ever since remained, the home of the presiding prelate of the Diocese of Louisiana. The Archbishopric is securely cloistered in from the secular world by a high brick wall, and is, to all outward appearances, seemingly the same as when the nuns bade it farewell fifteen decades gone by. Entrance is obtained through the porter's lodge, a substantial brick house set in the wall. An immense and heavy door of cypress opens in from the street to the walk which leads up to the palace beyond. A huge iron knocker, a curiously wrought grille and old-fashioned latch, adorn the street side of it. The massive brick walls of the "Bishop's Palace" are as solid as they were 160 years ago. Their bluish fresco is mildewed by age, and deeply scarred by time and weather, though they have defied the leveling action of both for near two centuries. The building is fortress-like. The bricks are laid in a cement which has become as hard as granite; its many small windows, filled with little panes of greenish glass set in its sombre, tomb-like walls, are protected by solid blinds of cypress, hung on heavy iron hinges, and are as sound as when first cut from the forest. These openings show how securely the nuns could have protected themselves from an attack at the hands of the Indians, an event of likely occurrence in those early times.

The Archevêché is of composite Tuscan architecture, and is as grim interiorly as exteriorly. Everything about it seems to bear the imprint of vanished hands. The staircase is banistered with railing of hammered iron; the hollows worn in its steps were made by feet which long ago passed over the portals of eternity. The low-ceiled passages and furniture of antique make tell a tale of a period long gone by. A silent protest against vandalism is impressed on the mind of the visitor. Relic-hunters depart empty-handed from this historic mansion, which, it is to be hoped, will pass inviolate to future generations, a dumb, yet eloquent, link between their day and a past era.

The lower portion of New Orleans wears a foreign aspect, captivating to the stranger who finds himself in a city different from all others in the United States, one having its history so legibly inscribed in its architecture as to be plain to the most casual observer. As France left the record of her dominion in houses such as Bienville's and the Archbishopric, so did Spain leave traces of hers in the adobe structures, which are in some cases even now occupied by the descendants of Spanish colonists. A large number of these dwellings are single-storied; their very thick walls are composed of strong wooden frames, filled in with adobe mixture, which is made of brick set in cement, so as to resist earthquake shocks, the possibility of which was credited at that date. Adobe houses are usually stained yellow, and stand on a line even with the *banquette* (sidewalk). The windows are full length, with thick green shutters outside and sash-doors within. Many of these windows have iron or wooden railings, like those of a balcony, run across them, while in the upper part of each shutter is a small diamond or crescent-shaped aperture for the admission of air at night. The roofs extend beyond the front walls just sufficient to shade the doorsteps—generally two or three—leading down to the pavement. Here, airing herself, sits the gray-haired *abuéla* (grandmother) crooning sweet songs in the liquid accents of Spain to olive-cheeked children. Inez and Carlos chatter gayly to her in Spanish, for her knowledge of French is limited, and English she disdains altogether; but the little ones are conversant with the three languages, as are most Louisiana creoles. Many pretty pictures of domestic life are witnessed around the doorways of these ancient adobe homes, for the foreign population which congregates "down-town"—still called *en ville* or *in* town by the creoles—has brought with it many Old World customs. The women, clad in *blouses volantes* (loose wrappers), their ebon locks coiled high on the tops of their well-poised heads, or hanging in one or two loose plaits down their shoulders, love to sit outside in the mellow light, deftly drawing the needle, heedless of the passing throng. When the men rest in the evening hour, the doorsteps are chosen as the place for leisurely smoking a cigarette and an occasional talk with a neighbor or passing friend.

These unpretentious buildings are often filled with furniture so rich as to make the heart of the modern millionaire covetous. On the bare floor, scoured with a mixture of pulverized brick and ochre until golden-hued, may stand a cabinet presented by a king to the powder-haired marquis, with a cross of honor on his breast, whose portrait hangs on the whitewashed walls, and smiles down on the grand and great-grandchildren, who are so very proud of the *sangre azul* coursing through their veins and drawn from his. Through the simple curtain of white, bordered with fluted ruffle, and looped back with bright ribbon, which acts as a *portière* betwixt parlor and tasteful bedroom, is seen an *armoire* (wardrobe) of solid mahogany—no veneering there—whose mirrored doors turn upon heavy hinges of silver. Made of the same precious metal, and inlaid in the cornice, are the initials, monogram or coat-of-arms of La Condessa ——, daughter of the Dúque de ——. She was a court belle ere she bade *Adios* to her native land and came to the Province of Louisiana, the bride of a gallant cavalier, whose sword owed allegiance to Spain. Her Castilian loveliness is reproduced vividly in an ivory miniature lying within the *armoire*, and in the face of her great-great-granddaughter.

Occasionally the tinkling of a guitar enlivens the night. Juan is serenading his lady-love, the instrument being the very same used by his great-grandfather when attending the college at Grenada, which King Charles III. established, as he himself asserted, "for the education of the young American nobility." Some day Juan will marry the maiden of Castilian descent. It will be a mating of pride with pride, though fortune exists on neither side, for their immediate ancestors lost all, real estate and slaves, by war, and times have not prospered since. They will be happy, however, in the fact that their children's heritage will be the bluest of blue blood and an untarnished name, which has made its mark on history's page.

Not only in the homes of Spanish creoles are plain exteriors found concealing handsome contents, but in those of French creoles also. Even in its colonial incipiency, in spite of the difficulty of transportation and other drawbacks, New Orleans contained abodes so luxurious as to excite wonder, were not the fact recalled that many of those who came with sword and ax to carve out additional possessions for the Kingdom of France were high-born nobles—men of culture and courtly demeanor; their wives were refined, delicately reared ladies, accustomed to the pomp and splendors of the Old World. It

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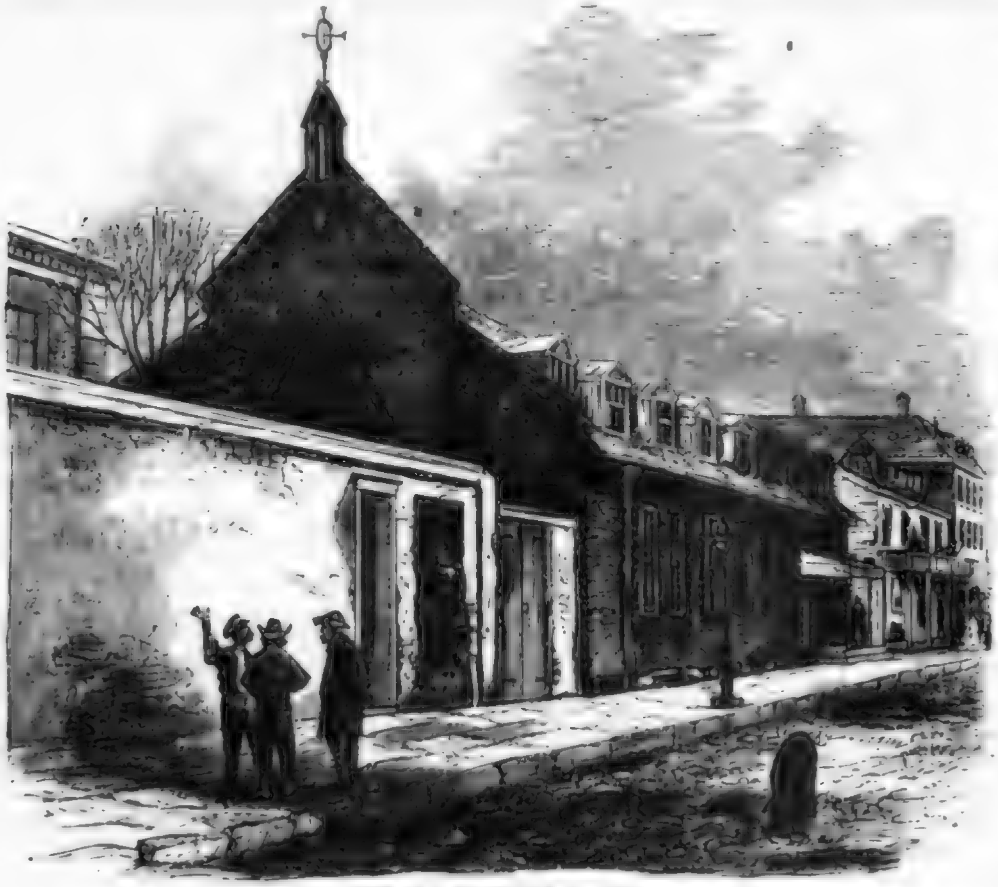
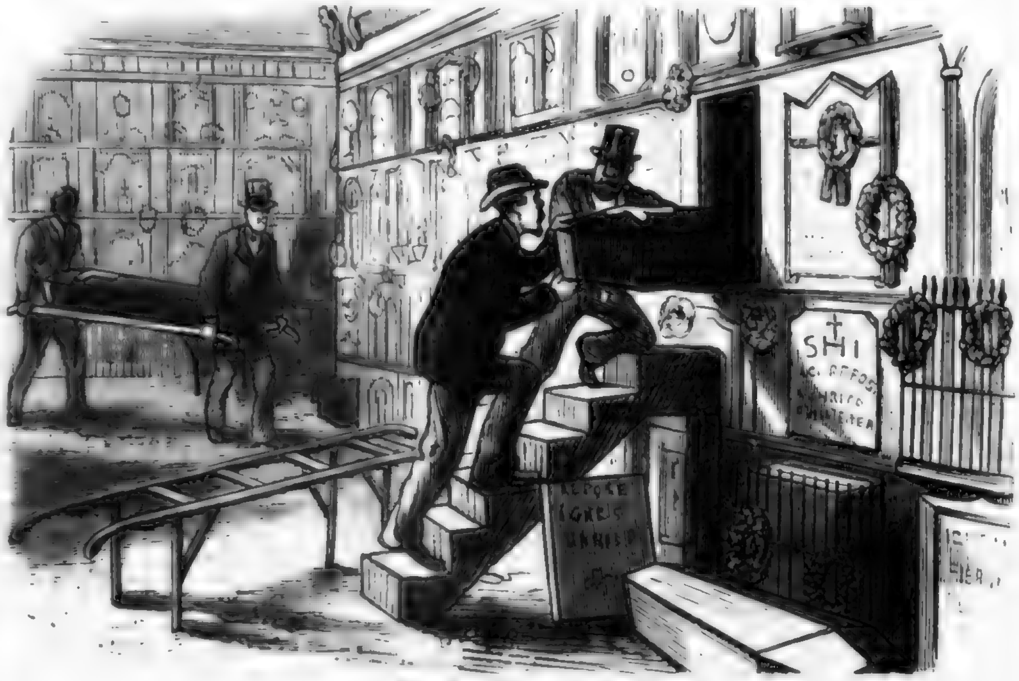


THE OLD URSULINE CHAPEL.

is not to be wondered that such persons endeavored to gratify their tastes by importing comforts and luxuries from the motherland.

At the early period of 1743 there begun in Louisiana an epoch of display and extravagance that created in other American colonies both astonishment and envy. It was then the Marquis de Vandreuil, surnamed "Le Grand Marquis," owing to his royal manner of disbursing funds, arrived in the province as its Governor. His wife, the gay and fascinating marquise, accompanied him. Under such influence pioneer life was abolished, and the courtly manners of a French drawing-room introduced. The military donned gayer uniforms, ladies vied with each other in the richness of their apparel; in fact, all New Orleans bloomed into dazzling and expensive personal adornment, which up to the present age has not been surpassed.

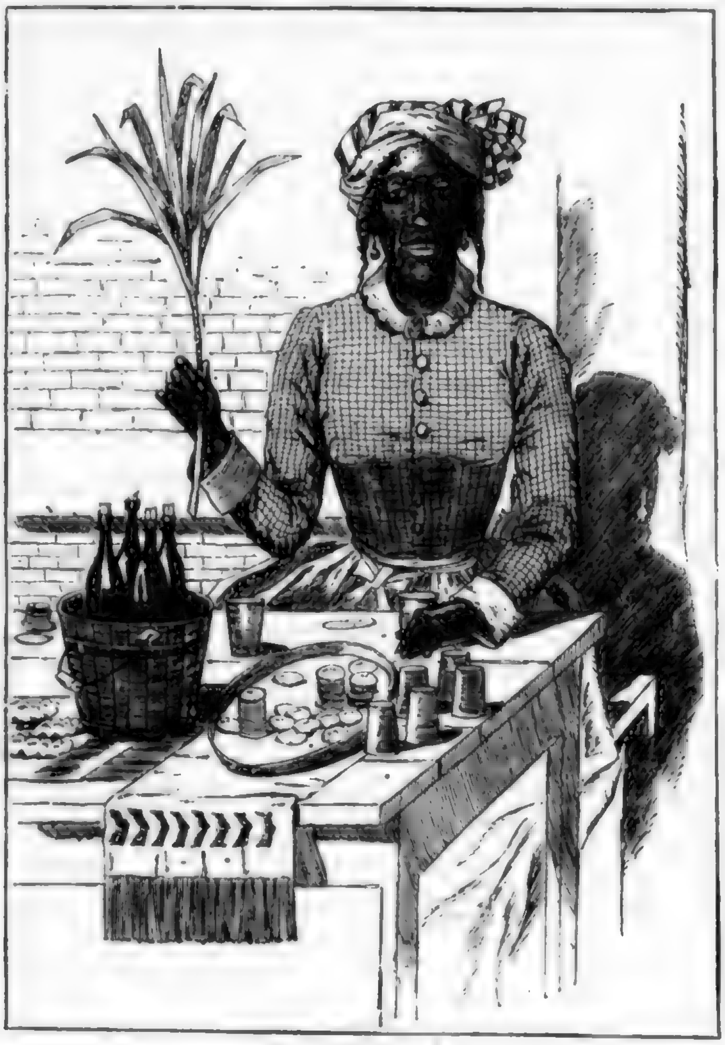
The love of dress extended to all classes, receiving no check until 1786, when Governor Miro published a manifesto, denouncing its follies and forbidding quadroons from wearing jewels and feathers. He ordered that the *tignon* (the bandana handkerchief) be their sole headdress. Doubtless he thought this head-gear would be sufficiently unbecoming to lessen their vanity; not so, however; they bound it gracefully about their brows, tying it in a coquettish bow at the left of the head, and raising it high at the back over a Spanish comb, thrust in the hair underneath. This lent an additional charm to their faces, especially when accompanied by a long, narrow vail of black lace thrown over the head and shoulders, which was the mode in vogue with them for church attendance. The *tignon*, once worn by the entire female colored population of the South, is now relegated almost entirely to country negroes and a few old black *mammies;* these last cling to it as a badge of respectability, distinguishing them from the frivolous young negresses of the present day.



SCENE AT A CEMETERY.

The quadroons of *ante-bellum* fame have about passed away; those of this epoch are more common, and dress according to prevailing fashions. Rarely are their progenitors of gentle birth; they are generally found in the Gascon butcher of the market-place, the Italian fruit-vendors on the streets, the Diego keepers of cheap oyster-shops, the proprietors and the frequenters of low French and German *cafés.* But let the paternity of octoroons, quadroons, mulattoes, and others of mixed blood, be what it may, the impress of the African ancestress is, as a rule, so plainly stamped on features or physique as to be unmistakable.

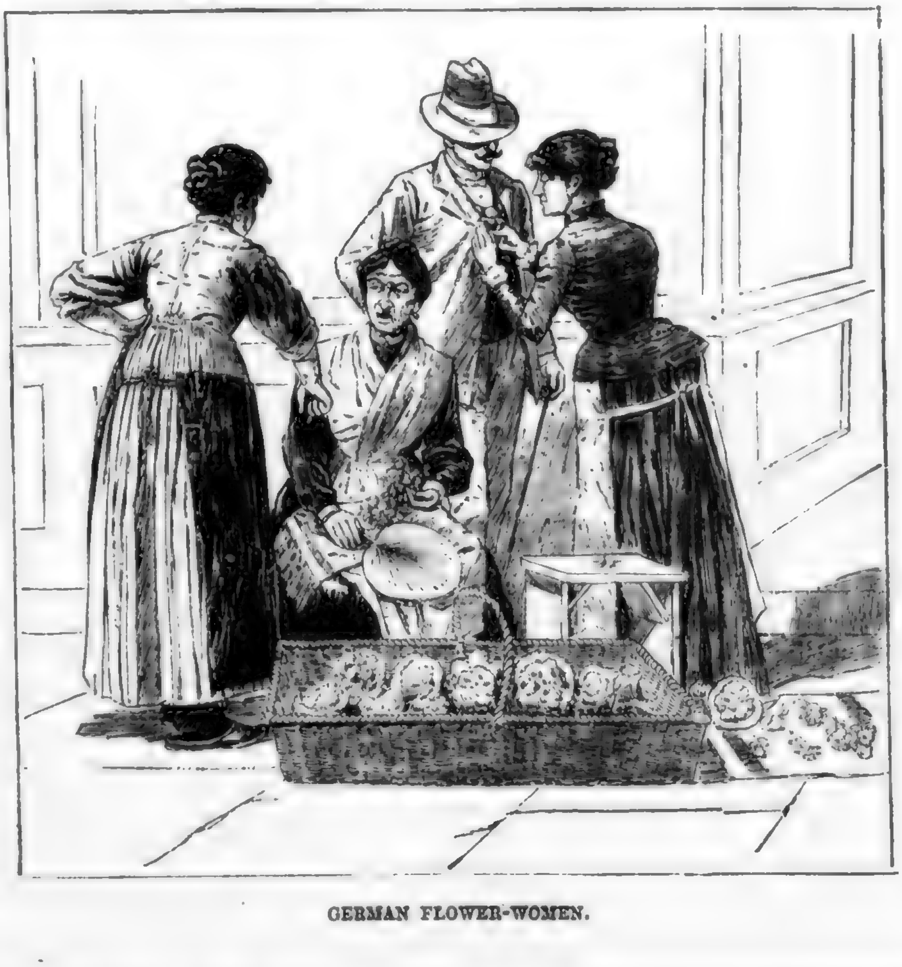
In 1796 Baron de Carondelet, Governor of Louisiana, to whose spirit of enterprise the universal use of tile-roofing was due (he having, after New Orleans was a second time nearly destroyed by fire, requested the king to offer a premium to all citizens so protecting their homes), lighted New Orleans with oil lamps, eighty in number. Poles were erected at opposite street-corners, and the lanterns swung on ropes looped across. The expense of this illumination was defrayed by levying a tax



PRALINE-WOMAN.

of nine shillings per annum on each chimney in the town. It is difficult when watching the electric lights of 1886 flash over the face of the old St. Louis Cathedral, silhouetting distinctly the shadows of the trees in the park fronting it, that its surroundings, just one hundred years ago, were enveloped in darkness, excepting as some private citizen passed, preceded by a slave, an animated "Will-'o-the-wisp," bearing a lantern or torch of fat pine. It is difficult, also, to picture to one's self the original place of worship of the colony, so small, so humble, which was the predecessor of the present magnificent structure dedicated to St. Louis. As the population grew in numbers the pioneer church grew in size. In 1803, by the efforts of Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, perpetual *regidor*, and Alferez Réal, it was remodeled and enlarged to its present dimensions. The architecture of this venerable pile is by no means pure in style, though not wanting in grand effect. The first story of the front is of a peculiar Rustic order, flanked on either side by half-projecting, octagon towers, displaying at each angle Tuscan *anta*, while above are pilasters of plain mason-work, belonging to the same order; the whole being adorned with frieze and antique wreaths in keeping with it. The main entrance, situated in the centre of the front, consists of a semi-circular, arched doorway, having a group of Tuscan columns on either side. It is flanked, right and left, by smaller doorways matching the grand entrance. The second story, between the two corner towers, is of similar design, but Roman-Doric in order. Above all rises the central, or principal, tower; its first division, adjoining the roof, is square; the upper, wherein hangs the famous "Cathedral Chime," is hexagonal; this is, in its turn, surmounted by a tall spire lifting heavenward a gilt cross. During the war, when the churches of New Orleans volunteered their bells for the making of Confederate cannon, no one dreamed of disturbing those of the Cathedral, which were connected with so much that was bright and so much that was sad in the history of the city and in the lives of its people.

The interior of the Cathedral is one of the most imposing in America. The sanctuary is large, and the high altar of elaborately carved Belgian marble was the gift of a monarch. The bishop's throne is notable for its rich upholsterings in crimson velvet. Imbedded in the sanctuary-walls are several marble tablets "in memoriam" of episcopal dignitaries interred at the foot of the high altar. The side altars are of great beauty; one is dedicated to St. Francis of Assisium, the other to Notre-Dame-de-Lourdes; this latter is said to be a faithful imitation of the Grotto of Lourdes, in France. Before this shrine are ever many supplicants in prayer. The number of *ex-votos*, small squares of marble on which expressions of thanks are traced in gilded letters, testify to the gratitude of many who visit it. The exquisite fresco-work adorning the Cathedral is from the brushes of the artists Canova and Rossi. Only one picture has since been added; it is by



GERMAN FLOWER-WOMEN.

Burgmuller, and represents St. Louis distributing the crosses among the Crusaders. This fresco is of more than ordinary merit, and is noteworthy for the fact that the faces are all portraits, many of them being those of prominent Catholic citizens of New Orleans.

Inlaid in the marble pavement, at the base of each side altar, where their descendants pass over them daily, are the tombstones of some of the old French and Spanish nobility of New Orleans; family coats-of-arms and epitaphs are cut on their faces. Some of these inscriptions date back to 1728, and are so worn as to be well-nigh illegible.

One of the singular foreign customs maintained in the Cathedral is the presence of a Beadle, called here "*Le Suisse.*" This dignitary always precedes the bishop and priest in church processions, or paces up and down the aisles during service—his approach announced by the thump of his spear—seating strangers and keeping order throughout the congregation. His uniform is composed of dark-blue trousers, scarlet coat, gold-laced; black scarf, decorated with the Papal coat-of-arms, in silver; on his head a cocked hat, trimmed with gold lace and black plume; in his hand he bears a gilded spear.

Just back of the high altar is a door opening from the Cathedral into a tiny flower-filled inclosure—Père Antoine's Park. It is peaceful now, but in ante-American times was a famous dueling-ground. Once, in the long ago, "the code" was strictly observed among gentlemen in this goodly town, and this wee park has been the scene of many an *affaire d'honneur.*

Returning within the sacred edifice, passing under the shadows of the choir loft in front, without halting at the quaintly carved confessionals, we pause just outside the entrance with attention arrested by another of the foreign customs of New Orleans—that is, funeral notices tacked on the portals of the Cathedral. It is a creole habit not only to announce deaths by the ordinary newspaper medium, but by *des annonces funebrès*, printed on black bordered note-paper; these are put up on church-doors, lampposts, and other prominent places.

Alongside the Cathedral-door we find a *vendeuse de pralines.* She is an elderly creole negress, can express herself in genuine French or broken English, but decidedly prefers the patois, to speak which is here termed *parler créole.* This patois is the nursery language of all creoles, it is also used in addressing servants familiarly, and is euphonious in the extreme, particularly when the voice is sweet, which it notably is among creoles, even when pitched high and shrill.

'Tasie belonged to *une famille très aristocrate* during her slave life. She knows their pedigree; is as proud of it as though it were her own personally. She delights in relating the past glories of her former owners, embroiders on them somewhat, mayhap; but is truthful in the main. She nursed *les 'tits enfants de madame*, and it was for their delectation she learned of *vieille maitresse* to make the toothsome sweets she sells. 'Tasie's table is placed against the iron railing which separates the Cathedral from the *banquette.* It is covered with spotlessly clean linen. On a waiter are *pralines*, made of grated cocoanut or pecans, or *pistaches* and sugar, also *conserves*—these latter are fit for the feast of an Eastern prince, and are a creation of fragrant orange-blossoms, or sweet violets, or odorous pink rose-petals smothered in crystal of snowy sugar. In strong contrast to these delicate confections is a compound of flour, molasses and ginger, baked in coarse-looking brown cakes with scalloped edges. These bear the comical name of *estomacs mulatre* (mulatto stomach). 'Tasie will sell you a big one for five cents. Over the entire table and its burdens is thrown a bit of rose-hued tarlatane, and 'Tasie uses a Swiss broom of white curled wood to drive away the flies. She lays it down occasionally to examine a number of bottles of *bière douce* she keeps standing in buckets of ice water. This nectareous beverage is a fermentation of ginger, pineapple and sassafras.

Leaving the Cathedral, a visitor naturally crosses the street and enters the square opposite, which until of late years was called La Place d'Armes. The central object of the park is Clark Mills's equestrian statue of "Old Hickory" (Andrew Jackson), whose name the square now bears. This historic ground was presented to the city by the Baroness de Pontalba, daughter of the public-spirited Andres Almonaster, who expended over two millions in city improvements near the close of the period of foreign rule in Louisiana. Within a period of ninety-six years the Place d'Armes had six different flags floated over it, Louisiana having experienced that many changes of government in less than a century. It passed from the hands of Louis XIV. in 1712, to the commercial dominion of Anthony Crozat. In 1717 it was under the authority of the "Compagnie de l'Occident." In 1731 the undelegated power of Louis XV. was in the ascendant, followed by the posssession of Spain in 1762. France became again possessor of the coveted domain in 1803, and within twenty days the Tricolor was lowered, and Louisiana was added to the territory of the United States, and the last banner of foreign rule disappeared from the Crescent City and from the old square. In 1861, the ordinance of secession being passed, the Stars and Stripes were lowered to make way for the "Southern Cross" of the Confederacy, which in the brief space of less than two years was succeeded by the flag of the Union. Since then Jackson Square has been the scene of various stirring incidents still fresh in the memories of all Orleanians.

"Cheapee banannes! Ban-a-n-n-e-s, cheapee, cheapee! fif a cens a dozena!" comes floating in mellifluous tones over the park as the Italian fruit-vendor goes by. His accent, so strikingly peculiar, falls pleasantly on the ear of a stranger. Following its sound the levee is reached, beyond which is the general landing of the small schooners and luggers engaged in the tropical fruit trade. These vessels are owned and manned by Italians and Spaniards, who dispose of their cargoes in lots to suit wholesale dealers and petty vendors. The last mentioned generally cry their wares through the streets.

Standing on the levee, from which he can obtain a view of the vessels in port, a stranger can form some idea of the commerce of New Orleans. So early as 1790 her sail-craft could be counted by the thousands; now her eleven miles of wharfage is bordered by a forest of masts, decorated with the flags of all nations. Vessels, big and little, stand out in the stream and line the opposite shore as well. On the inner side of the city levee puffing locomotives snort under the strain of their heavily loaded train, and the presence of a large number of sugar-sheds indicates the importance of the saccharine interest. Leaving these, the steamboat-wharf is reached. One viewing it for the first time is bewildered with the bustle and confusion. Drays load and unload, freight is received and discharged, roustabouts rush noisily back and forth as they handle the wealth of Louisiana cotton, cane and rice fields.

Turning from the river-front, the eye is at once centred upon an immense gray structure; this is the United States Custom House and City Post-office, built of New Hampshire granite. This building is the second in size in the United States, being the next largest to the Capitol at Washington.

Nothing can be more interesting to a visitor in New Orleans than a saunter on the Boulevard Canal during the morning hours of a pleasant day, when the fashionables are on dress parade and the types of nationality exhibited are as varied as the figures of a kaleidoscope. The population of this cosmopolitan town is from all quarters of the globe and a perpetual source of surprise to strangers. Prominent and easily recognized by "those to the manner born," are the creoles. Those who are ignorant of the true meaning of the term creole believe it to signify a class of native-born Louisianians of French and Spanish extraction miscegenated with negro. A fearful error! Creoles are not of mixed blood; they are native Louisianians of French or Spanish ancestry; their pedigree is generally patrician, and has frequently a strain of English, Italian, German, or even Irish, blood in it. To hear of Irish creoles may seem strange to many, yet they are no rarity in Louisiana, where there exist Maccartys (originally McCarthy) and O'Briens, whose infant lispings were in French, whose English is strongly accentuated with it, and whose features are as genuinely French as the *fleur de lys* which blossoms on the flag under whose folds the noble predecessors of their pretty mothers were born.

That distinguished-looking man purchasing flowers bears a Spanish name inherited from ancestors who, centuries ago, held the right to wear a crown; he, too, is a creole, although of good old English stock on the maternal side; for while he is by birth a Louisianian of unadulterated Circassian origin, his father is of Spanish heredity. The flower-girl—or, rather, woman—he is buying of, has a Teutonic face, yet in it is something foreign to German features. She combines a knowledge of "mein faderland's" tongue with those of France and Spain, for the three countries clasped hands in wedlock in the "Queen City," and she is one of the results. Her neat cottage is out on the Chemin Gentilly. She converses with her German husband in his national language, sings French nursery-songs to her babies, and gossips in Spanish with her neighbors; she, too, is a creole.

The notice of a "looker-on" is drawn to the Chinaman, proprietor of a prosperous laundry, in invariable blouse of blue, with his uncut pigtail wound tightly around his shaven poll, who pauses, charmed by the notes of an Italian peasant-girl, in national costume, chanting songs learned in sunny Italy. The nickels bestowed on her are collected by a good-looking fellow, in knee-breeches of black velvet and crimson silk waist-scarf. He is her husband, and labors no more than do "the lilies of the field."

Out of a side street into Canal files a solemn *cortége*; the horses walk with measured tread to the strains of a funeral march. Black crape floats from the furled banners and colors of the company or of the association to which the deceased belonged. With slow step his companions and friends follow the hearse bearing him to the tomb, or vault of his family or of his society. Music is much in vogue for certain classes of funerals in New Orleans, and it is not uncommon to meet in one day several, so accompanied, wending their way toward the cemeteries. The universal mode of interment here is in tombs, which border the walks like narrow streets, in which the "cities of the dead" are laid out. The sepulchres are built with three or four divisions, one over the other, like the stories of a house, each with space for several coffins. Some tombs are imposingly beautiful and stand alone in flower and tree planted plots, surrounded by iron railings. Others are in rows, forming crowded blocks. After a burial, the opening of a tomb is closed with cement and brick, over which is placed a marble slab, bearing inscription. Flowers are always placed around a new-made grave.

On All Souls' Day, November 2d, the quiet homes of the dead become "cities of life." For days previous men are whitening the tombs, trimming plants, reshelling paths, and making the "silent cities" attractive to the living. On the morning of the festival services for the repose of departed souls are held in all Catholic cemeteries, and sad-faced women in mourning garments deck with fragrant blooms the resting-places of their loved ones. All the long day the tramp, tramp of many feet is heard, as those who are still here visit the homes of those who "have gone before." Verily is it the reception-day of the dead, the custom of keeping which binds angel spirits to sorrowing souls yet earth-inthralled, a golden chain of souvenirs linking this world to that beyond the stars. The touching habit of laying garlands on the tombs of the dead was transplanted from France by the very earliest colonists. From it has arisen the touching custom of placing floral offerings on the graves of fallen heroes, and from the decorating of Confederate burial-places in New Orleans, on a day set apart for that purpose, the fashion spread North as well as South, until it became a national one throughout the States.

New Orleans is a city of strong contrasts, of anachronisms, even; the past exists ever here in the present. An American city, yet its Cathedral perpetuates the memory of a French monarch. Its streets bear the names of the great men of France and Spain. It has its being under a republican form of government; but its society is controlled, to a great extent, by the manners and opinions brought nigh two centuries ago from the courts of Paris and Madrid; a society which has its *ancien régime* of old-time aristocracy, to which birth and culture, not gold, form the obligatory "open sesame" as truly as ever they did to the famous *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain. Nor are the above facts ever regretted by those who are so fortunate as to obtain admission within the select circle where gather the *ante-bellum* creole aristocrats, recognize the spotless purity of their wives and daughters, the untarnished honor of their men, and realize the influence which they so fully exemplify of *noblesse oblige*.

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THE days of the early New Englander were not all dark. There was much of the austere in them, but there was also a grain of mirth and cheerfulness. We must bear in mind that the clergymen were the early historians of the country; and they put much gloom in their writings. The mirthful side of social life was expressed at the parties and meetings for hilarity; for such they often had. The young delighted themselves in each other's company, the same as to-day. The young gentleman and his lady either walked to the party or rode on one horse. Parties began in better season than now. The assembly met in the latter part of the afternoon, and the dancing, where dancing was the order, began at about four o'clock. This was truly in good season, but, if our information is correct, they kept even later hours than the parties of to-day.

To ERR on the side of humanity is never a disgrace.

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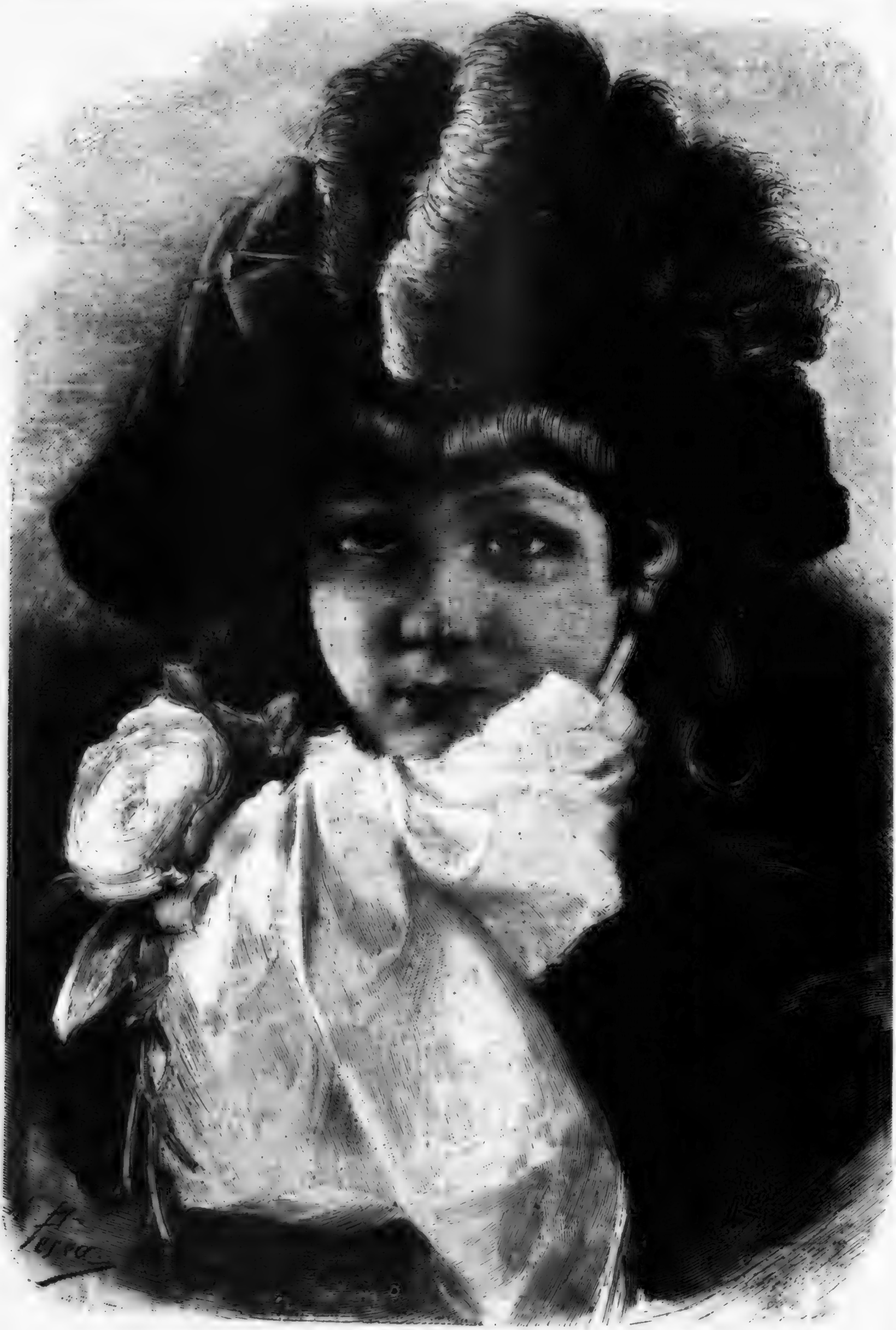
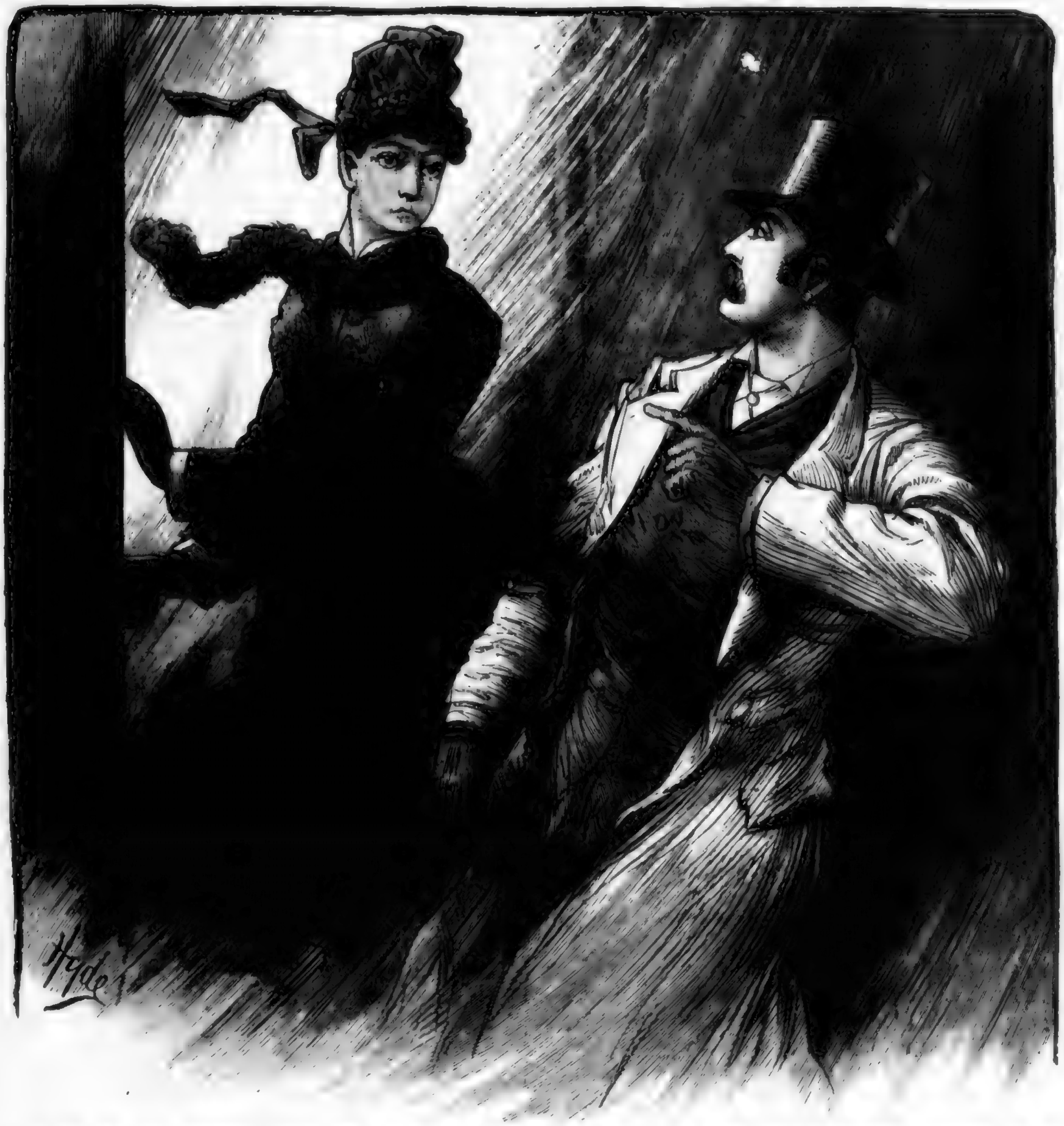


ROSE.—BY ALFRED PEREA.



"'GO IN,' HE SAID, STERNLY, 'AND TRY TO BE HAPPY. SO FAR AS YOU AND YOUR HOME ARE CONCERNED, YOUR LIFE IS TO BE AS THOUGH I HAD NEVER BEEN. WHILE YOU LIVE HERE I SHALL SIMPLY BE *the man outside!*'"

# THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," "OF TWO EVILS," "THE SHADOW FROM VARRAZ," ETC., ETC.

## PART FIRST—THE GREAT BANK ROBBERY.

### SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

WE are introduced to a strange recluse, Jasper Jahnway, sitting in his solitary home reading a manuscript that he had picked up in his own extensive grounds at Jahnway Park. Its many pages told of a murder committed, and of the assassin's startling discovery that a **MAN OUTSIDE** witnessed the crime, as his face was pressed to the storm-washed window of the room. In a pleasanter and more cheerful house, Gilbert Senn, cashier in the village bank, is giving check to Walter Aldrich, a well-to-do lawyer, who rescued him, a mere tramp, from a fearful death from an approaching train, as he lay helpless on the rails, and had ever since befriended him. His friend of friends, to whom he felt an idolatrous devotion, was about to marry the banker's daughter, and Senn feared that the old friendship might cool. Senn walked the streets that night, but returned a changed man. A mystery had arisen in his life. That night Donald Barron tossed in uneasy sleep, freighted with startling dreams. There was a run on his bank. A certificate of deposit for a large amount was suddenly presented. He went to his safe for his reserve, kept in a tin box, but the box contained naught but ashes. So impressed was he by this dream that, in the morning, Sunday though it was, he went to

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the bank. The heavy safe-door rolled open, obedient to his hand, but the tin box had disappeared.

The electric tongue summoned a detective from Boston, and J. B. Prier came. Nothing in the bank gave any clew, though Prier found clews to the robbery or some other crime. That official soon learned that the combination of the lock was known only to Barron, his daughter, and his cashier, Senn. Prier sounded Barron. He did not rob himself; of that he was convinced. He saw the daughter. That she was suspected, caused her wrath to blaze forth.

But the detective, when the father asked him to say that she was innocent, was overcome with emotion, and would only answer, "I do not know!"

## Chapter IV.—(Continued.)

Mr. Barron and Mr. Prier entered the bank together, and passed at once to the private room of the former. The cashier looked up as they entered. He was very worn and weary-looking and pale.

The two men did not delay long. The cashier was sent for. He came promptly.

"Mr. Senn, this is Mr. Prier, of Boston," said Mr. Barron.

Gilbert Senn scarcely looked at Mr. Prier, and made no motion toward shaking hands with him.

"A detective, I presume?" he asked.

"Yes. You know of the need for one?"

"I know of the loss. The money-box is not in the safe."

"And Mr. Prier says that the safe was opened by some one who knew the combination."

Mr. Senn bowed.

"I agree with him," he said.

"You are aware that only three persons knew of the combination?"

"I am."

"You know that I have not robbed my own bank?"

"I know you have not."

"My daughter says no one has learned the combination from her."

"I believe that is true."

"Oh, Gilbert Senn, Gilbert Senn," cried the old man, holding out his hands toward him with a strange yearning written upon his face, and with a grand faith in his voice, "who can have learned it from you? Tell us; help us; who was it?"

"No one. I never revealed the combination."

"But, Gilbert, you surely cannot be guilty. I should learn to distrust every one if I found that possible. There must be some explanation—some clew. Only say that you are innocent—only say it—and I will believe it in spite of anything which chance or circumstance may have piled up against you."

"Thank you."

The old man's hands trembled where they rested upon the desk before him. It is sad when a man who has found only goodness and truth in the faces of his fellows his whole life long must look out from under gray eyebrows, searching in sorrow and suspicion for sin and fraud.

Mr. Senn turned toward the detective.

"You are in the employ of Mr. Barron?" he asked.

"I am."

"And not in that of the authorities?"

"*So far as this robbery is concerned*—no."

"And you will do his bidding, and his only?"

"Yes—*as regards the robbery.*"

"Very well; I——"

"Will you not say it? say it soon?" interrupted Mr. Barron; "say you are innocent!"

"*I am guilty!*" said Gilbert Senn.

"Guilty?" shouted Mr. Barron.

But Mr. Prier, who seemed to take pleasure in comparing those with whom he had to deal with the characters of history—especially Bible history—muttered a name to himself. Again, as in his earlier morning interview, it was not more than a question—a dubious and unsatisfactory question:

"*Ananias?*" was the uncomplimentary term he used.

"I took the money," said Senn, answering Mr. Barron's incredulous cry.

The detective sprang to his feet.

"This is unprecedented," he said; "absolutely unprecedented. Have—have you thought of—of the consequences in making this avowal? Have you considered—er—er—everything?"

Senn turned frankly and bravely toward Prier

"I think I have," he said, quietly.

Whereupon the detective seated himself and relapsed into silence. His face was grim enough, but you would not have guessed that he would ever smile again.

"I shall send you to prison," said Barron.

"I think you will not," replied Senn.

"I certainly will."

"Then you will be ruined. Touch me with the power of the law and you will never see a dollar of your money again. It is hidden—well hidden."

"It can be searched for."

"It will not be found. Besides that, you cannot afford delay."

"I think I can. No one knows of this loss."

"All the town knows it. I have told a dozen men this morning that it is missing."

"Then I am ruined."

"Not quite. I have urged that you be allowed today in which to find the money. The request will be granted, I think."

"And then?"

"I will return the money."

"You will return it?"

"On certain conditions."

"Name them."

"Freedom from prosecution."

"I grant that."

"Admission to partnership with you."

"Your terms are hard, but I must submit. I grant that, too."

"*And the hand of your daughter in marriage!*"

"Never, you scoundrel! My daughter is engaged to an honest man."

"She must break her engagement."

"Never, you hound!"

"It is that, Mr. Barron, or ruin."

"Welcome ruin, then. I—I—— Do you love my good and beautiful daughter?"

"*I never saw your daughter's beautiful face in my life.*"

"What—what——"

He paused. The door opened. Miss Elsie Barron stood on the threshold.

## CHAPTER V.

### FOR A FATHER'S HONOR.

There are possible events which are worse than ruin, worse than loss of money, worse than loss of friendship and faith and confidence. There are alternatives presented to suffering men and women, again and again, where the choice would be death—death in any awful and sudden and agony-filled form—rather than the other side of the terrible question. Do you wonder that men and women find their hands nerved for self-destruction, sometimes, and that "no reason is known" is too often all that the world can learn regarding the saddest and most fearful of human tragedies—the tragedies of self-sacrifice?

Donald Barron knew that into his life, if he lived, was coming that which would embitter and darken it for ever. It was written in his daughter's face as she stood in the doorway, half hesitating before she came forward, bravely and lovingly, as great a heroine as poet and sculptor ever made immortal; it shone in her smile; it appeared in every movement and gesture. Could a great angel, clothed in cloud, and bright with majesty and power, have bent down from the heavens and offered the old man the choice between instant death and that future which a noble human purpose had planned for him, his last breath would have been spent in making his answer—his last thought would have been, "Thank God!"

There are heights of self-abnegation so far removed from the ordinary plane of human experience that most men doubt their existence until some sudden inspiration clears the mists and doubts away. Mr. Prier knew what was coming when he saw Elsie Barron open the door of the private office. He had seen all the depths of human depravity; he had watched vile cunning and treacherous meanness; he understood how low crime may go, how wicked the heart may learn to be; but something from the other extremity of the long line of human impulse and passion was acting itself out before his eyes. He had seen men go to the gallows, and he knew that they usually went with an air of bravado which was of little credit to them. He had read, with a true cynic smile, of the bravery of martyrs on their way to the stake. He was watching the bravest woman, now, of whom he had ever heard; he was waiting to see her do the bravest thing he had ever seen done.

She walked straight to Gilbert Senn, did this woman, who had heard his audacious demand as she stood for a moment just outside the door.

"I will marry you," she said, "and guarantee the other conditions you mentioned."

Then she turned toward Prier.

"I hate you," she said, fiercely, "and I always shall; but one likes the respect of one's enemies. I swore I would do anything for my father; I swore that I was innocent. Do you believe me now? Are you convinced?"

"I am. I crave your pardon. I——"

"Father!" she cried, springing toward the old man.

He had fainted.

Prier and Senn both hurried forward.

"Help me place him upon the lounge; call for help; send for a physician." These were her hurried words to the man whose everlasting and relentless enemy she had said she would be!

"Stand back! Keep your hands off! I will kill you if you touch him!" That was what she said to the man she had just promised to marry!

Ah, well! Consistency may be a jewel; it will never find a woman's heart a fitting setting for itself until woman no longer bears, in martyr-like silence, and with saint-like resignation, the heaviest burdens laid upon the race.

* * * * * *

Expostulation had been of no avail. There had been none to try its power with the devoted girl, save her father and the detective; no others knew fully of Senn's confession and demand; few others knew of her purpose. Senn had been firm. He would recede from nothing. He would modify no condition.

Prier had had no power with her. His opposition had rather strengthened her purpose; his angry vehemence had stimulated all her obstinate resolution to the point of absolute rebellion.

Mr. Barron's opposition had grown weaker and weaker. Her sacrifice would save everything else—his name, his life, his honor. She hid her pain. She was brave. There was a smile upon her lips. So the end was what she knew it would be—knew from the moment she went into her father's private office at the bank.

And the end had come!

It was evening—Monday evening, the seventh day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy. It had been snowing for hours. The wind swept everywhere in icy waves, tossing the snow into drifts of fantastic shapes. It was a fitting night—the sky like lead and the dead earth in its shroud—for a beautiful woman to give her life and her future for a father's honor.

The little church, standing back from the road, a little way from town, nestled among the trees, through whose branches the black wind weirdly whistled, was dimly lighted up. Few knew why its narrow windows were aglow. Few inquired. Passers-by drew coats or cloaks closer about them and hurried on. That is the world's way, you know. One hasn't to go far in search of tragedies in this world of ours—one has only to pause where the wintry wind wails or where the Summer sun scorches—pause and watch and wait.

It was late when two closely curtained carriages drew up at the church-door. They left their loads there, and were driven swiftly away again. It seemed as though the occupants must be ashamed of their errand, so much did they evidently desire privacy. Indeed, had Rev. John Kane been asked by one of whose honor and worth he had had less assurance than he had in Donald Barron's case, he might have wondered — doubted — investigated—*declined!* As it was, he only wondered and doubted.

Gilbert Senn came in the first of the two carriages, and came alone. You would not have taken him for a man about to be married. As solemn a sacrament as marriage is, his gravity and seriousness—his deep and impenetrable gloom, perhaps I ought to say—could never have originated in the mere contemplation of his responsible present and his possible future.

Nor would Gilbert Senn have been picked out as a criminal. His head was erect. He looked steadily about him. It would have been hard to believe that he would have shunned the eyes of any one whom he might have met. He did not look like a man who had put himself in danger of imprisonment and disgrace. He did not seem a scoundrel and an outcast. You can find in a half-day's observation among your acquaintances a dozen men and women of pure and blameless lives whose cheeks would color quicker and whose eyes would falter sooner under suspicion than would those of Gilbert Senn.

The second carriage brought four persons. Donald Barron descended first. He was very pale. One could not help thinking that he must almost have his grave in sight, as he came down the carriage-steps so slowly and languidly. He was an old man—in years. He was an older man—in thoughts and feelings. He had grown very old and very feeble in the hours which lay between this storm-cursed night and this day's morning.

Donald Barron waited for his daughter. Her hand trembled as she laid it upon his arm to support herself in leaving the carriage. She looked as little like a bride as one could imagine, dressed in black from head to foot, and with a thick vail of heavy crape across her face and about her shoulders. She looked like a mourner; it was well she did. Was she not about to bury her hopes—her love—her womanhood—her future?

"I wish——" she began, wistfully, as they stood where the light from the open church-door fell upon them. She paused, then, hesitatingly.

"Well?" said her father.

"I wish I dared defy Mr. Senn, when I am his wife, and shut the door of my old girlhood's home in his face."

"You cannot do that. Once his wife, the law makes you his. Where he goes, he may command that you go also, and you must obey. It is a terrible fate, Elsie, a terrible fate. Why marry him at all? I have urged you not to sacrifice yourself thus for me. I had rather die than that you should. Let us go back."

Her hand trembled upon his arm.

But she looked back, with a silent shiver, at the two who were following them. She shook her head. Her old-time friend and companion had bravely approved, though only partly understanding, her ideas of duty; should she allow herself to fall below the merit of the praise she had won? Detective Prier had urged that she abstain from the sacrifice of her young life; should she give him the satisfaction of victory, after all? Never! Never! She only clasped her hand a little tighter over her father's arm, and hurried a little now, as though her resolution was proof against everything—tears—sorrow—heartbreak—everything, *except time!* They entered the church.

Elsie Barron's lady companion had objected to coming to the church; she had, as I have already said, strengthened Elsie's resolution by her strong words of approval; but she shrank, so she told her friend, from being a witness to the sacrifice; at the last moment, however, she had consented to come. She kept her vail down, never raising it from the time she left her room until she was safely in it again, and Mr. Prier, who took a deep interest in her, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Barron and his daughter had both neglected the formality of an introduction, felt certain that she cried constantly from the time she entered the carriage until she entered it again, when the ceremony was over, to return to Mr. Barron's house. It would have been strange, could one have suddenly lifted her vail, to have found other than tears—laughter, for instance.

While Mr. Barron and his daughter exchanged the few sentences which have been recorded, as they went up to the church, Mr. Prier and Elsie Barron's friend followed in silence. Mr. Prier had politely offered his arm; the lady had declined it with a gesture. After which the two walked well apart. Just at the church-door the lady slipped. Prier sprang to her assistance, and her thick vail just escaped his fingers. She recovered her footing without aid, however, and Mr. Prier pushed back into his pocket the casket which had almost slipped out. It came very near going down under-foot.

It isn't expedient, just at present, to explain how near these two inconsiderate characters of mine, with careless footsteps and insecurely kept packages, came to spoiling my story. Which, with the heroine and—and another prominent character—about to unite their futures in marriage, would have been, from a historian's point of view, utterly without excuse.

Elsie Barron and her father went forward to the altar. Gilbert Senn was already waiting there. J. B. Prier took a seat in one of the front pews. The lady took a seat across the aisle from him. She seemed strangely hysterical; her frame shook with suppressed emotion during the whole time which she sat there. Indeed, out of all those present, Gilbert Senn and Elsie were the two calmest and most self-controlled.

Rev. John Kane began the marriage service, the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church. I hope for the sake of Rev. John Kane that he did not even dimly guess how much of a mockery it was.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

The clergyman made a longer pause than he had ever made before at that place. But no one spoke.

Gilbert Senn bowed his head a little lower than he had held it before. Elsie Barron, soon to be Elsie Barron no more for ever, could be heard weeping softly behind her thick, black vail, as the gale outside half ceased—as though the very elements were listening for a righteous interruption. Elsie's father grew paler, if possible, but what could he say more than he had said already? Elsie's friend sat listening expectantly, but she said nothing; what was there for her to say at a time like this? Mr. Prier said nothing; he was like the rest in that. But, if he had only spoken his thoughts aloud, I think the Rev. John Kane would have sent Elsie Barron home, Elsie Barron still. These were the unvoiced thoughts which stood just behind his firm lips, waiting for the tongue which made no sign: "Or else hereafter for ever hold his peace!" Should I speak? I am going to betray this man to the authorities, not for a paltry robbery, but for an atrocious and pitiless murder. Little by little, link by link, I am going to weave the chains of proof about him. I shall convict him. I shall use money and influence at the beginning of every road which might lead to freedom for him; I shall watch at every door where he might find pity and mercy; I shall be sleepless and tireless; I shall merit success, merit it through courage and energy, and I shall win it. And so, one day, this man will look up into the blue sky through a closely fitting noose—look up for the last time; they will draw the black cap down over his eyes; and then—and then——"

The clergyman was speaking again. Mr. Prier would not have put his words into audible language, but if he had intended, for a moment, to do that, it was now too late.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

Elsie Barron raised her vail with a sudden motion which was full of grace and dignity. Pale and tearful, she had never been so lovely in all her life before. It may be possible that she had had a half-formed hope that the sight of her suffering face would move Gilbert Senn to pity, and so save her. If she had such a hope, if she had cherished such a dream, she lost. Senn drew back; the agony in his face deepened in intensity; the tears stood in his eyes. Why? Can you not make a reasonable guess at the reason? She was a beautiful woman—a radiantly beautiful woman—standing there in the lamplight, a sort of comb, ending in an old-fashioned cross, set with pearls, looking as though it might have been an heirloom in the family for generations, thrust carelessly into her hair, her only ornament.

"I will," said Gilbert Senn, his voice hoarse and harsh. And, if there was any mental reservation in his marriage with this woman, let us not now inquire too closely.

The ceremony was soon over. J. B. Prier signed his name in the register as a witness, and hurried out upon the stone steps; the church seemed so close and hot that he was almost stifled; he almost wished he had spoken. "I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody!" he muttered.

The other witness, Elsie's companion and friend, was more leisurely than the detective had been. Indeed she had scarcely got her glove off by the time Mr. Prier was outside in the wind and storm. She signed with care. "Lurline Bannottie" looked very well, indeed, when she was done, though the cross to the *t's* and the dots for the *i's* were made a little spitefully, not to say viciously. "It's just as well——," she said, thoughtfully to herself, but was thoughtless enough (if I've used the right word) to leave her self-addressed statement unfinished.

"You will take me home—that is, to my father's home—I presume, Mr. Senn, until you have—have—have completed the necessary business with my father?" asked Elsie.

"Certainly," answered Senn.

They waited a little for the carriages, some of them standing just without, and others just within, the church.

It was a strange group.

Prier stood just outside, vigorously chewing a cigar which he had forgotten to light. Senn had moved close up to him, as though there was something of safety there, and more comfort in that silent companionship than could be found elsewhere.

Donald Barron and his daughter stood inside, the old man leaning heavily and feebly upon her. They seemed to have forgotten the presence of any others.

The clergyman, not far away, tried to think of something appropriate to say to Miss Bannottie. He had the reputation of being a gifted conversationalist. I believe some one classes silence as a strong feature in the character of a man who would rank as a great converser; if that be correct, the fame which the Rev. John Kane enjoyed was undoubtedly his due; he could think of nothing appropriate to say; he said nothing.

The Rev. John Kane, however, was emphatically a man who must talk—a typical American, if you please. If Miss Bannottie's presence could not be an inspiration to him, some one else's must. He came out to where the detective stood, and being, like Miss Bannottie, among those who had not met the acute individual that day through the regular channel of an introduction, he introduced himself, and attempted to lay the kindly foundation of a pleasant chat.

"My name is Kane, John Kane," he said, extending his hand.

"Mine's Prier," said that gentleman.

"Glad to know you. An old friend of the family, I presume?"

"Old, and a friend of the family," said Prier, a little ambiguously. He looked old at that moment—very old, much older than he had looked before since his arrival in Boomville; whether he looked like a friend of the family is, perhaps, an open question.

"You are from——"

"Boston," snapped Prier.

"Indeed. To what church do you belong?"

"None."

"No?"

"No. You see I have not found it possible to believe in all that you clergymen accept."

"No?"

"No. I believe fully in one thing, though."

"And that is——"

The detective turned sharply toward the waiting group. He tossed his cigar away with a sullen movement.

"*Eternal punishment!*" he said.

At which Miss Lurline Bannottie, the long-time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hesitating a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannottie pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver touched his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannottie was out first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up the steps, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be *the man outside!*"

"I do not understand——" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut, and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in at a gate, at no very great distance from the house, leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I've impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, back to the gate. He stooped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly; and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

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Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door from his pocket; he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until to-morrow," he said; "keep it until I am your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until to-morrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barron, at last, closing the door of his safe with a clang, "and I suppose there is nothing more that we can do to-night."

"Nothing, I think," said Senn, rising and going over to the window. "The storm is almost over. It will be a better day to-morrow."

"'A better day—a better day," said Prier to himself, the grim smile in its place upon his face again, and his hand busy with the mysterious parcel which has claimed so much of his attention since we have had the honor of his acquaintance. "We shall see what sort of a day it will be; we shall see. "I'll be——"

And he ceased muttering, and gave himself up to his thoughts again.

"A better day!" moaned Donald Barron; "a better day! God grant I may never know the misery of a worse one!" He moved across the room, stood close by the side of Gilbert Senn, and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You've done a mean and cowardly and treacherous thing," he said, "as well as a desperately wicked one. I was your friend, Gilbert Senn, when you needed a friend, and when besides myself you had only one other in all the world. My daughter was the promised wife of that other friend, and you were the most trusted man in my employ; that was only two days ago. What now? You robbed me. Robbery was ruin to me. No one knew that better than you did, and no one knew better than you how hard a bargain it was wise to try to drive. You boasted of your crime. You demanded a terrible price for restitution, a price which was paid only against my earnest protest, and——"

"I kept my word, did I not?" demanded Senn, raising his head, and turning until he could look Mr. Barron in the eye.

"You did, and I shall keep mine. To-morrow I shall make you my partner."

"To-morrow—to-morrow," with a shade of disappointment in his voice, and letting his head fall forward upon his breast again; "to-morrow is a long way ahead"—speaking reflectively—"a long way into the future."

"It shall be done to-morrow," asserted Barron again; "and now tell me this: Where shall you take your——your—my daughter? Will you be kind and good to her? Will you try to make me and her forget the cruel way in which you won her? If you will, if you only will, I will bless——"

Senn put up his hand as though to ward off a blow.

"Don't. I bade her farewell for ever to-night; I hope I shall never see her again. Be assured that I shall not cross her path unless she crosses mine."

"But what—what—why have you done as you have? I do not understand."

"No matter," turning sharply, and shaking Barron's hand impatiently from his shoulder; "since you have your money and your daughter back, what are my reasons to you? Call it a sudden temptation; call it cowardice; call it remorse; call it what you please. Call it anything—anything——"

"Except the truth," interrupted Mr. Prier.

They put out the lights. They left the bank. The three men all went by way of Senn's boarding-place. The sky was clear now, but the wind was high and the night was bitter cold. There was little conversation. Circumstance or Fate or Providence has seldom thrown three more strangely assorted men together.

They paused at Senn's boarding-place. The cold was keener and sharper. There was no reason why there should be time wasted in leave-taking. But Mr. Barron lingered.

"Gilbert Senn," he said, "I wish I understood all this. I trusted you fully. Then I distrusted you utterly. And now, you put out of your hands some of the powers you have won; you sell your manhood and your honor—your very soul even—for certain advantages, and then you neglect using those advantages. I do not understand, and——"

Senn looked up toward the stars, shining so clearly in the upper blue, now that the storm had drifted away.

"And I pray God you never may," he said, with solemn emphasis.

The great detective turned away his head. It may be that he had never been connected with such a case before. It may be that the man whose long career had known but one professional failure saw in his future the possibility of another one.

No matter.

He only shut his teeth a little tighter together and informed himself of a fact which should have been sufficiently familiar by that time, the fact which related to the blame which would inevitably fall upon him if he failed in his efforts to see that some guilty wretch was duly and regularly hanged!

## CHAPTER VI.

### TO ANOTHER DAY.

"It will be a better day to-morrow"; Senn had said that. It was no new thing to say. Humanity has been saying it for these thousands of years—that and that other thing which Senn said—"To-morrow is a long way ahead; a long, long way into the future." Humanity will have it for its lot to say these hopeful and unhappy things for thousands of years yet; by the bed of sickness, by the open grave, by the routes where armies have tramped and burned and plundered, by the loved ones who have gone wrong, in sight of the evil which has prospered, by throne and in hovel, in palace and in prison, on the victor's car of triumph and at the gallows and guillotine—everywhere and at all times the shadow has fallen and will ever fall. Thank God for the faith that can bear and believe, though "to-morrow *is* a long, long way into the future"; thank God that "*it will be a better day,*" in some coming to-morrow.

Gilbert Senn went directly to his room. That was a remarkable thing for a man to do who had found it a pleasant thing to rob his benefactor, betray his best friend, wreck a woman's life, and—puzzle the best detective Boston boasted. It would have seemed quite the proper thing for a man in the habit of stealing money by the hundreds of thousands of dollars at a time to have put on some sort of disguise, and have taken a look about town to see what portable property might not be properly protected.

Gilbert Senn did nothing of the sort. He went at once to his room. He retired at once. He went promptly to sleep.

Why?

How can I tell? The money was back in Donald Barron's safe; nothing could alter that fact. Donald Barron's daughter was his wife; no doubt could exist regarding that. There was an array of facts that the world would know to-morrow. They were definite and unmistakable; they were rather to his advantage than otherwise. The facts which were to his disadvantage seemed certain to go no further than Donald Barron, J. B. Prier and Mrs. Gilbert Senn. Authorities tell us that the condemned prisoner sleeps better than the accused who is on trial; it is possible that the man who is to hang to-morrow would sleep soundly to-night if he were only certain there would be neither pardon nor commutation nor reprieve to come between him and a sounder sleep to-morrow night; how can I tell?

Gilbert Senn slept soundly. He slept almost dreamlessly. He slept until the day had fully come. And if he moaned once or twice, if there were signs sometimes of brief dreams stirring about his head and through his sleeping senses, was it not true that he was not yet the partner of Donald Barron? Had he not spoken correctly of to-morrow?

* * * * * *

Mrs. Gilbert Senn slept well that night, too. Gilbert Senn's wife beyond any question; her education and religious belief such that divorce was an unthinkable thing to her; her father saved; her personal freedom for the future assured. There was, perhaps, no reason—if we accept the theory that certainty brings calm and repose—why she should be wakeful or dream-haunted.

It is true that she crept to the door of her father's chamber, crept timidly and noiselessly, and knocked softly there, when she was about to seek her rest. No matter that girlhood had gone; no matter that youth had flown; no matter that *young* womanhood was of her past, every night since she could remember she had kissed her father's lips before she went to her rest, except when absent from home without him; why should this night, the first night of her unloved and unlovely wifehood, be an exception? We feel kindest and tenderest toward those for whom we have done most. She, having given herself, a living sacrifice, for her father, loved him better than she had ever done before in all her life.

So she went to his room. So she knocked. So she tried the door. So, finding the door unlocked, she entered. But he had not yet returned. She went away, never loving him better than now, but without the benediction of his good-night kiss upon her lips.

She meant to remain awake; she was fully determined that she would; she *must* see her father before she slept, so she said to herself; but she was sleeping soundly when the old banker crept softly to her door, some hours later, and listened.

Let her sleep, wife but no wife; the heroine and the victim of devoted self-sacrifice; let her sleep, for she will need strength and vigor to face her future. Her better to-morrow, coming, God grant, lies beyond many sunrises of hope—noontimes of weariness—sunsets of despair.

* * * * * * *

It was late, of course, when Mr. Barron and Mr. Prier returned from the bank. The former went in at once. He was in a great hurry. He was very anxious to see his daughter. He felt that he should rest easier after he had told her the story of the evening's work, and placed her in possession of the means of opening the bank-safe. But, as has been said, she had long been sleeping when he came in, and he could not find it in his heart to wake her to the realities of her situation and her sorrow. Mr. Prier did not go in.

"I can ring the bell when I am ready," he said, as he shook hands with Mr. Barron at the foot of the steps, "and a servant can let me in. I want to think a little, and smoke a little, and I find I can do either better when I am on my feet than when I am sitting down; I find I can do either better when I am outdoors than when I am in the house. And"—here Mr. Barron closed the front door from within—"and I guess I'll *watch* a little, too."

He drew the collar of his overcoat up high about his ears. He pulled his hat down low. He thrust his gloved hands deep down into the outer pockets of his overcoat, and commenced his weary vigil.

To walk—to watch—to wait; to wait—to walk—to watch. That was what the steady tramp of his feet seemed to say to his heart and brain as he moved up and down—up and down—up and down—in front of the house of Donald Barron, and in front of the grounds belonging to it.

"To walk—to watch—to wait!"

Why?

J. B. Prier, Esq., the great detective, couldn't have told you himself; he didn't know. He only knew that he felt like doing that, and J. B. Prier was a man who was in the habit of letting his impulses help him. In fact, there were certain principles regarding his business which he always followed, but never talked about. "Follow your instincts, when in doubt," and "Let your reason explain later, if it needs more time," were two of them. We may call Mr. Prier wise or unwise, and his principles sound or faulty, according to the clearness with which we understand and appreciate the delicacy of the connection between body and mind and the mysterious mutual influences of minds upon each other.

Mr. Prier felt like walking and watching. He did it. Any one, of course, could have done the same. But most men would have gone in and gone to bed.

Why didn't Prier go and walk near the bank? I don't know. Prier didn't know. Reason told him that there wouldn't be any necessity for his walking there and watching there; but reason told him he was a fool for staying out such a terribly cold night at all. Impulse led him toward the bank; impulse led him toward Gilbert Senn's lodgings; impulse invited him to remain near the Barron residence. Among such a variety of conflicting impressions it was surely a delicately adjusted mind which appreciated fully their relative power and value, and a giant will which held him to what he did.

The air grew colder and colder. The wind became stronger and fiercer. The snow was swept in eddying whirls about his feet, or hurled into his cold face. But he walked up and down all night long, forgetting that he needed sleep, forgetting weariness and cold, forgetting everything except the one event in the past which had baffled his skill—the puzzle of the present—and his faith and resolution for the future.

How bright the stars were. How fast the world dipped its ever-falling horizon toward the east; how fast new stars sprang up there, like white knots of storm-tossed foam on the sea-beach. And, one by one, constellation after constellation, they fell away from his watchful eyes,

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going—going—going, going to bless other nations and other peoples, falling into night beyond the rising rim of the line which bounded Boomville's world.

Did Prier learn anything? Tell me whether you ever came to a new day knowing only what you knew the day before, and I will tell you.

Did he gain anything? Tell me how much the tree which shades your door grew last night, and I will answer.

Was his instinct or impulse or impression right? Is the instinct of the plant which forces its black toes deeper into the soil, and stretches its green fingers higher and higher toward heaven, right? Tell me, and I, in turn, will tell you.

Truth to tell, he saw nothing, heard nothing, found nothing. Not a dog barked. Not a belated outcast cat skulked along in shadow of fence or shrub-row. Not a window was raised in the Barron mansion. Not an outer door opened nor closed. No one went in. No one came out.

The stars grew dim. They faded out. The tardy sun rose reluctantly in the frigid air. It was morning. It was a new day. A better one? Who can say?

"My vigil has amounted to nothing," he said, as he stretched his cold and cramped limbs, and stamped vigorously on the sidewalk in an attempt to get more warmth into his chilled feet.

He looked up. The dim light which had shone in one of the rooms all night long, almost a mockery to him with its hints of warmth and comfort, burned there still.

Had his vigil amounted to nothing? He wondered, vaguely, in whose room that light burned. Did some one keep watch within, as he outside? Who? Why?

In the day when he *knows*, he will not count this night a lost one!

"I dare say," muttered this keen student of human nature, "that Gilbert Senn and Elsie Senn and Donald Barron are all as far removed from my wakeful and restless mood as it is possible for any one to be. To the doubting, sleep is a coquette."

Very likely.

Miss Lurline Bannottie, her knees upon the floor, her elbows upon the sill, her face pressed close to the window that she might peer through the nearly closed blinds, had wakefully watched the great detective all the night.

"How thankful I should be for strength; I can face the exigencies and perplexities of a new day, and feel no ill effects from my loss of sleep and rest. Another, with equal or greater need, but with less physical power, might find nature's demands too strong, and wakeful work impossible." Thus said the wise detective.

And, doubtless, truly.

Her bowed head upon the window-sill, her senses fast locked in slumber, Miss Lurline Bannottie had forgotten in the morning the work and watchfulness of the night.

"To walk—to watch—to—to——" she murmured.

And J. B. Prier came up the steps to the door and rang the bell.

* * * * * *

Did you ever think, reader, of history or of fiction, of the many things to which those who write must put their pens only with reluctance and in sorrow? Is it pleasant for a Frenchman to write of Waterloo? Can a true Englishman write, with a steady hand and a happy heart, the tale of vain watchfulness and weary waiting at Khartoum?

So with me. I think of the events which followed one another, so rapidly and so strangely, in the lives of the man outside—and his friends and foes. While much is bright, some is dark; I would gladly leave out some things which I must tell. I would find pleasure in saying that this and this happy event took place, instead of that and that sad one. But I must be a faithful chronicler; I must tell what happened, and as it happened; not because I love pain much, shall I pain you, but because I love truth fully.

Did Donald Barron sleep?

Let us apply our theory. Ought he to have slept?

His money was recovered; it was safe; his name would be untarnished; his honor was secure.

But his daughter—she was the unloved and unloving wife of an adventurer, the wife of a man so bad that his soul had never shown its blackness until he had, as it were, boastfully bared his breast and opened his very heart, crying: "Look; I have deceived you all; behold the manner of man I am; hate me and despise me, if you wish, but dare not to refuse me aught."

Gilbert Senn had told him that he had no wish to ever see Elsie again. But Gilbert Senn had been the very soul of honor, exact to a penny, scrupulous and careful and painstaking. And Gilbert Senn had outdone infamy at last. Might he not again? Elsie was his wife. He had power to put a continent—an ocean—half the world, between her and the loving father, for whom she had done so much; the law was on his side; the power was his.

And, on the other hand, he had said he would not do it; he, the man whose life for ten long years must have been one long, living lie.

To-morrow he must face him. To-morrow he must see him hand out the contents of that once stolen tin box in payment of the obligations which would come from the hands of frightened creditors and depositors. To-morrow he must watch the careful accuracy with which every item would be entered upon the books, watch the matter-of-fact *sang froid* of audacious hypocrisy—until he would almost go mad.

To-morrow he must make the articles of agreement regarding a partnership with Gilbert Senn, make them in the presence of witnesses, make them with a smile upon his face, and with friendship in his tone.

To-morrow—to-morrow.

Who had said it would be a better day to-morrow?

It could not possibly be true.

To-morrow he must face the world as well as Gilbert Senn; he must see men hurry in for their money, looks of suspicion on their faces for him; he must listen to congratulations on the marriage of his daughter; he must hear men ask wonderingly of one another whether it was possible that Senn had money with which to help the bank through its great crisis.

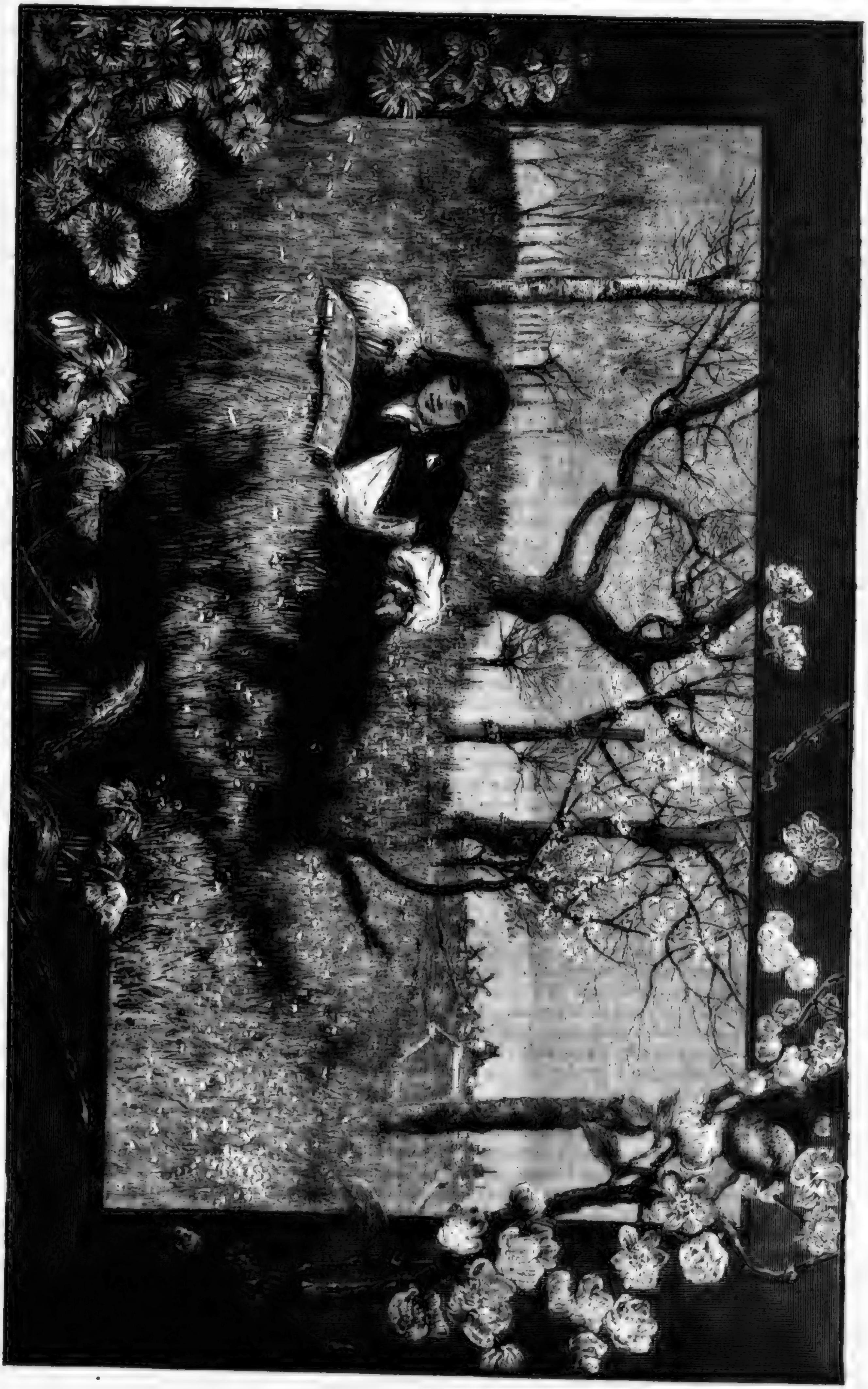
Sleep?

Donald Barron sleep?

When he has worn himself out; when he can live no longer without slumber; when he must lose the consciousness of his woes and doubts, for a little time, or go mad; then he *may* sleep. Until then—

Ask me whether lost souls, with the shadow of eternity lying dark about them, can sleep! Sleep in the fires of hell!

The hours of torture which Donald Barron passed! Who can count their miseries and their doubts? Now leaving his bed, to stumble across the room in the icy darkness, that he may look up at the stars, beyond which is God and His peace, and wonderingly down at the endless and tireless walk of the great detective—the detective who has so great a reputation, but whose very



BLOSSOM-TIME.—SKETCH BY W. BERNATZIK.

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presence has seemed to be a bane and a curse to him and his house. Now going out from his room, scantily clad, to listen again and again at the door of his beloved Elsie, that he may know whether her breathing is perfectly regular, and unbroken by sobs and moans. Now back to his bed again, to wrestle anew with the questions he cannot answer, and the feelings which he can neither conquer nor control.

Thus lived Donald Barron for long hours; thus he fought this battle which he had found in his journey along the road of life; thus he toiled and struggled with himself until he was weary and worn with the agony of it all.

And then—

Slowly he sank away into slumber.

Slowly the dreams came about him from their mystic homes in his mind.

(Pardon me, reader, and let me tell this as I must—as it happened. We shall find little of dreams after this night has gone.)

It seemed to Donald Barron that he was very sick; he could hear some one tramping up and down outside the room—or outside the house—some one who was undoubtedly watching with him, or for his death. He tried to call for his daughter; she was too far away; his voice faded into silence half way down the cold, dark hall, at the end of which it seemed to him she was sleeping. Then the dream changed; he had died; he was in his coffin, not in a trance, not with resuscitation possible and further life a hope, but dead—dead—undeniably dead — though in some strange way he was conscious of death all the time, conscious of his own state. They lowered him into his grave; how dark — how terribly dark—it was, and how cold! Tears fell upon his coffin-lid. There was the sound of weeping above him. Some loving fingers let a handful of dust scatter slowly through the dark air above to fall softly on the glass above his face. It needed not sight to tell him who thus cared for the dead; the tears came from Elsie's eyes—the "dust to dust" from her frail, loving fingers. Then something else fell upon his coffin, something not warm and moist like a daughter's tears, something not drifting dryly like love's gift of the dust of oblivion; something which fell slowly, and with a crisp rustle, a little at first—then more, and more, and more, until the air was full of the noise of its fall! Money! Money! Bank bills! Money by the handful, falling from the hands of Gilbert Senn! Stolen money! His money! Money which alone stood between his daughter and starvation! Would they not see it? It could do him no good in his grave. Would they let it be wasted? Was it so dark as that! Alas, yes! They piled the soil in above him, above him and his money, and he was dead, and could not say a word, and—

Donald Barron awoke.

Do you remember what happened to him, only two nights ago, when his bank wss robbed? It was a terrible experience through which he passed then. It was as nothing to that which he was called upon to endure now.

More than twenty years before, a very excellent physician had talked very frankly to Mr. Donald Barron. He had told him some very plain facts about a weak and diseased heart and a faulty circulation; he had told him what he might and what he might not do, with safety, at his business and at his table. It was not pleasant, old though he was, to wake there with the blood stagnating in vein and artery, with the memory of that well-meant warning vividly present with him, while he could but admit that day by day, for years and years, he had practically forgotten it. The closing words of the long, and perhaps somewhat dry and prosy, talk the doctor had given him, seemed sounding in his ears: "Avoid all excitement, anger, passion; unless you are temperate and wise you will be found dead in your bed some morning."

"Do you know what it is to stand face to face with death? Has fire or water or railway wreck or tempest ever shut you away, for a little time, from hope? If experience can help you, you may understand how Donald Barron felt when he awoke in the gathering brightness of the early morning of the new day; if experience of that sort has happily passed you by, I fear you must go with this narrative without fully comprehending Donald Barron's feelings and thoughts.

He had feared death, two mornings ago, when he had found his powers chained down against the sovereignty of his will for a little time. Now he knew that death was certain. In the same way have countless others feared in folly until certainty was a revelation.

It was very hard to die so. But, then, death is always hard when it comes to the man whose mind has not gone down into the darkness in advance of the mere physical. And, hard or not, it is inevitable.

His hearing was wonderfully acute. His daughter's breathing, slow and regular, and as peaceful as when she was an infant, fell upon his ear. So near, and yet so far. How he loved her. How well he had tried to care for her. How bravely and unselfishly she had done for him all that it had been possible for her to do. If she could only come to him now; if she could only raise him up in her strong arms; if she could rub his cold limbs; if she could only dash cold water upon his face and chest; but no—she slumbered on—and *he was dying!*

Outside, the great detective walked up and down. Watching? Watching! But death enters silently and unseen. Waiting? Waiting! It will be strange news he will hear in the morning. He has taken a great interest in this case, a phenomenal interest; if he would only take it into his queer old head to run up to his employer's room to tell him the result of his night of thought and study; but no—he still tramped on with the same sad monotony which had sounded in his steps all night—beating the same message, with heel and toe, "to walk—to watch—to wait; to wait—to watch," *and Donald Barron was dying!*

He could not move. He could not speak. Kiss and blessing—Elsie must live without them. And the secret of the combination of the safe in his bank—it must die with him. The stars, growing dim now, shone in at his window, and lit up a very pale face where very dim eyes looked motionlessly at the ceiling—and at the future.

His hands and feet were like lead. The circulation was failing him. His lungs struggled vainly; they were locked fast against the life-giving air. His heart beat no longer. His brain was going—going.

How he struggled. It was useless. What were the words they would say over him, one day not far away? They came to him, slowly and laggingly, it seemed, for he could not think now as he could once—not as he could when he awoke in despair that Gilbert Senn should put his money into his grave with him—and the words of hope for the dead made his prayer for the dying: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live——"

And what was that? Who stood by his bed? Was it a phantom of a dying brain, or the first clear sight of a freed soul?

His daughter had not come. The great detective had not guessed his need. No door had opened. Did his wife—the dear woman he had followed to her last resting-place under the sun-kissed flowers, long years ago—did she stand by his bedside now? I do not know. Until you lie where he did, you cannot.

Did his hand move?

No. It was only a lost breeze of the wintry morning, stirring the snowy sheet on which his whiter fingers lay.

Elsie Senn has given herself for a father's honor!

What has she gained?

God knows!

The future will show!

As for Donald Barron, starlight and sunshine are alike to him. It may be night—or it may be morning; he cannot know. To watch—to wait—no more for ever!

In another world than this, *he has his better day!*

## CHAPTER VII.

### THROUGH DAY TO NIGHT AGAIN.

STRANGE things happen in this world. Some cynical philosopher has said that that is because there are women in it. I think him a pessimist, and his words quite unworthy of attention in an age in which optimism has done everything, while pessimism has dolefully growled about it all.

Still, strange things *do* happen. Strange things took place on the eighth day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy, and the cause was feminine, no less a woman than Mrs. Gilbert Senn, *née* Elsie Barron, being responsible for some remarkable complications, some very remarkable complications—unless, indeed, a careful examination of the whole matter would enable one to place some of the responsibility on the shoulders of Miss Lurline Bannottie.

The first strange event of that day which I have to record is an early morning call made by Mr. Prier upon Mr. Senn. A call upon him might not have been a very remarkable thing, when one consider's Prier's profession and Senn's recent past; a friendly call—even a call with friendliness as a pretense—was somewhat strange—was more than merely strange—was astounding.

Senn, used to banking hours, and unlikely to be in a hurry to face the sort of day he had every reason to expect, was not yet dressed when Prier's name was brought up to him. He was nearly ready for the work of the day, however, and not willing to delay whatever business Prier might have on hand; he accordingly directed the boy to show him up at once. A shadow crossed his face when the boy had gone and left him alone; the thought that the detective might have his arrest on hand for his morning business came to him, and it was not a pleasant one.

Suppose a man has sold honor and integrity—suppose the case—for a definite price, should one wonder at a shadow on his face if payment failed in some particular?

At tap at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened.

"Good-morning, Senn," said Prier.

His tone was cordial, conciliatory, reassuring.

"Good-morning, Mr. Prier."

"I've got bad news, Senn."

"Yes; what is it?"

"Donald Barron is dead."

"Donald Barron dead? Where? When? How?"

The color was falling away from Gilbert Senn's face, as you may have seen the bright hue of some chemical solution change and fade under the influence of some other chemical which was being poured down through it. The news of Donald Barron's death was falling heavily into and through Gilbert Senn's hopes and plans and purposes, robbing life of much which it had held, robbing it of more than he himself quite understood as yet—of more than any other must be allowed to even guess. No wonder the color in his face faded—faded—faded!

"He was found dead in his bed this morning."

"Dead—in—his—bed? Merciful God! Murdered?"

The detective watched Senn narrowly. The color was all gone from the cashier's face now, leaving it like ashes. Prier did not answer immediately. When he did he said, quietly:

"The doctor calls it heart-disease, I believe."

"Ah?"

Only one word, half exclamation and half question, and the color coming back into the speaker's face.

"But doctors are mistaken, sometimes," said Prier, and watched grimly to see how white Senn became again.

"You were in the house last night?" asked Senn.

"No."

"Indeed? I did not know you had been at the hotel at all. You are done with Mr. Bar—that is, done with the case, I presume?"

"With the bank-robbery; yes."

"I meant that."

"But you know that crime is a strange thing; that is, perhaps you know it."

Prier paused. Senn flushed hotly under the cruel thrust, but made no answer.

Prier continued:

"Crime *is* a strange thing; discover one guilty one, and you often find a clew which helps to bring others to justice; like virtuous actions, which repeat themselves in a thousand forms, so crime moves in circles. I have found one point in a circle; I shall follow the long curved line until it brings me back, again, to the robbery of Donald Barron's bank in the little City of Boomville. Do you wonder at that?"

He looked squarely into Gilbert Senn's eyes. Gilbert Senn looked squarely back at him.

"I do not wonder at that," the cashier replied, "nor do I blame you. Conviction is often injustice, and punishment often outrage. But your intent is natural. I think it commendable."

"Thank you," said the detective, dryly.

Senn flushed again. Possibly he had forgotten for a minute that he had made his confession in Prier's presence. He was very anxious to learn more regarding Mr. Barron's death, and Prier had deliberately led the conversation away. Senn asked himself if Prier had some hidden purpose in doing as he had done; he resolved to push his questions, if he must, until he knew all that could be known.

"Who brought word to you at the hotel?" he asked; "and when?"

The detective moved a little uneasily in his chair. An honest man, even a man whose profession is the conservation of integrity and the detection and punishment of wrong, may find it hard to explain an act which has no better reason than "impulse" or "instinct."

"I was not at the hotel; I was on the street last night," said Prier.

"Watching?"

"Watching—waiting—walking."

"You think, then, that lightning does sometimes strike twice in the same place?"

XUM

"I don't know what to think," muttered Prier, springing up and taking a nervous turn up and down the room before seating himself.

"I suppose my—my—that is, Mr. Barron's daughter, sent for you?"

"Well, no. In fact, when I went there she would not allow me to be admitted. My luggage was sent to the hotel. I could not so much as get a glimpse beyond the door."

It was Senn's turn to take a nervous walk over the length of his small apartment. He took it.

"This is strange," he said.

"Inexplicable."

"Unexpected."

"Unprecedented."

"And what is the reason? Why did she do it?"

"Because she's a fool! Because she's always had her own way! Because she has been spoiled and petted into the notion that she's a heroine! I had to have an interview with her; there was no other way; there was as much likelihood of her having robbed the bank, considering the case abstractly and from a stranger's standpoint, as there was of—of—*of your owning to having done it!* My half suspicion angered her; she declared she would be my active and relentless enemy, and——"

"I pity you!" cried Senn.

"What?" demanded Prier, in astonishment.

"Nothing. Forget that I spoke. I meant nothing. But, seriously, you have led me away from the one thing which more than another interests me just now. Will you tell me all you know of Donald Barron's death?"

"Willingly and promptly. I was on the street last night, and all night, as I have said. It isn't necessary for me to say why I found the street pleasanter than a bed would be; a detective isn't a mere machine; a detective may have notions and fancies, as well as another man; it is enough that I was there. Early this morning I went up to the door; the house was still as death—still as the grave. I listened. There was no one stirring within. I rang the bell. There was no answer. I waited long—waited longer than I should have done when I was young, in the years before experience had taught me patience. I rang again. There was no sound of moving footsteps below-stairs; no sound from the laggard feet of the lazy servants; but I heard footsteps—light and soft, a woman's beyond doubt—run along an upper hall. I heard a door open, slowly—cautiously—almost noiselessly—*listeningly*, if you can understand the sense in which I use the word. You may have noticed, possibly, that inanimate objects, moved by human hands, give out sounds that are a true exponent of the feelings of those who move them."

Prier stopped short.

The two men looked into each other's eyes.

Senn said nothing.

"Have you ever noticed that fact?" persisted Prier.

"No — possibly — I may have — I don't know," said Senn; "please go on with your account."

"I will. The statement I made is a true one, though. I would as soon lie in an adjoining room and *listen* to a suspected man, as to watch him. *The man outside* has advantages——"

"For God's sake go on with your story," cried Senn, his face very white again; "I must know all the particulars, and soon. Unless *you* tell me I must find some one who can and will."

Prier laughed.

"And I have been called the talkative detective," he said.

Senn was becoming terribly impatient.

"You may be a talkative *detective*," he replied, "but you're a very unsatisfactory sort of *man*; you say much but tell little——"

"Exactly—exactly——"

"And you know I am anxious to know all."

"And you shall! I spoke of the opened door. There was a pause. Then the door shut with a slam—a harsh, horrible, despairing bang. And then—

Senn leaned forward, eagerly.

"And then?" he whispered.

"And then a shriek rang through the house which I pray I may never hear the like of again. Can you imagine love and sorrow and despair and——"

"Who shrieked? Whose voice was it?"

"His daughter's; your wife's."

Senn turned away his head — undoubtedly to hide something in his face.

"I—I—I think my imagination may be less vivid than yours is. I cannot imagine the shriek that you heard."

"You should have heard it."

"I—I would have given my life to have listened," said Senn, under his breath.

"I rang again," continued Prier, "but no one seemed to hear me. The house was instantly full of tumult. Doors opened everywhere within. There were excited questions, and incoherent answers. There were hurried footsteps along the hallways and on the stairs. I tried the door, now; it was locked. I put my shoulder against it; it was too strong for my effort. Then I heard Mrs. Senn speak; she was giving an order to a servant; her voice was repressed and full of pain; standing outside, while she was within and at the head of the stairs, I could gather no more of what she said than that she was sending for a physician; the servant started down the stairs; she called him back; there was a new tone in her voice. What can kill a woman's unreasoning anger? Surely not death! Certainly not loss. I heard the order she gave then: 'Mr. Prier is not to pass the threshold of this house on any pretense. Have his luggage sent to the hotel!'"

"And you—you gave up your rights in that way?"

"I had no rights. The case was done; the offender had confessed; my employer had pardoned; the money had been restored; I had no rights. So far as the bank-robbery was concerned——"

"Why do you keep saying that?" interrupted Senn; "your words are a puzzle; you are an enigma."

"Thank you. I read, but am never read; I talk to learn, never to tell; I make friends to help myself, never to help others; I am frank, and no one understands me; I study—study—*strike!* I am an enigma. Thank you!"

"But why——"

Prier laughed again.

"Ask me no questions, and I shall not be under the necessity of lying to you," he said.

"But you saw the doctor?"

"Oh, yes; I saw *him*. He said Donald Barron was dead. He said the cause was heart-disease."

"But doctors are mistaken, sometimes," said Senn.

"That remark is not original," replied Prier, gravely; "they are mistaken—*sometimes!*"

There was another tap at Senn's door. The caller was admitted. He proved to be a messenger with a letter for Mr. Senn. Senn read it—twice. Then he handed it across to the detective. Let us read it, too, since his action shows that it is not to be personal and private. It is the second strange thing which I have to record against this day with which we are dealing—this receipt of a strange letter by Mr. Gilbert Senn.

The letter was as follows:

> "BOOMVILLE, MAINE, *November 8th*, 1870.
>
> "MR. GILBERT SENN, DEAR SIR: My father was found dead in his bed this morning. I am almost prostrated with grief. But I know that business must go on to-day, nothwithstanding what has happened, or the name of Barron be covered with disgrace. No one knows the condition of the business better than you do; you have been acquainted with its details for many years. It is my wish that you should attend to opening the bank and meeting all demands to-day. What shall come after that, must depend on circumstances; I bind myself to nothing whatever.
>
> "ELSIE BARRON-SENN.
>
> "P. S.—I have forbidden the admission of Prier to the house. If he remains in town I shall make it exceedingly unpleasant for him—if I can. "E. B. S."

"You'll do it?" asked Prier, handing the letter back.

"I suppose I must. It's awkward, though, that the safe cannot be opened at once. The delay of sending for an expert is going to be almost ruinous."

"You look at the ruin of this business in a different way from what you did yesterday?"

"Is that unnatural? I am an owner in it now."

"Are you? Do you suppose Mrs. Senn will give you a half-interest now? Do you suppose you'll be a partner? I'll venture to say you'll be discharged from your position when night comes. I think you are mistaken in some of your estimates of the character of the lady who has become your wife. Among your mistakes is the one of supposing that she'll carry out the bargain her father made with you, or she for him; she made that to save him, and she failed in securing him long life and happiness; she has made the only sacrifice to you she will ever make. Push your claim, and she will fight you to the death. That is the sort of woman Mrs. Elsie Barron-Senn is."

"Her—her father's death is—is—a sort of—of advantage to her, is it?" said Senn.

"It does away with the only reason she ever had to make concessions to you, I think; for I don't believe she would ever have married you merely to save the money. It gives her a new line of battle. It makes your emnity safe."

"You think she will hate me and persecute me, as well as follow you with her hatred and persecution?"

"I do."

"Will she dare?"

"Why not?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Senn.

"No," said Prier, positively, "I think you don't."

Senn held out his hand.

"We are alike in misfortune, then," he said, "and should be friends. You are the only one I can trust."

Prier did not take Senn's hand. He turned away his head to hide the grim smile—that one we have seen so often—which would flash up into his face this time despite his efforts to prevent it. His nervous hand sought his precious pocket again, as it had done so many times before.

"The only one? Are you sure you can trust me?"

"Not sure," said Senn, sadly; "but one must always take risks."

"I'll help you with that safe," said Prier. "I studied the manufacture of locks, once, and I think the two of us can find a way into Donald Barron's safe."

"Thank you. Let us be going."

"And one *must* run risks, as you say."

Mr. Prier let his hands fall, naturally enough, into the pockets of his overcoat. There was a pair of handcuffs in the left hand pocket, a loaded revolver in the right Perhaps detectives are *always* equipped in that way Perhaps *not!*

I think *not!*

* * * * * *

How fast news travels! Especially bad news! And especially in a small town! This morning of which I am telling was a morning long before (as time goes in these modern high-pressure days) the invention of the telephone.

But Boomville's citizens did not need—did not miss—could scarcely have used—that coming invention.

Eight o'clock! "Donald Barron was found dead in his bed this morning!" The milkmen knew it! The butchers knew it! The hired girls knew it! And then, suddenly, every one knew it, and every one was talking of it. Every one was asking questions which no one could possibly answer; but that was of little consequence, since no one waited for an answer. Had he been ill? Was it murder? Would there be an inquest? Were the doctors fully satisfied? Was it heart-disease? And so on—and so on—and so on. Until—

"Did he kill himself?" said some one.

"Could it be poison?" asked another.

"It was suicide!" "I thought so!" "Poison, of course!" became lines in the horrible chorus of suspicion and hate and dread and despair which fell from the lips of the hurrying crowd who dashed away toward the bank where the money of so many of them was on deposit.

Nine o'clock! The bank wasn't open yet. A hungry-eyed and stern-mouthed gathering of men and women and children filled the whole street in front of the building, filling it from sidewalk to sidewalk. The snow under their feet was having its beauty and purity turned into mud and mire, much as the memory of old Donald Barron was suffering in their conversation. Not much was said aloud, but there were murmurs in low tones which had much of eager earnestness in them; curses were coupled with the name of the dead; men looked at the strong front door of the bank, or at the safe seen dimly through the window, and whispered together grimly of force and fire.

Ten o'clock! The restless and reckless murmur had grown into a sullen roar. There were men in the crowd, now, with picks and crowbars; a half-score came up a side street bearing a huge oaken beam; some one started a cheer, and it grew into a wild and frenzied shout. A sudden hush fell upon the multitude. Two men were hurrying toward the bank. The mob fell back to let them pass. They were Senn and Prier.

Some one threw a stone. It passed close to Senn's head. It went straight through the heavy glass of one of the front windows of the bank. There was an angry chorus of loud cries; when men are called upon to face loss through fraud they may become almost beasts. The gathering was scarcely less than an irresponsible, unthinking mob. There was a crush forward toward the building.

Senn turned. He raised his hand. There was silence again.

"You have money in there," he said, quietly; "that is, some of you have. I assure you there is enough and more than enough to meet every demand. Wait—be reasonable—have patience, and you shall have your pay, dollar for dollar. But you must wait. Mr. Barron is dead. The knowledge of the combination which will open the safe died with him. My companion, Mr. Prier, is an expert——"

XUM

"Is he a detective?" shouted some one.

"Is he a detective?" howled the rest.

"He is a detective," said Senn, even more quietly than before; "but he is an expert——"

"What's he here for? Was there any money stolen? Did he come to Boomville to find it?" were some of the angry questions which were hurled at him from hot throats.

He waited longer this time—waited until the mob had howled itself hoarse—waited until there was an unbroken silence again—waited until every eye was turned in his direction. Then Senn spoke:

"If you think I am frightened, or to be frightened, you are much mistaken. I forgot fear, years ago. If you will keep silence, I will explain to you; if you persist in your interruptions, I shall go into the bank at once. Let another window break, and some one will be hurt. I have law upon my side, and, if any man comes up these steps with the idea of forcing his way into this building, his relatives will have it to regret and mourn over. Do you understand? Will you keep silence while I speak?"

The answer was sullen and unwilling, but it was "Yes."

"Very well. There was money stolen from the safe. Mr. Barron did send for Mr. Prier to help him recover the money. The money was recovered. Every dollar of it is in the safe. Mr. Prier and myself were present when it was replaced. It was at my suggestion that the combination which opens the lock was changed. Mr. Barron died last night. The doctors say he died of heart-disease. Whether that be true or not, it is certain he did not kill himself. Mr. Prier and myself will go in and try to open the safe; no one must come into the bank until it is open; I have telegraphed for an expert to come; he will not be likely to arrive until to-morrow; when the safe is open, every claim will be promptly met. Now, will you trust me, and do as I wish?"

"Yes," was again the answer, though it was even more sullen and unwilling than before. It is only when men become utterly savage that a half-hundred bodies prove greater than one strong will; the history of the world is the history of the triumph of the man-mental over the man-muscular.

Prier and Senn went in.

"Plucky!" said Prier.

Senn laughed, as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

"I enjoyed it," he said.

"Armed, of course?" asked the detective.

"No," said Senn, gravely; "but no one in the crowd knew it."

Eleven o'clock! Senn and Prier had been trying for almost an hour to open the safe. So far, there had been no success attending their efforts; there was no promise of success, so far as the crowd could see. But all were fairly quiet—tolerably reasonable—for they had something new to talk about. Had Senn married Elsie Barron? Was it true that Rev. John Kane had said so? What was it done for? Had he money? How did he get it? When did he save it? Was it to be used in saving the business? Did he buy a wife with it? Has Aldrich heard of it? What does he say? Every one questioned; who could answer? It seemed that the once Elsie Barron was now Elsie Senn; further than that, all seemed uncertain. But the crowd had found faith, somehow, in finding this information; there was a clear majority, now, who believed Barron's indebtedness would be met.

Twelve o'clock! Walter Aldrich came down the street. The crowd drew back to let him pass. He did not look to either side. No one had ever seen him with a face so white. He had heard the news, doubtless.

He walked straight up the steps. He knocked at the locked bank-door. Senn had seen him coming, and he met him at the door, which he opened promptly.

Aldrich entered. He staggered as he walked. But Senn, steady-limbed and calm, was as pale as was the man who had once been his friend.

Prier, working busily at the safe, paused a moment and looked out at the two men. The next instant he had hurried out to where they were standing, and had forced himself between them. Experience is a great help in reading a man's soul in his face—his passions in his posture.

"There must be no blood shed here, gentlemen," said the great detective.

Senn pushed him roughly aside.

"Let him kill me if he wishes," he said, wearily. "I am willing he should have his desire; I took that risk; I shall neither resist nor run."

Aldrich sank into a chair. The expression of his face changed strangely.

"I—I will not take the guilt of blood upon my soul," he said. "God forgive me if I ever had a thought of that. I—I didn't come for that. I came to ask a question. *Is it true?*"

"Is what true?" asked Senn.

"Is Elsie Barron your wife?"

"She is."

"Why did you marry her?"

"I will not tell."

"I—I——"

Aldrich gasped, springing to his feet, and advancing toward Senn.

But Senn stood still, his arms folded across his chest.

"Kill me, Walter; kill me, and I will bless you with my dying breath. But I will tell you—*nothing!*"

Aldrich paused. The two men faced each other, the eyes of each fastened fascinatedly upon the other's face for several minutes.

Then Aldrich turned, hurried down the steps, and ran up the street without looking back. If blessing comes only to the hearts of those who have never known temptation, then blessing will pass Walter Aldrich by; but when those who have conquered their passions are rewarded, verily he shall find joy.

One o'clock! Two o'clock! Three o'clock! Four!

And still the crowd lingered in the chill of the wintry day; and still Prier and Senn worked at the safe.

Half-past four! Prier rose wearily to his feet from the kneeling posture he had been in. He had conquered at last. He swung the door of the safe open. Patience and skill had conquered the secret. The best of locks could not have baffled him.

"Thank you," said Senn, and, having grown wise from his morning's experience, he did not try to shake hands; "thank you. How shall I ever repay you? It only takes patience and perseverance—only those—to do anything."

Prier put his hand dejectedly to his forehead.

"Does it require no more?" he asked, slowly. "I am not sure. Some live—some win—some have all there is in happiness. And some—— Excuse me, please, and let me go away for something to eat. You will remember that I walked all night, and have had nothing yet of either rest or food to-day."

Prier went away. Senn threw the outer door of the bank wide open. The men with notes and drafts crowded in. Men and women—and sometimes children—fought and struggled for places in the line.

The bank employés were all near at hand. They took their places. The obligations of Donald Barron began to come in; the money of the dead man began to go out.

It was a strange scene. Telegraph and messenger had spread the news everywhere. No one who had a demand of any sort was absent—if he could possibly be present.

Mr. Senn wrote a brief note to the banker's daughter:

"BOOMVILLE, *November 8th*, 1870, 4:45 P.M.

"MRS. G. SENN: We have the safe open. My idea is to keep the bank open until all demands have been paid. I would advise discounting all claims which are not yet due. Does my plan meet with your approval? "GILBERT SENN."

A still shorter note came in reply:

"BOOMVILLE, *November 8th*.

"MR. SENN: Act as you think for the best interests of the business. "ELSIE B. SENN."

A notice was accordingly written in huge letters on a large sheet of cardboard, and placed in front of a light in the front window:

NOTICE!
ALL DEMANDS NOW DUE WILL BE PAID IN FULL!
ALL CLAIMS MATURING LATER WILL BE
PAID IN FULL WHEN DUE,
OR
DISCOUNTED AT USUAL RATES,
TO-NIGHT!
☞ THE BANK WILL BE OPEN UNTIL MIDNIGHT. ☜

The depositors and other creditors came and went. Men came in with looks of doubt upon their faces. They went away satisfied.

At twelve o'clock Senn closed the bank. There had been no call for money for a half-hour.

Just outside he met Mr. Prier.

"Come to my room at the hotel," said the detective, "and take supper with me. You must be very hungry."

"I am very hungry," said Senn; "but I am very tired, too. Will you please excuse——"

"I can't do it. I did not sleep last night at all; you did—that is, I suppose you did. I am willing to give up another night; you must give up one. I must have a talk with you."

"Very well, I submit. I am too excited to-night to sleep much, and——"

"And the future is very uncertain?"

"Very."

Prier fell a step or two behind his companion for a half-minute, as they walked away in the Winter midnight.

He raised his right hand toward heaven. He was very earnest. His lips moved.

What did he say?

"—— if I don't hang somebody!" were the last words. I regret having to record that the first part of the whispered remark contained a much stronger word than "blamed."

*(To be continued.)*

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## AMOR THE MAGICIAN.

BY B. G. SMITH.

You, I'm sure, have not forgotten,
Spite of time and memory's haze,
How we spent a year in travel—
One swift year of halcyon days.

How we crossed a placid ocean,
Stood on our ancestral land,
Found it full of birds and flowers,
Rambled often hand in hand.

How in Old World ways we wandered—
Ah, you must remember well,
How in sunny France we lingered
By the Rhone and blue Moselle.

How we sought, then, skies Italian,
Walked about imperial Rome,
Strolled beside the yellow Tiber,
Stood beneath St. Peter's dome.

How we turned our faces northward
Toward the German fatherland,
And how never, never tiring,
Still we journeyed, hand in hand.

Journeyed over, ever northward,
Till we found the midnight sun.
Ah, the flight of time was rapid
Even with two days in one.

If you say those scenes elysian,
Touched by necromantic spell,
Past recall are gone for ever,
All those days remembered well

Tell me why we, when together,
Found a charm in flower or stone?
And why brightest colors faded
When we, parting, walked alone?

What was that made all around us,
On the Tiber or the Rhine,
Seem so full of mystic beauty,
Changed our water into wine?

What was that which cast a glamour
Over crumbling tower and dome?
Filled for us the Coliseum,
With a dream of perished Rome?—

Made us fancy golden halo
Over Chillon's storied walls?
Made for us o'er Leman's waters
Come as song the boatmen's calls?—

Made us read as sacred poem
Many a page of simple prose?
Cast on every scene around us
All the color of the rose?

Ah, the power that shortened travel
In the palmy long ago,
Still can work its transformations,
Still make time seem fast or slow.

That which wrought the sweet enchantment
In the golden hours of yore,
Still can work transfiguration,
Cast a glamour as before.

Then shall be renewed the halo,
Charm, and dream, and glamour when
In a sweet, complete dominion,
*Amor* has his own again.

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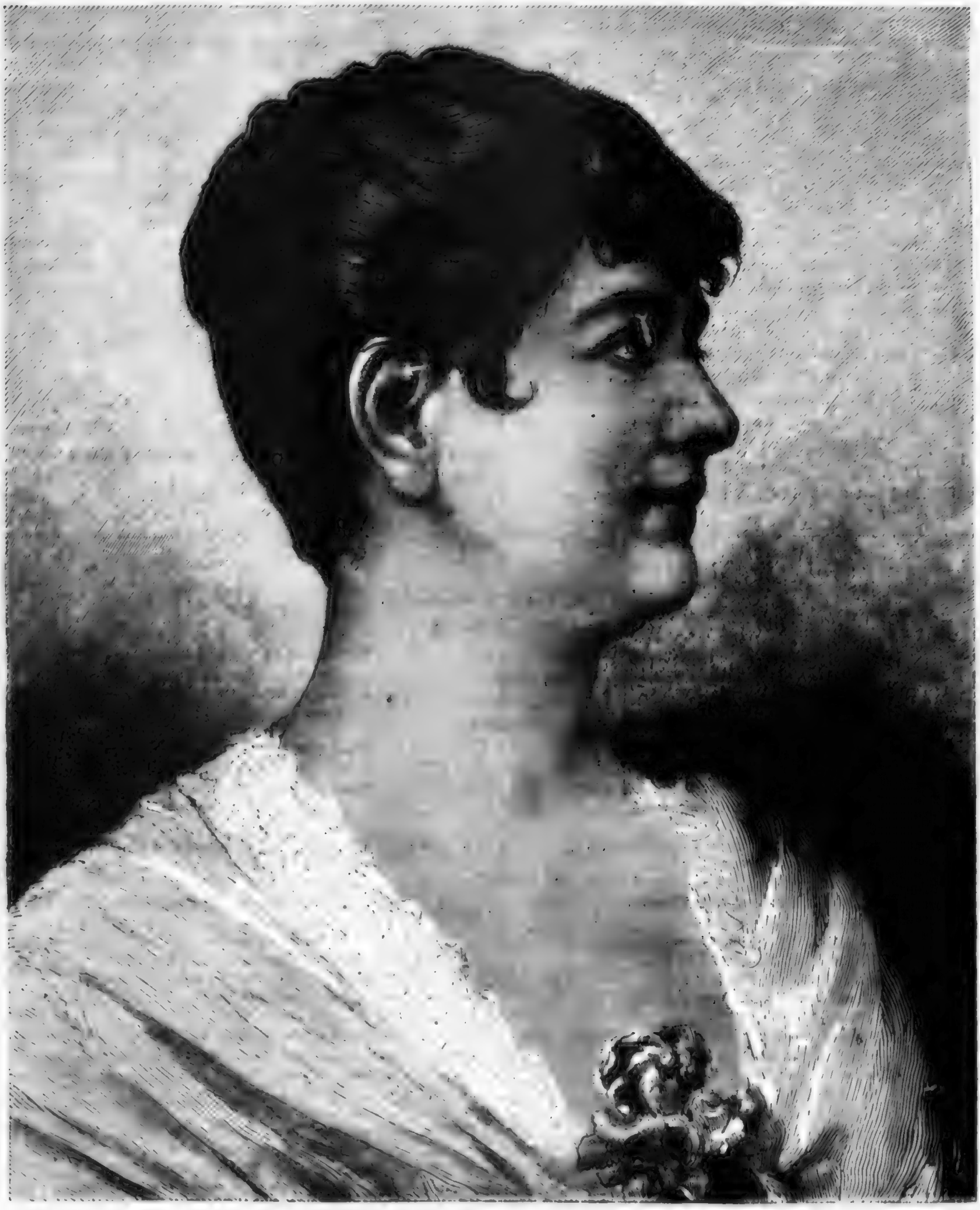
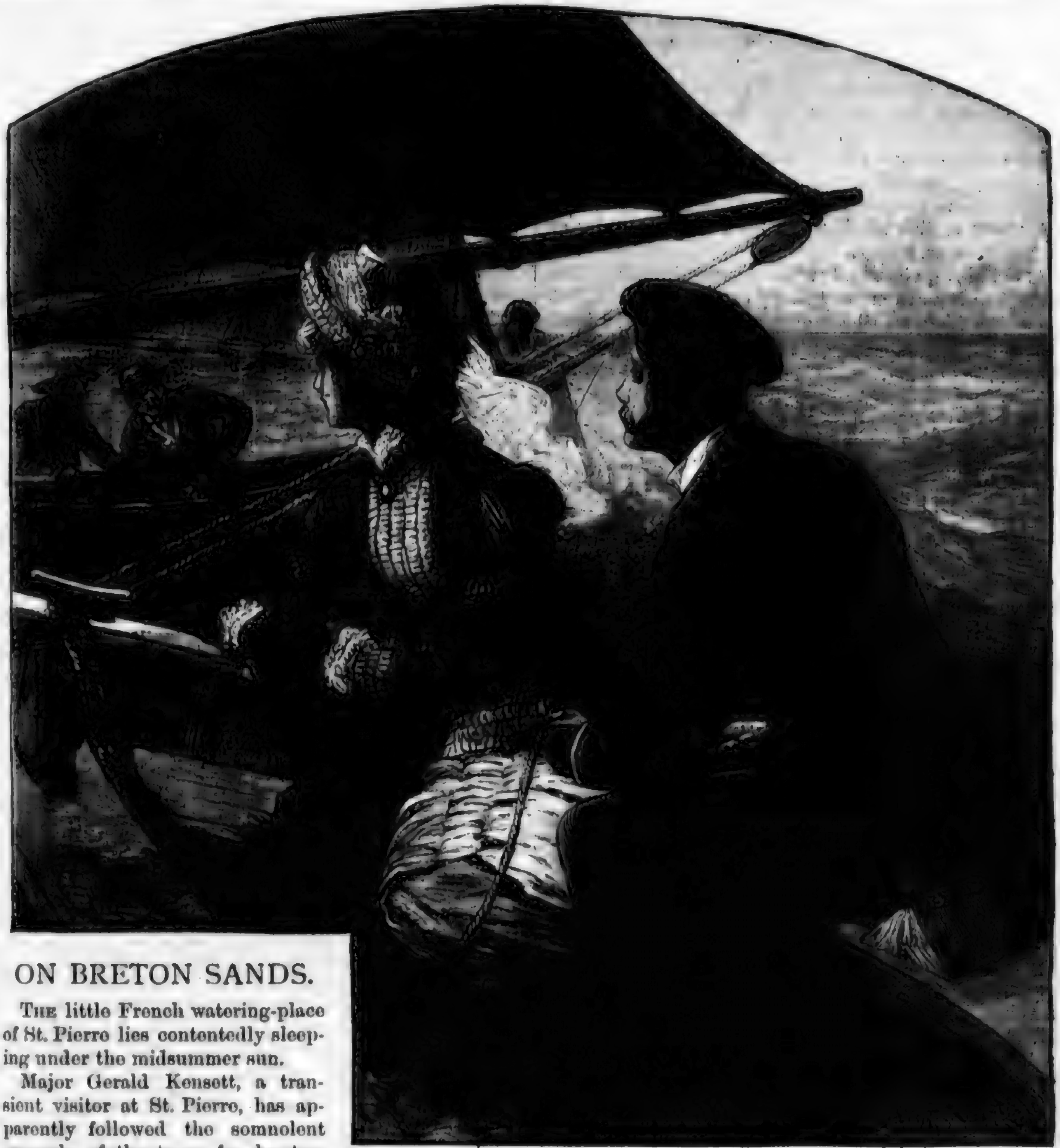
Cheerful Girls.—Good and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms; and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom trusted or liked by their companions. Even beauty will not save them. A belle who fails to understand the jests of her admirers and smiles in amiable bewilderment while other people are laughing is soon left with no consolation save to wonder what anybody can see in her rival—a girl with "tip-tilted" nose, perhaps, and a large mouth and freckles, but the happy possessor of a pair of merry eyes and a cheerful mind. The gift of gayety is, indeed, of great value; but it must be gayety which originates in a kind and cheery heart, not that which is born of mere excitement or gratified vanity.



A PATRICIAN.

Consideration cannot be too careful, forethought cannot be too circumspect, prudence cannot be too discreet; but the best way to insure these results is to confine them strictly within proper limits, never permitting them to interfere with promptness of action, with integrity of purpose, and with fidelity to all engagements.



ON BRETON SANDS.—"THEY ARE SAILING AT THE CLOSE OF A DELICIOUS DAY. SUDDENLY HE IS AWARE OF ANOTHER YACHT APPROACHING."

# ON BRETON SANDS.

The little French watering-place of St. Pierre lies contentedly sleeping under the midsummer sun.

Major Gerald Kensett, a transient visitor at St. Pierre, has apparently followed the somnolent example of the town, for he, too, lies as if asleep beside some rocks that throw long shadows over the sandy beach. He has lain thus for an hour, his hands clasped under his head, his straw hat over his eyes, when he is suddenly roused to a sense of hearing by an awe-stricken whisper close beside him.

"Do you think he is dead, Ninon?" asks a girl's sweet voice.

"Certainly not. At the worst, he is but drunk, mademoiselle," returns the unmistakable voice of a French maid-servant—pert, sharp, yet pleasant.

"Oh, no! He cannot possibly be drunk. He is an Englishman. You can tell by his trousers and square-toed shoes," the girl says, decidedly. "But he is sound asleep, and, oh! Ninon, how I do long to see a true English face! I will but just lift his hat."

"No, no, mademoiselle!" interposes the maid, authoritatively. "What a child you are! Without doubt, you are eighteen years old, but you do behave as if you were but eight."

"As you are only two years the elder, you have little right to scold," retorts the young mistress, good-humoredly. "Oh, Ninon, I'm *so* tired of being good! It's just providential that we stumbled upon this Englishman. I'll have one peep at his face, and then we'll run like——"

She interrupts herself to carry out her mischievous design, and gingerly lifts the hat from Kensett's upturned countenance, only to drop it instantly as she meets his wide-open eyes.

But the consternation in her face is swiftly succeeded by another expression—that of terrified recognition.

The young man springs to his feet, and involuntarily puts out an arm to support her, so overcome does she appear; but suddenly she flings her clasped hands on Ninon's shoulder, buries her face on them, and breaks into a whirlwind of sobs.

"Monsieur," the maid says, frigidly, "pray pardon

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mademoiselle's foolish little prank, and leave us to ourselves. As monsieur sees, she even weeps at the remembrance of her thoughtlessness."

"No, no! It isn't that!" sobs the girl, excitedly. "Why, Ninon, is it possible you do not know him! I did, immediately."

"But that is impossible. I never saw either of you in all my life," Kensett says, politely, yet firmly.

He begins to suspect blackmail, or some other horror, as a result of this strange and theatrical encounter on the beach at St. Pierre.

"No, I'm *not* mistaken!" the girl says, with conviction, raising her head from its friendly shelter to regard Kensett with a long, searching gaze. At sight of her innocent young face all thought of blackmail vanishes like smoke. "Ninon, can't you *see?* He is the man I ought to have married!"

And her pretty head drops again.

"She is mad!" declares Kensett, instantly. "What a peculiar, unfortunate form of insanity! Does she fancy the same thing of every man she sees?" he inquires, in a tone of commiseration.

On the maid's face also there dawns an unmistakable recognition.

"Monsieur," she says, with marked agitation, "mademoiselle regrets having interrupted your slumber, and we will now leave you to resume it. Yes, she is mad, and all I can ask of you is that you will pity and respect her, and leave her alone."

Kensett takes the hint; he bows deeply, and has already turned to depart, when the young lady's voice recalls him.

"Sir," she says, timidly, "I can't explain my conduct, which no doubt must appear mysterious to you; but yet I can't let you go away thinking I'm mad when I'm *not!*"

"I know you are not!" Kensett replies, promptly, converted by her blue eyes full of intelligence and feeling. "Once more, mademoiselle, I bid you a good-afternoon."

"Don't go for a moment," she says, faintly, almost piteously, and, amazed beyond words at the whole affair, the young fellow waits her pleasure. It is obvious she is trying to invent some pretext for detaining him. Twice she vainly endeavors to speak; when at last she does so, it is only to utter the commonplace question: "Do you know many people in St. Pierre?"

"Very few, indeed," replies Kensett; "but however large my circle of acquaintance might be, I should be heartily glad of the chance that has increased it to-day."

"And—and should you like——"

The flattering sentence ceases altogether—it would be amusing were not the young lady so embarrassed, to see how very anxious she is to see more of him.

"I should like very much to call upon you," Kensett declares, with the determination to please two people.

"Oh, thanks! Yes, certainly you may," the girl says, so eagerly that the others both smile. "We are staying at the last cottage on the way to Melville. Ask for Miss Clive."

"I shall present myself this evening without fail," the young man says, politely; and then the two young women bid him adieu and depart, Miss Clive leaning trustingly, even affectionately, on Ninon's arm.

And Kensett, recalling her pretty, puzzled face and her strange words—"The man I ought to have married!"—thinks he should certainly not object, then laughs at his susceptibility.

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But the weeks that follow only strengthen this willingness on Gerald Kensett's part. For his life he cannot tell when he fell in love with her, unless, indeed, it was the very instant she removed his hat and he looked up into her eyes, blue as English violets.

Her freshness and simplicity have won him irrevocably, and he freely owns to himself that her girlish hands could not hold a butterfly more surely captive than she now does his heart.

But he has the usual English ideas of propriety, and these are cruelly shocked by a dozen things.

Miss Clive, young and pretty as she is, lives entirely alone, protected only by her also young and pretty maid.

She never refers to her relatives, nor to her past life, and in response to the occasional questions which all his politeness cannot restrain, she grows troubled and confused, and glances appealingly at her maid, who answers every inquiry with a glibness Kensett feels to be totally independent of truth.

This familiarity with a servant is another thing that distresses the young fellow. The two girls might be sisters, so confiding and tender is Miss Clive's manner; and there is, at times, a sort of humble gratitude in the regard she bends on Ninon.

They are inseparable, and Kensett is forced to make his tender speeches to four ears instead of two.

He longs for the right to solve all these problems, and one day, when the three are sitting in a lonely, shaded spot on the beach—Ninon reading at a little distance from the others—he says, gravely:

"Lilian, I think you know how dearly I have grown to love you?"

Her fair young face is full of mingled shyness and delight.

"There is an undeniable mystery about you," the young man goes on, earnestly. "It pains me. It seems terrible that there should be any need of secrecy in the life of the woman I love."

"Oh, but you cannot think—you have never thought that I have done anything wrong?" cries Lilian, breaking silence suddenly.

"No, dear. How could a childish little thing like you be suspected of wrong-doing? But I feared some dreadful family disgrace—oh, I don't know what! I have been hesitating, anxious. I couldn't trust you—I didn't dare. That is all over. I do trust you now; I am willing to risk everything. You may tell or conceal what you please. It shall not prevent my saying, *Be my wife.*"

A light of gladness rushes over Lilian's face.

"I have been hoping against hope that you would say that," she says, with a little tremble of joy in her voice. "It seemed impossible that you could ever love me enough to overlook all the strangeness of my life. Ninon—Ninon! do you hear?"

"I hear, mademoiselle, and I rejoice!" Ninon returns, discreetly keeping her eyes on her book.

"But you have not answered me yet," Kensett says, laughing, partly with amusement, partly with vexation, at her calm inclusion of the maid in their tender dialogue. "What do you say? Will you marry me?"

Apparently she has no answer for this question she is so glad to hear.

"Oh, Major Kensett, it is so hard to say 'No' before I can explain anything," she stammers, at last. "I cannot thank you enough, and yet I must decline your offer."

"You choose a very unfitting time for trifling," Gerald says, sternly. "Surely, Lilian, surely you have not been flirting with me?"

"No, no!" she says, quickly, blushing at the charge. For a moment she remains silent, unable to speak, then bursts out suddenly, almost violently: "I am married already!"

"*What!*" exclaims Gerald, recoiling in amazement. "You—married?"

His astonished eyes rove over her babyish face, with its angelic blue eyes, and her extremely youthful figure in its white robe, and incredulity masters every emotion.

But instantly her tears, her shame-stricken, drooping face, confirm her words. Sorely against his will he believes her, and breaks forth into a torrent of reproaches he will always be sorry to recall.

"Oh," he concludes, with stinging sarcasm, "what a pity I have been so respectful, so reverent, these last few weeks! Why, I haven't even stolen a kiss. I've been waiting till I had the right. Now that I find you are only some man's cast-off or runaway wife, I assure you a kiss isn't the least tempting!"

At this cruel taunt the poor girl cries afresh with shame and anger.

Kensett, without any other word, but with a bow of ironical politeness, turns and walks rapidly away.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" calls Ninon, breathlessly running after him and catching his arm, "surely you are not going off angry? Come back—let my mistress explain herself!"

"No!" says Kensett, sternly. "All communication between Mrs.—Mrs.—really I haven't the honor of knowing the lady's name—and myself is at an end."

"But, monsieur, she positively hates her husband!"

"What is that to me, when *he* has the right to love *her?* And I thought her so young, so innocent! To think that all my vows are an old story!"

"Not so, monsieur!" Ninon asserts, shaking his sleeve to emphasize her words. "She has never listened to a lover save yourself, and, stranger still, she loved you before she ever saw you!"

"Impossible!" cries Kensett, astounded.

"Behold, then!" cries the girl, excitedly, drawing something from a pocket inside the cover of the book she has been reading and putting it into his hands.

The young fellow sees with amazement that it is a fine cabinet photograph of himself.

"What on earth does this mean?" he queries, blankly.

"Oh, if you will only let me tell you, that is all I could ask," Lilian replies, drying her tears with feverish haste. "*Don't* refuse me, Gerald."

"I *can't* refuse you anything, and you know it," he says; so they resume their places, and, after a moment's struggle with the sobs that still rise, Lilian begins her story:

"This is August, isn't it? Well, last May I was living with my aunt—I am an orphan—in a quiet village not very far from London. She is a hard, worldly woman, and her one trouble is that she has not enough money to hold an assured position in society. The best she could do was to run up to town three or four times during the season, to stay a few days at a hotel or at a friend's house. She used to return from these trips more furious against her poverty than ever. But on one occasion she returned in a delightful humor. She said my fortune was made. A gentleman passing through our village had seen me and was so infatuated, he desired to marry me out of hand.

"I was vain enough to be highly flattered by this complete surrender to my charms, and though I paid but little heed to all my aunt said of his rank and wealth, still, any escape from her tyranny seemed welcome, and I thought it quite possible I should accept him when he came to ask me.

"But I was greatly surprised when Aunt Anne told me he did not mean to come wooing at all.

"'He is so silly and romantic, you see, Lily, that he thinks it would be charming for you not to meet him until you do so at the altar,' she explained, laughingly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. 'It would be so amiable, so trusting in you to take him on faith.'

"I might have believed her, for I was silly and romantic enough myself to enjoy the novelty of the thing; but a certain hard look in her eyes roused my suspicions, and I laughed scornfully in her face.

"'Do you think I am an idiot, Aunt Anne?' I asked, with disdain. 'It is the man I am to marry; not his money, nor anything else; and until I have seen him I will not hear another word on the matter.'

"She looked perfectly ferocious, but at once controlled herself and wrote off to my suitor. By return mail came this."

She takes the photograph from Gerald's hand, and then gazes at it with a fond regard she is too maidenly to bestow upon the original.

"It is certainly mine," Gerald declares. "I had a dozen taken last Spring. One I sent to my mother—the rest I kept. No, stay! I gave one to my cousin, Sir Florian Galt."

Both girls utter startled cries.

"That is the name; that, at least, was true," Lilian says. "And I, Major Kensett, I am your cousin's wife."

After one shocked exclamation, Gerald is silent.

No woman could have so much as spoken with a man like his cousin and not have seemed degraded.

"I took the picture up to my room," Lilian goes on, gravely, "and it seemed to rest and comfort me only to look at it. I thought, Here is the face I should have chosen out of all the world. I don't think it was so much love I felt as a delicious sense that I should be cared for and protected at last. At any rate, I was so happy I didn't care what Aunt Anne did, and very soon came the evening appointed for our marriage.

"We found Sir Florian waiting for us in the church, but it was so dark I could not see him at all. Only I had fancied from the picture that he would be tall, but he was scarcely taller than I. This was my first disappointment. And then his voice—weak, sneering, harsh. I began to be afraid, and to long to get a glimpse of his face to see if it was truly as strong, noble, handsome, grand——"

"Oh, hush! hush!" interrupts Kensett, reddening.

"As the photograph was; but how could I rebel before the minister and clerk? In a few minutes it was all over, and Ninon and I were sitting in Sir Florian's carriage. He paused outside a moment to give some directions to the driver, and suddenly—it was a wild, wet, gusty night—his wide-brimmed hat blew off. The carriage-lamps were burning brightly, and *I saw my husband's face.* Pity me, Gerald!"

"I do pity you, darling."

"Such a face!—so bad, coarse, brutal——"

"So beyond anything you can understand, dear. I had learned to dread that face before you were born. It seems to me as if every evil deed of his life were written upon it, like so many loathsome scars."

"And he is old, too. Twice as old as monsieur," supplements Ninon.

"Just about," assents Kensett. "Go on, Lilian."

"Well, I was faint with horror. I saw in a moment the awful consequences of my fatal folly. But Ninon had seen, too, and determined to save me, and while his back was turned a moment she forced me to change places

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with her. When Sir Florian entered the carriage it was by Ninon's side he sat down; it was Ninon he embraced and kissed."

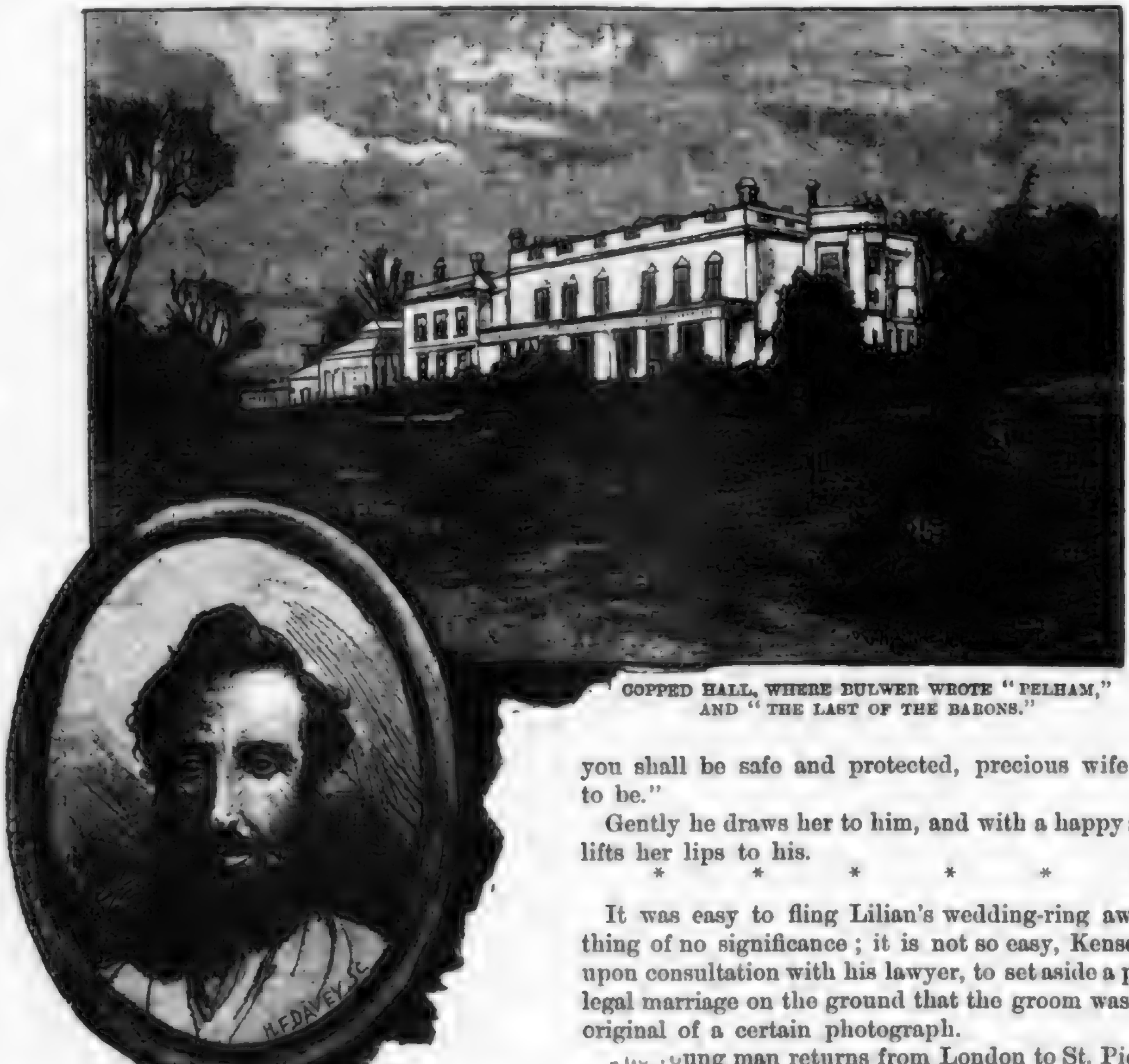
"Thank Heaven!" murmurs Kensett.

"And oh, Gerald, can I ever thank her sufficiently for the sacrifice?"

"No, you never can," he says, fervently.

"It was no sacrifice," smiles Ninon. "Figure to yourself, monsieur, my satisfaction in outwitting the vile old wretch!"

"Well, we reached the station, and Sir Florian seated us in the train and then left us for a moment. There was another train standing by ours, going in an opposite direction, and somehow we managed to get on that, with no tickets and no baggage, except a little handbag containing my jewelry. We gave the guard all the money we had, and in a little while we found ourselves in London. Oh, it was so strange, all alone at night in that big city. But Ninon was so fearless and clever, we had no trouble at all. We went to a quiet hotel, and I cried myself to sleep."



COPPED HALL, WHERE BULWER WROTE "PELHAM," AND "THE LAST OF THE BARONS."

Kensett breathes a long sigh of relief.

"And is that all? Why did you frighten me so? You are not much of a wife, after all," he says, joyously.

"I am really married, though," Lilian declares, soberly. "See, this is my wedding-ring."

And she shows him her third finger.

For answer he draws the ring off and sends it spinning far out in the sea.

"There is very little more to tell. In the morning Ninon sold almost all the jewels, and we crossed the Channel and came here, where she has a friend."

"Yes, monsieur; the confectioner, whose shop is opposite the Hotel Roland," Ninon interrupts, eagerly. "And but for my little incumbrance, monsieur"—regarding her mistress with smiling familiarity—"I could be mistress of that charming shop."

"And now you know, Gerald, why I said when I saw you lying on the sands, 'This is the man I ought to have married,'" Lilian concludes, raising her blue eyes to his.

"And so you shall, some day, darling," Kensett affirms, earnestly. "Your marriage is no marriage at all. It shall be annulled. I will attend to everything. Your troubles are over, poor, little, tired bird. Rest assured that all you dreamed of my picture will come true; you shall be safe and protected, precious wife that is to be."

Gently he draws her to him, and with a happy sigh she lifts her lips to his.

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It was easy to fling Lilian's wedding-ring away as a thing of no significance; it is not so easy, Kensett finds upon consultation with his lawyer, to set aside a perfectly legal marriage on the ground that the groom was not the original of a certain photograph.

The young man returns from London to St. Pierre very despondent at the thought of breaking this bad news to Lilian. To his surprise, she takes it very coolly.

"Why should we care?" she asks, calmly. "Are we not perfectly happy as we are—happier than we have ever been before?"

Gerald acquiesces.

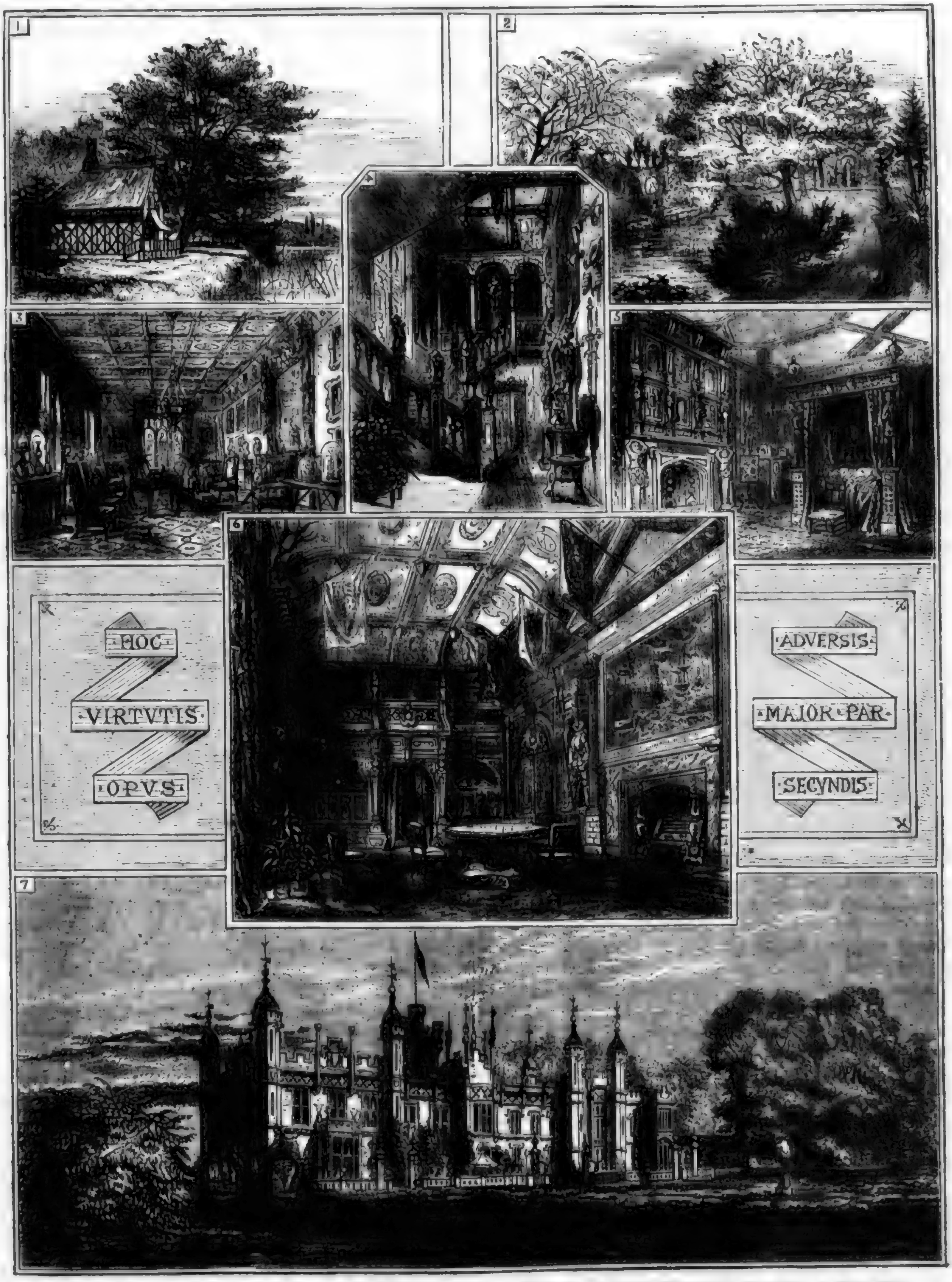
"Well, then, let us make the best of things. What could be lovelier than life as it is now—together all day, everything to hope for, nothing to dread. For"—suddenly breaking off—"if he should come, you wouldn't let him take me?"

"Never while I live!" the lover says, looking very strong and manly as he speaks.

"I know you will not," she replies, with a glance of such love and trust that Kensett is almost reconciled to his position. It is not to be denied there is piquancy in the situation, guarding a wife from her own husband.

So the blissful Summer days float by. Kensett has resigned himself to an eternity of waiting for his bride, and even Lilian is beginning to wonder whether her hair will be quite white or merely gray on the occasion of her second wedding, when Fate, for once merciful, interposes in their behalf.

They are sailing at the close of a delicious day. Ninon



1. Fishing Cottage. 2. Horace's Garden. 3. State Drawing-room. 4. Staircase. 5. Queen Elizabeth's Chamber. 6. Great Hall. 7. Garden Front.

KNEBWORTH PARK, SEAT OF LORD LYTTON.—SEE PAGE 214.

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is seated amidships, Gerald is managing the helm of the tiny craft, and Lilian sits below him, her head nestled against his knee; her eyes are fixed afar upon the gray-green sea.

"It is like our love," she whispers.

"What is, darling?"

"The sea; so deep, so powerful, so boundless," she answers, and then lapses into a profound silence.

He fancies she has fallen asleep, and wraps closer about her her heavy, dark shawl, against which her face, with its long, drooped lashes, looks more than usually delicate.

Suddenly he is aware of another yacht approaching. It is manned by two French lads, who run in such daring proximity to Kensett's boat that the two nearly graze.

This exploit is received by the chief occupant of the boat—a gentleman—with a peculiar ill-tempered snarl that makes Kensett and Ninon turn to look at the speaker. At the same instant he sees them, and then his stare encounters Lilian.

The ugly stare is repeated with threefold vehemence, and the man's face grows positively hideous with rage, but before he can speak the boats have swept apart.

Kensett and Ninon exchange a quick glance; rather of satisfaction than alarm. Neither of them are sorry for the prospect of a settlement with Sir Florian Galt.

They go in soon, and Gerald leisurely escorts the two young women to their home. Then he strolls over the white beach down the heavily shaded village street to the Hôtel Roland.

As he expects, he finds his cousin in the office. As he is considerably intoxicated, and the place is full of idlers, Gerald sternly endeavors to cut short the bitter curses and maledictions with which Sir Florian meets him.

"This is no place for discussion," the young fellow says, decidedly. "I will not hear another word until we are alone."

Little does he dream that soon he will thank God for the presence of these witnesses.

"And I have no more to say," says the other, with a sudden calm. "Let *this* be all my argument."

As he speaks, he draws and cocks a pistol. His aim is so unsteady that every man in the room feels at least as much alarm as Gerald does.

"Give that to me, fool!" the latter says, imperiously, walking up to his cousin.

"I will, Jerry—I will! if you will do me a favor," Sir Florian says, promptly.

"What is it?" asks Gerald, anxious only to obtain the deadly weapon.

"It's only this—take the thing and put it to good use. Put yourself out of the way with it," he exclaimed with a silly leer. "Try a little of this business, d'ye see?"

He presses the barrel against his temple, idiotically. They have all been fearful of their own lives; they have not once thought the maudlin creature could by accident harm himself. But suddenly the shaking fingers pull the trigger, there is a sharp report, and—well, earth is rid of one of the basest creatures on her bosom, and Lilian is free.

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About two months later Ninon becomes mistress of the candy-shop and wife of its proprietor. The same day Major and Mrs. Kensett set out for a Winter in Rome, preceded, of course, by their story. Society sees in it much that is unconventional; but, *au contraire*, much may be forgiven to the things these two people represent—money, youth, beauty and love.

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# LORD LYTTON'S PLAYS.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy.

Whilst fulfilling an engagement in Dublin, in the month of October, 1834, Macready was introduced by Colonel D'Aguilars to Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer. The author, then in his thirty-first year, had acquired a literary reputation seldom gained by one so young. Possessing a vivid imagination, brilliant talents and scholarly lore, he had, by incessant hard work, rendered his name familiar to the reading public. At the age of twenty-three he had written a romance entitled "Falkland," which elicited considerable attention. Its success was indeed sufficient to procure him an offer of £500 for a second novel, from Colburn, one of the most eminent London publishers. Accordingly Mr. Bulwer wrote "Pelham." The manuscript was condemned by one of Colburn's readers and praised by another. Eventually, the book, being published, was received by the critics with abuse and by the public with favor. Mr. Bulwer next produced "The Disowned," a book praised for "its lofty eloquence"; a phrase fitly describing the author's style, but one scarce commending it to modern taste. Twelve months later was published "Devereux," a work he ultimately found "the least generally popular of his writings." His fame gradually widening, his name increased in market value, so that for his third novel he received £800, and for his fourth £1,500. Twelve months after "Devereux's" appearance "Paul Clifford" was published; and in 1831 he was returned Member of Parliament for St. Ives, and appointed editor of the new *Monthly Magazine*.

Next year "Eugene Aram" was before the public, and in 1833 "Godolphin," "The Pilgrims of the Rhine" and "England and the English," when the young author started for a holiday in Italy. His residence in that country suggested the last days of Pompeii as a subject befitting romance, and, with the restless energy and ceaseless industry which characterized him, he wrote a novel, the scene of which was laid in the buried city. Returning to England, he made arrangements for its publication, and then started out for Ireland. Whilst staying in Dublin, he encountered the famous Macready.

Still on the threshold of life, with his feet on the roadway of fame, Mr. Lytton Bulwer was sensible of the distinction he had gained in the past, and greatly hopeful of honors awaiting him in the future. The consciousness of merit, forced on him by public appreciation, probably accounted for the *hauteur* which largely marked his general bearing. "The simplicity of nature in thought, word and deed was utterly foreign to his nature," writes his contemporary, Mr. S. C. Hall. Nor was Bulwer less proud of his distinguished talents than vain of his personal gifts, which, as the authority just quoted states, were enhanced by artificial aids. With delicate features, liquid eyes and masses of dark hair, his appearance savored of a melancholy Byronic hero; an unwholesome type, not wholly passed from the surface of fashionable life in Mr. Bulwer's early days. Miss Harriet Martineau gives us an etching of the young author as she, in 1832, beheld him, "seated on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries, he and they dizened out, perfumed, and presenting the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground." Sensitive as became one who intuitively perceives, variable as befitting the temperament of an artist, he was brilliant and morbid by turns, glad and sad in the self-same hour, sanguine and depressed in a breath.

Macready, encountering him in a happy moment, found him "very good-natured, and, of course, intelligent." During their conversation the actor urged him to write a play. Mr. Bulwer made answer he had already anticipated this desire, but the greater portion of his attempt was lost.

Seven months later, at John Forster's pleasant dinner-table, they again encountered. Becoming more intimate on this occasion, Macready a few days later invited Bulwer to dine with him. His courtesy was declined, in a letter which referred to "the honor of his acquaintance." This sentence grated on the actor's ear. "My acquaintance," he says, "can be no honor to such a man as Bulwer, and it almost seems like irony." Macready, foolishly ashamed of an art which afforded him distinction, and rendered him the desired associate of men and women celebrated for their talent or notable for their rank, under-estimated his social station, and continually apprehended slight and irony where neither was intended. A note in his diary aptly illustrates the extent of his weakness on this point. On attending the Literary Fund dinner, within eight days of the receipt of Bulwer's letter, he was informed his name was on the list of toasts. This disturbed him, as he felt unable to speak in public, from lack of habit and consciousness of uncertainty of his position. "I read in every newspaper of this week," he writes, "that my art is a very humble one—if indeed it be an art at all—and that its professors are entitled to little respect; and here, when in courtesy I am admitted as Mr. Macready among the esquires of the Royal Academy, the King's Printing Office, the *Quarterly Review*, etc., etc., etc., I am to speak without the possibility of knowing what place is allowed me as an artist, or what degree of particular consideration may be extended to me as a man consistent in his private character."

A few months later, in February, 1836, Macready called on Bulwer, and found him in handsomely furnished chambers in the Albany. On repeating his suggestion made in Dublin to Bulwer that he should write a play, the author admitted he had since attempted a drama on the subject of Louise de la Vallière, but feared it was unworthy his visitor's powers, as the principal interest of the plot centered in a heroine. However, he felt anxious Macready should read the play, and give an opinion of its merits. The actor, having complied with this desire, again called on Bulwer, commended his work generally, mentioned certain objections, and suggested alterations which, after some protestations, the author consented to make.

They next proceeded to a question of terms. Bulwer demanded £200 down, and five pounds a night to be paid during the representation of his drama the two following seasons, after which the copyright should revert to him.

Before agreeing to this demand, Bunn, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, where Macready was then engaged, was anxious to see the manuscript, that he might gauge the chances of its success. Bulwer was, however, unwilling to gratify his desire, as he considered it "precisely of that nature which no author of moderate reputation concedes to a publisher." A writer, he adds, "can have but little self-respect who does not imagine, in any new experiment in literature, that no risk can be greater than his own." Bunn continuing to consider himself justified in making the demand, and Bulwer in refusing compliance, the project of placing "The Duchess de la Vallière" on the stage of Drury Lane was, therefore, fortunately for its manager, abandoned.

At this point Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket Theatre, consented to grant the dramatist his terms; but, his company being indifferent performers, Bulwer wisely declined the offer. Finally, Macready having migrated to Covent Garden Theatre, the manager of which, Mr. David Webster Osbaldiston, being willing to accept the drama, it was secured for that house. In November, the play was read in the manager's room to the company, who seemed greatly pleased with it; but, says Macready, recording the fact, "I cannot place much confidence in them." The *Athenæum* subsequently remarks it had seldom heard greenroom report so loud in praise of any forthcoming drama, "which is only another proof," it adds, after the performance of the play, "of how very little that source of private information is to be relied on."

The first representation of "The Duchess de la Vallière" was fixed for Wednesday, the 4th of January, 1837, with the following cast: *Marquis de Bragelonne*, Macready; *Louis XIV.*, H. Vandenhoff; *Duke de Lauzun*, W. W. Farren; *Marquis de Montespan*, B. Webster; *Mlle. de la Vallière*, Miss Helen Faucit. The play had been published on the previous day, and the *Morning Post* had devoted two columns to extracts from its most striking scenes; a form of advertisement which attracted general attention. Accordingly, on the evening of its first representation, a brilliant audience assembled in Covent Garden Theatre to witness the performance. But as the drama proceeded curiosity gave way to weariness, expectation was succeeded by disappointment. All Macready's great efforts were unable to save it from an impending fate of damnation.

"A most numerous, and certainly the most patient audience we ever recollect to have sat amongst," says the *Times* of the following day, "last night witnessed the first performance of Mr. E. L. Bulwer's long-promised play of 'The Duchess de la Vallière,' the success of which, considering the vast number of the author's personal friends present on the occasion, was equivocal." Through five long acts, vapid bathos, false sentiments, strained similes, inflated sentences, surface philosophies were unsparingly inflicted on suffering hearers. "It has never been our lot," says the *Times*, "to witness a more favorable and indulgent audience. Whenever there was an opportunity for applauding it was seized with zeal, and the house rang again with acclamations. This was the case once or twice in the first and second acts, and again in the fourth and fifth; but all these vehement and well-intentioned efforts to save the author and themselves would not do; the drowsy influence prevailed, and at one time we almost expected to see the whole house fast asleep. The curtain, however, did not fall to relieve them until a quarter past eleven, when a strong contest took place between the contents and the non-contents. This was put an end to by a call for Mr. Macready and Miss Faucit, which was quickly attended to. The lady and gentleman having gone through the formula made and provided on such occasions, retired. Mr. Pritchard then came forward to give out the play, but the noise occasioned by one set of wags who called for Bulwer, and of another who bawled for Vandenhoff,* prevented us from

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* Who had performed his part in an execrable manner.

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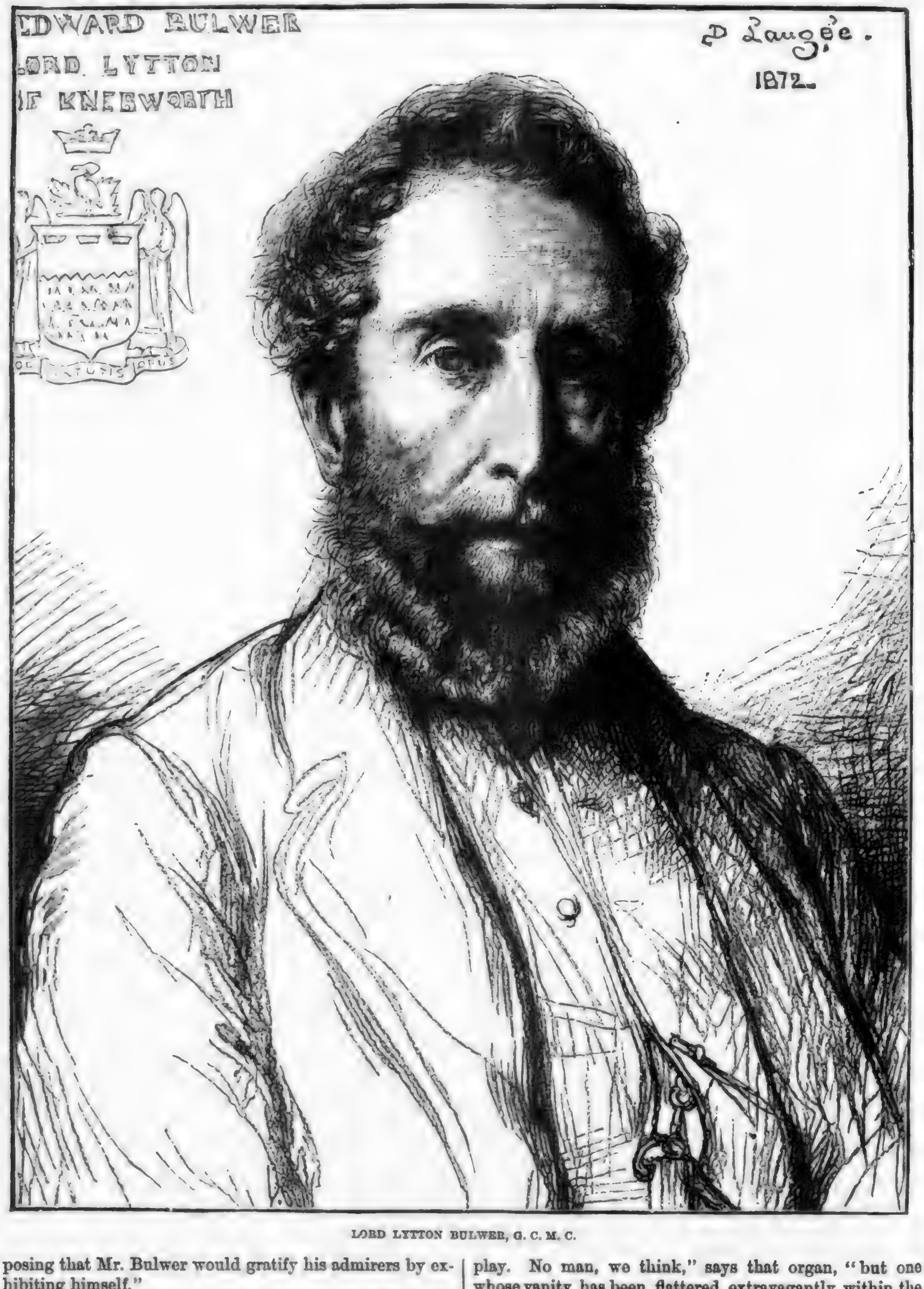
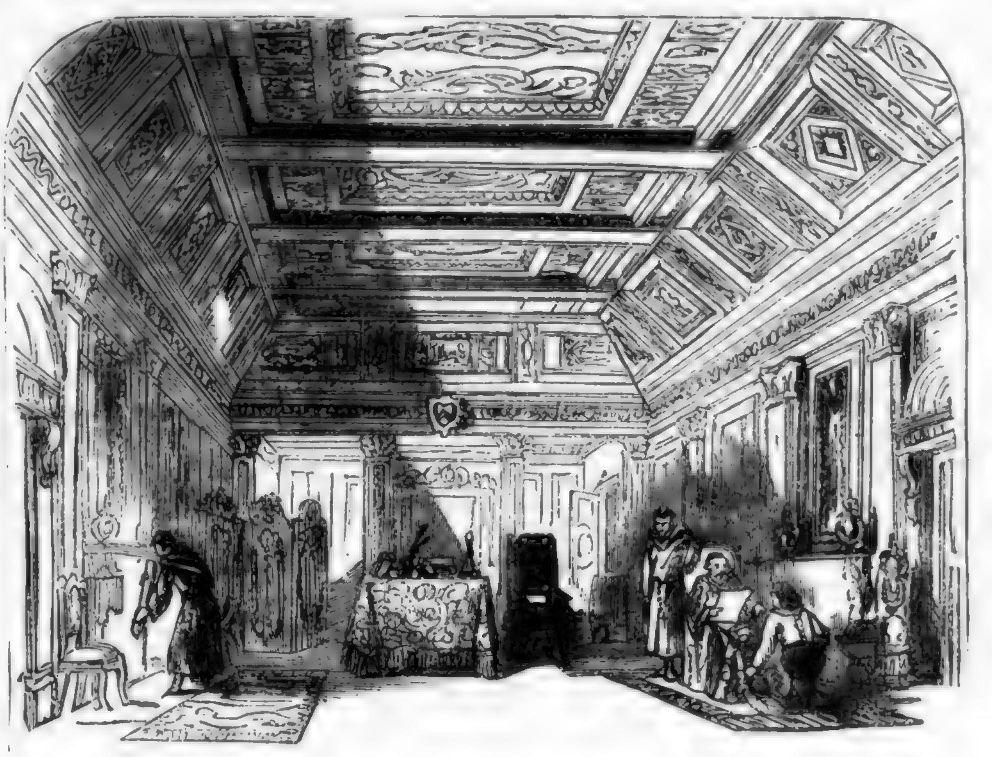
ascertaining whether the play was given out or not. When Mr. Pritchard quitted the stage, the house had in a great degree subsided, and we left the theatre, not supposing that Mr. Bulwer would gratify his admirers by exhibiting himself."

Concerning "The Duchess de la Vallière" the Press was poor in praise. The *Morning Herald* thought its incidents weak, disconnected, and productive of no general effect. To the *Times* it appeared "a very dull and a very foolish play. No man, we think," says that organ, "but one whose vanity has been flattered extravagantly within the circle of his own little coterie—no man who felt a due



LORD LYTTON BULWER, G. C. M. C.

respect for the rules even of that *bienséance* by which society is generally governed, would have ventured to produce a drama, the subject of which is the heartless debaucheries of a profligate monarch, and his equally profligate courtiers. It is in the worst taste of the worst school, the school of modern French romance. As to the general style of the drama, as regards its diction it is neat and correct in the level parts, and emphatic and almost eloquent in two or three of the more serious scenes, but its general character is feebleness. There is much pettiness of expression, a plentiful harvest of words, but not many signs of sound or deep thinking. It is evident that Mr. Bulwer possesses but little skill in the art or craft of constructing plays."

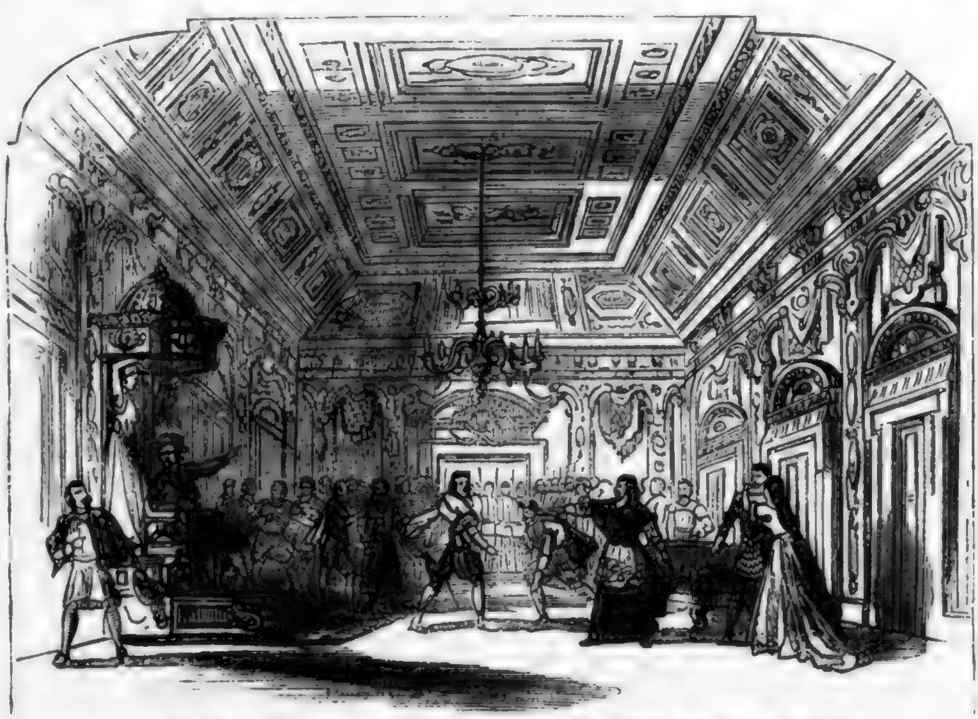


LYTTON'S "RICHELIEU."—FIRST ACT—THE CHAMBER IN THE PALAIS CARDINAL.

In order to save its life, if possible, the knife was liberally applied, and on a third representation it appeared much strengthened, but the drama was played to a half-empty house. "The clackers of the first night were absent," says the *Times*, "and the applause, except in three instances, was miserably feeble." It ran for four consecutive nights, and was played eight times in all during the month, after which "The Duchess de la Vallière" was withdrawn.

Failure but incited Mr. Bulwer toward fresh efforts. He determined to obtain success as a dramatist, equal to that he had already achieved as a novelist. Vain were the hopes of *Fraser's Magazine*, which trusted its remarks "would convince Mr. Bulwer the public were quite right in practically dissuading him from a path he is evidently not born to tread with gratification to others or advantage to himself." Before long, he had begun a new play, called "The Adventurer," a title subsequently altered, at Macready's suggestion, to "The Lady of Lyons." The chief incidents of its plot had been suggested by a tale named "The Bellows Menders," and the drama was undertaken chiefly out of sympathy with Macready's new enterprise as manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Believing the critics had dealt hardly by "The Duchess de la Vallière," through prejudices they entertained toward its writer, he resolved the new drama should be produced anonymously. Therefore to Macready alone was the secret of its authorship confided.

"The Lady of Lyons" was in rehearsal in the early part of 1838, and on the evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, was announced for representation. The following is the original cast: *Beauséant*, Elton; *Glavis*, Meadows; *Colonel Damas*, Bartley; *Deschappelles*, Strickland; *Landlord*, Yarnold; *Gasper*, Diddear; *Claude Melnotte*, Macready; *Officers*, Howe, Pritchard and Roberts; *Madame Deschappelles*, Miss Clifford; *Pauline*, Miss Helen Faucit; *Widow Melnotte*, Mrs. Griffith; *Janet*, Mrs. East; *Marian*, Miss Garrick.



LYTTON'S "RICHELIEU."—THE PRESENCE-CHAMBER IN THE LOUVRE.

Curiosity had for some time been excited by rumors regarding the power and brilliancy of this play; the first representation was therefore attended by an unusually large audience. Men and women of rank and fashion filled the boxes, the pit and galleries swarmed to overflowing. The curtain ascended, and the drama began amidst breathless excitement. Macready had never played with greater force and energy. Miss Faucit acted with grace and dignity; before the first act concluded it was argued

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the drama would prove successful. Curiosity regarding the author was now rife; a thousand surmises were made as to his name. None seemed to recognize it as Bulwer's production. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall remembered John Forster coming into their box, and on Bulwer's name being mentioned as the playwright, protesting in good faith against the assumption, feeling sure if Bulwer had written the play he would have confided the secret to him.

As the drama proceeded applause increased. Miss Faucit betrayed an *abandon* that not merely won plaudits, but drew tears from the audience. "Her first indication of changed feeling," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "from agony to rage, at the word 'mother' addressed to the *Widow Melnotte*, was an exquisite touch of genuine nature." The while Bulwer was not present to witness the triumph of his production, being detained in the House of Commons by a debate on the ballot in which he took part. Seizing the earliest moment duty permitted him, he hastened from St. Stephen's. Before quitting its precincts he encountered a member just returned from Covent Garden Theatre. With many hopes and fears struggling in his breast, Bulwer questioned him on the success of the new drama. The other replied, indifferently: "H'm, it's very well for that sort of thing." Still in suspense, he hurried toward the playhouse and entered Lady Blessington's box. The curtain had risen on the last act; the audience followed the players' movements with rapt attention, hearkened to their words with thirsty ears, and finally, as the curtain fell, burst into a loud tumult of prolonged applause. Lady Blessington looked toward Bulwer questioningly. "It's very well for that sort of thing," he said, as he hurried away to Westminster for the division.

Though the public was loud in its approbation of the new drama, the Press was not blind to its demerits. "It was most industriously applauded throughout, though not without an occasional dash of sibillation," says the *Morning Post*, "but at the close the applause was furious. Some striking situations, some direct appeals to the most eminent sources of strong feeling in the human breast; but above all the very excellent acting of Miss Helen Faucit saved this foolish play from the condemnation which many better plays have received. The author, whose name we learn is Calvert, was doubtless made very happy by the applause of the audience, and we offer him our congratulations. But we think his play is grievously wanting in one important quality—common sense. He makes his peasant talk sad stuff, such as a manly peasant would never talk, about his natural equality, and so on, with persons of family; just as if anybody, peasant or peer, with a grain of sense, would ever doubt that. The peasant (we are vexed to see Macready playing so foolish a character) thinks that all true glory is to be sought for in the future, not in the past, and therefore that ancestry signifies nothing; also that a laurel is not a whit better that it has 'grown upon some forgotten grave.' The author seems to mistake extravagance for energy, and the stringing of pretty words together without sense or logical coherence for poetry. *Pauline* is the only one of the *dramatis personæ* to whom the author of the play accords permission to appear throughout something like a rational creature."

The *Times*, whilst admitting "The Lady of Lyons" possessed "the merit of artificial construction," and contained "several nice speeches," declared the characters were "the gaudy, overdrawn personages of melodrama." The *Morning Chronicle* was more favorably disposed toward the drama. "The play," says this journal, "which is said to be from the pen of Mr. Chorley, is remarkably well-constructed. Not a scene flags, the comic portions of the dialogues are full of pleasantries, and whenever impassioned it becomes poetical. The author has fairly grappled with the subject. He has dealt with love as dignified emotion, not indebted for its triumph over the pride of station to the freaks of accident, but to the energy of its own inspiration."

"The Lady of Lyons" was repeated nightly until the 23d of February, when it was announced to be played every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday until further notice. Meanwhile a section of the public were inclined to resent certain expressions, considered republican in principle, contained in *Claude Melnotte's* flowery speeches. And this feeling gradually increasing, and promising to mar the popularity of the drama, Macready thought it necessary on the author's behalf and on his own, to disclaim, in a speech delivered from the stage, all intentions of introducing politics in the play.

For nine days the dramatist's name was not divulged. Bulwer wanted to feel thoroughly assured of his success before declaring himself author of "The Lady of Lyons." As the play continued to draw crowded houses, and the certainty of its fate was undoubted, he permitted Macready to disclose their secret whenever he pleased. The latter, therefore, had the following paragraph inserted under the advertisement of his performance on the 24th of February: "In announcing the name of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., as the author of "The Lady of Lyons," the manager cannot withhold the expression of his grateful acknowledgment to that gentleman for the kind and liberal manner in which he has desired to testify his interest in the success of this theatre by the presentation of this drama."

Insomuch as the *Morning Post* had been deliberately led into error regarding the authorship of the drama, by receiving some passages from its scenes marked as "extracts from Mr. Calvert's new play," that organ now became indignant at the deception practiced. Knowledge of the author, it contended, would not have changed its opinions of his play. "We find it difficult to believe," says that journal, "that a gentleman of any sort of literary eminence should have written it. We own it is our misfortune not to admire any of Mr. Bulwer's literary works; but we thought him above writing such a play as 'The Lady of Lyons.' A thing so puerile in plot, so sickly in sentiment, so affected in phraseology, could not, we supposed, have been written by any one who had received a regular literary education."

Her Majesty, accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and attended by the Countess of Charlemont, Lady Carrington and the Earl of Fingal, visited Covent Garden on the 6th of March, to witness "The Lady of Lyons." The Queen, being much gratified by the play, sent a message of congratulation to its author, and requested he would inform Macready how delighted she had been with his acting. Months later, Her Majesty again visited the theatre to see the same piece. When the curtain fell, Macready retired to his room and had undressed, when an equerry came with a message from the Queen desiring he would come on the stage, as the audience was calling for him. He immediately dressed again, but not before receiving a second dispatch from Her Majesty, on which he hurried before the footlights, and was received by enthusiastic applause, in which she heartily joined. Returning to his room, he donned a court suit, and waited in the anteroom through which the Queen presently passed. Lord Conyngham, who was in attendance, summoned him to her, when she said: "I have been very much pleased." At this he bowed profoundly, and lighted Her Majesty to her carriage.

On publishing "The Lady of Lyons," Bulwer declared in a preface he had no intention of writing again for the stage, and, therefore, so far as his own experiment was concerned, he had but little to hope or fear. This resolution was, however, soon abandoned, and before many months elapsed he had conceived the idea of writing an historical drama. In the Dyce and Forster Libraries, a letter is preserved in which he narrates this project to Macready. The communication is of singular interest, as showing the difference between the original plot, and the play in its finished condition. It is dated September, 1838, and runs as follows:

"MY DEAR MACREADY: I have thought of a subject. The story full of incident and interest. It is to this effect. In the time of Louis XIII. The Chevalier de Marillac is the wittiest and bravest gentleman, celebrated for his extravagant valor and his enthusiasm for enjoyment; but in his most mirthful moments a dark cloud comes over him at one name—the name of Richelieu. He confides to his friend Cinq Mars the reason—viz., he had once entered into a conspiracy against Richelieu: Richelieu discovered and sent for him. 'Chevalier de Marillac,' said he, 'I do not desire to shed your blood on the scaffold, but you must die. Here is a command on the frontier; fall in battle.' He went to the post, but met glory, and not death. Richelieu, reviewing the troops, found him still living, and said, 'Remember, the sword is over your head. I take your parole to appear before me once a quarter. You can still find death. I will give you time for it.' Hence his extravagant valor; hence his desire to make the most of life. While making this confidence to Cinq Mars, he is sent for by Richelieu. He goes as to death. Richelieu receives him sternly, reminds him of his long delay, upbraids him for his profligate life, etc. Marillac answers with mingled wit and nobleness; and at last, instead of sentencing him to death, Richelieu tells him that he has qualities that make him wish to attach him to himself, and that he will marry him to a girl with a great dowry, and give him high office at court. He must marry directly. Marillac goes out enchanted.

"Now, Richelieu's motive is this: Louis XIII. has fallen in love with this girl, Louise de la Porte, and wishes to make her his mistress. All the King's mistresses have hitherto opposed Richelieu. He is resolved that the King shall have no more. He will have no rival with the King. He, therefore, resolves to marry her to Marillac, whose life is in his power, whom he can hold in command, whom he believes to be too noble to suffer the adulterous connection.

"Marillac is then introduced, just married, with high appointments and large dowry, the girl beautiful; when, on his wedding-day, Cinq Mars tells him that the King loves his wife. His rage and despair—conceives himself duped. Scene with the girl, in which he recoils from her. Suddenly three knocks at the door. He is sent for by the King, and dispatched to a distance; the bride, not wived, is summoned to court.

"Marillac, all pride and wrath, and casting all upon Richelieu, agrees to conspire against the Cardinal's life. The fortress where Richelieu lodges is garrisoned with the friends of the conspirators. Just as he has agreed, he received an anonymous letter telling him that his wife is at Chantilly; that she will sleep in the chamber of the Montmorencies; that Louis means to enter the room that night; that if he wishes to guard his honor, he can enter the palace by a secret passage which opens in a picture of Hugo de Montmorenci, the last duke, who had been beheaded by Louis (an act for which the King always felt remorse). This Montmorenci had been the most intimate friend of Marillac, and had left him his armor as a present. A thought strikes Marillac, and he goes off the stage.

"Louise alone in this vast room—the picture of Montmorenci in complete armor—a bed at the end. She complains of her husband's want of love, and laments her hard fate—dismisses her women. The King enters and locks the doors; after supplication and resistance on her part, he advances to seize her, when from Montmorenci's picture comes a cry of 'Hold!' and the form descends from the panel and interposes. The King, horror-stricken and superstitious, flies; Louise faints. The form is Marillac. While she is still insensible, the clock strikes; it is the hour Marillac is to meet the conspirators. He summons her women, and leaves her.

"Richelieu alone at night, when Marillac enters to him, tells him his life is in his power, upbraids him for his disgrace, etc. Richelieu informs him that he has married him to Louise to prevent her dishonor, that he had sent the anonymous letter, etc., and converts Marillac into gratitude. But what is to be done? The conspirators have filled the fortress. They (Richelieu and Marillac) retire into another room, and presently the conspirators enter the one they have left, and Marillac joins them and tells them the Cardinal is dead, that he will see to the funeral, etc., and they had better go at once and announce it to the King, and that there are no marks of violence, that it seems like a fit (being suffocation).

"SCENE IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

"The King, who had always feared and hated Richelieu, hears the news, and is at first rejoiced, the courtiers delighted, Paris in a jubilee. But suddenly comes news of commotion, riot; messengers announce the defeat of the armies; the Spaniards have crossed the frontiers, his general, De Feuguieres, is slain, hubbub and uproar without, with cries of 'Hurrah! the old Cardinal is dead,' etc., when there is a counter-cry of 'The Cardinal, the Cardinal!' and a band of soldiers appears, followed by Richelieu himself in complete armor. At this sight the confusion, the amaze, etc., the mob changes humors, and there is a cry of 'Long live the great Cardinal!'

"SCENE, THE KING'S CHAMBER.

"The King, enraged at the trick played on him, and at his having committed himself to joy at the Cardinal's death, hears that De Marillac had announced the false report, orders him to the Bastille, tells the Count de Charost to forbid Richelieu the Louvre, and declares henceforth he will reign alone. Joy of the anti-Cardinalists, when the great doors are thrown open, and Richelieu, pale, suffering, sick, in his Cardinal's robes, leaning on his pages, enters and calls on Charost (the very man who is to forbid his entrance) to give him his arm, which Charost tremblingly does before the eyes of the King. Richelieu and the King alone. Richelieu says he has come to tender his resignation, the King accepts it, and Richelieu summons six secretaries groaning beneath sacks of public papers, all demanding immediate attention. Richelieu retires to a distance, and appears almost dying. The King desperately betakes himself to the papers, his perplexity, bewilderment, and horror at the dangers round him. At last he summons the Cardinal to his side and implores him to resume the office. The Cardinal, with great seeming reluctance, says he only will on one condition, complete power over foes and friends; Louis must never again interfere with public business. He then makes him sign various papers, and when all is done the old man throws off the dying state, rises with lion-like energy: 'France is again France—to the frontiers. *I* lead the armies,' etc. (a splendid burst). Louis, half enfeebled, half ashamed, retires. Richelieu, alone, gives various papers to the secretaries, and summons Marillac and his wife. He asks her if she has been happy. She says, 'No,' thinking her husband hates her; puts the same question to Marillac, who, thinking she wishes to be separated, says the same. He then tells them that as the marriage has not been fulfilled they can be divorced. They wofully agree, when turning to Marillac he shows him the King's order that he should go to the Bastille, and then adds that in favor of his service in saving his (Richelieu's) life, he has the power to soften his sentence, but he must lose his offices at court and go into exile. On hearing this, Louise turns round, her love breaks out—she will go with him into banishment, and the reconciliation is complete: Richelieu, regarding them, then adds: 'Your sentence remains the same—we banish you still—Ambassador to Austria.'"

With this sketch Bulwer inclosed the following note, betraying the difficulties which he foresaw and the diffidence he felt:

"Now look well at this story, you will see that incident and position are good. But, then, there is one great objection. Who is to do *Richelieu?* *Marillac* has the principal part and requires you; but a bad *Richelieu* would spoil all. On the other hand, if you took *Richelieu*, there would be two acts without you, which will never do; and the main interest of the plot would not fall on you. Tell me what you propose? Must we give up this idea? The incidents are all historical. Don't let me begin the thing if you don't think it will do, and decide about *Marillac* and *Richelieu*. Send me back the papers. You can consult Forster, of course."

Macready having made certain suggestions obviating the difficulties mentioned, the drama was proceeded with, and in November, 1838, the manuscript was sent to

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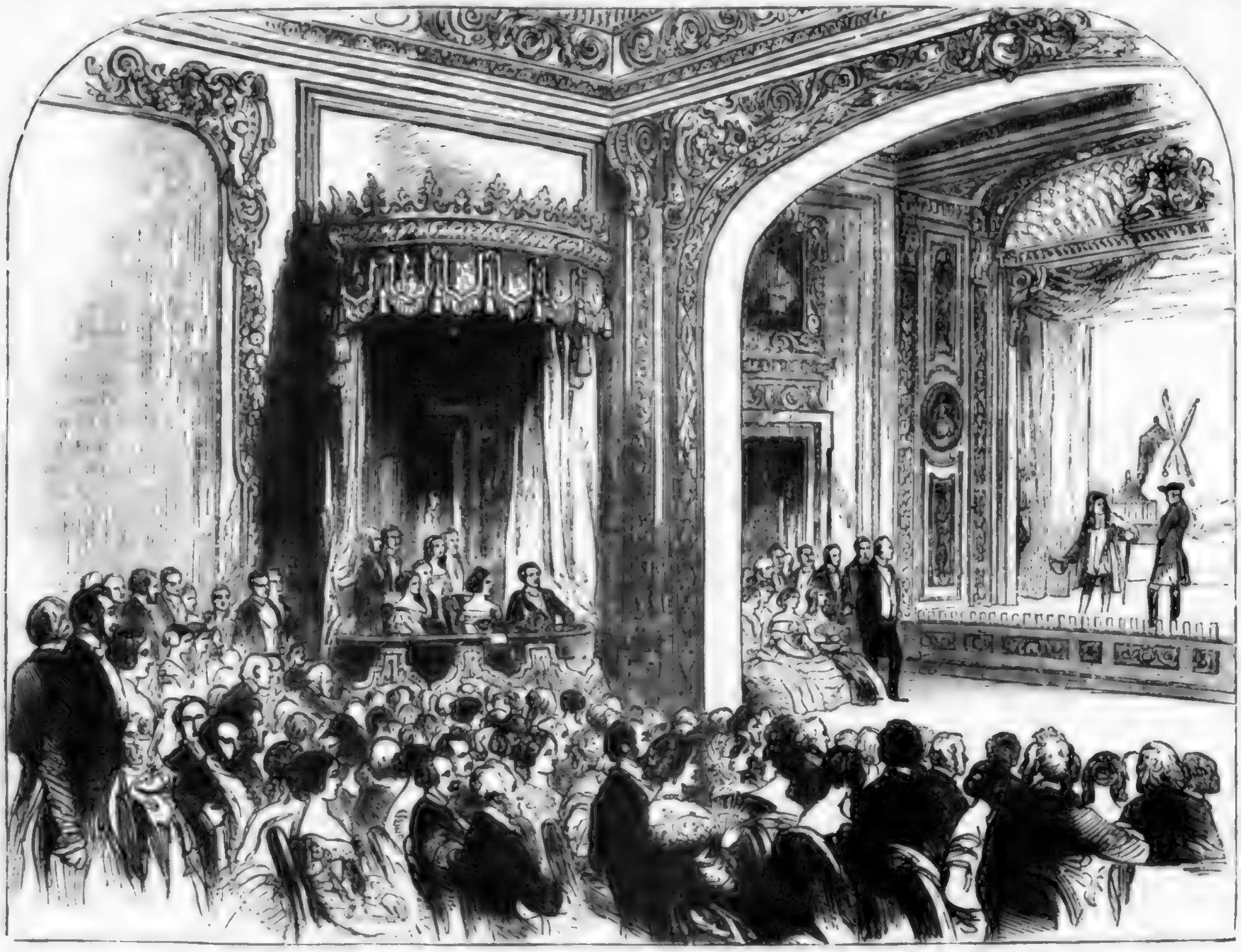


AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM," AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, IN 1851.

the manager. In the note accompanying it, Bulwer wrote: "Acts One and Three may require a little shortening, but you are a master at that. The rest average the length of the acts in 'The Lady of Lyons.' I hope the story is clear. The domestic interest is not so strong as in 'The Lady,' but I think the acting of *Richelieu's* part may counterbalance this defect. For the rest I say of this as of 'The Lady,' if at all hazardous or uncertain it must not be acted, and I must try again."

Determined to conquer, he was willing to labor; and wisely submitted his opinion as an author to the judgment of Macready as an actor.

Again he writes to the manager: "I begin to despair of the play and of myself. Unless, therefore, upon consideration you see clearly what at present seems doubtful, the triumphant effect of the portraiture and action of *Richelieu* himself, you had better return me the play; and if I can form myself in a new school of art, and unlearn all that tact and thought have hitherto taught me, I will attempt another. But for this year you must do without me."

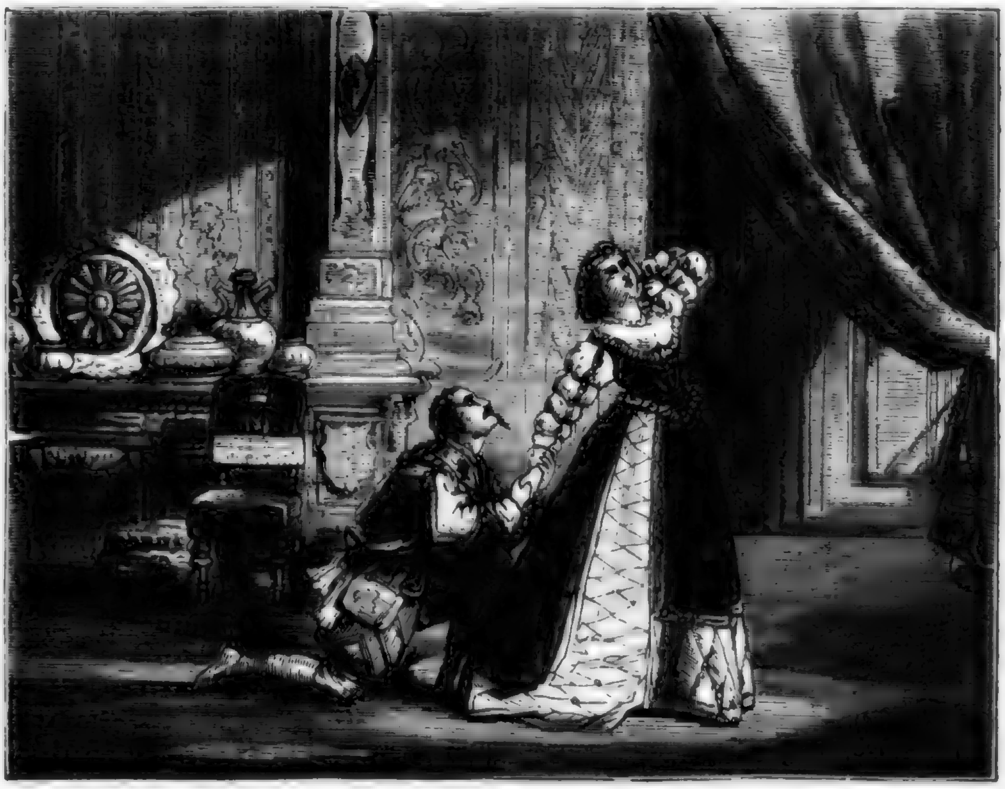
On reading the sketch submitted to him, Macready considered that, though excellent in parts, it was "deficient in the important point of continuity of interest"; and feared "the play would not do—or could not be made effective." He then read it to his wife and sister, and next day, calling on Bulwer, made several suggestions for important alterations. At first the successful author combated the actor's judgments, but presently perceiving their justness, agreed to profit by their conclusions. "When I developed the object of the whole plan of alterations," writes Macready, "he was in ecstasies. I never saw him so excited, several times exclaiming he was 'enchanted' with the plan, and observed, in high spirits, 'What a fellow you are!' He was, indeed, delighted. He is a wonderful man."

Next day, Bulwer brought him two scenes, and they settled the plot of the remainder. But yet Macready was dissatisfied. With delicate consideration for the author's susceptibilities, he wrote expressing to him how foremost in consideration was his reputation; "that his play would have been valuable from any other person, but that it would not serve his interest, whether in reference to his literary fame, his station, or his political position." In answer to this, Bulwer said: "I fully appreciate the manly and generous friendship you express so well, and have only one way to answer it. I had intended to turn to some other work already before me. But I will now lay all by, and neither think of, nor labor at, anything else, until something or other be done to realize our common object. Send me back 'Richelieu'; and if you think it possible, either by alterations or by throwing the latter acts overboard altogether, to produce such situations as may be triumphant, we will try again. The historical character of Richelieu is not to be replaced, and is therefore worth preserving. But if neither of us can think of such situations, we must lay His Eminence on the shelf and try something else." Several suggestions of amendment were then made by Bulwer in a letter published some years since by the present Lord Lytton, in a paper entitled "The Stage in Relation to Literature," published in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The drama was rewritten once more, and again submitted to the manager, who found it "greatly improved, but still not quite to the point of success." In order to have the judgments of others on its merits, Macready invited a party of friends, amongst whom were Browning, Blanchard, Fox, Bintol and Wallace, to hear it read the following Sunday, December 16th, 1838. On assembling, Macready requested they would not speak during the reading, but, supplying them with pencils and paper, desired they might write their criticisms. Therefore they listened in silence; and at the conclusion returned favorable opinions of the play. Macready immediately communicated these to the author, who replied by offering his thanks and expressing his misgivings. "The result is encouraging," he writes, "but at the risk of seeming over-fearful, I must add also that it is not decisive. . . . Browning's short line of 'the play's the thing' is a laconism that may mean much or little. Besides, he wants experience. Were I myself certain of the dramatic strength of the play (as I was in the case of 'The Lady of Lyons'), I would at once decide on the experiment from the opinions you have collected. But I own I am doubtful, though hopeful, of the degree of dramatic strength in it; and I remain just as irresolute now as I was before. I fancy that the effect, on the stage, of particular scenes cannot be conveyed by reading. Thus in the fifth act, the grouping of all the characters round *Richelieu*, the effect of his sudden recovery, etc. No reading, I think, can accurately gauge the probable effect of this. And, in the fourth act, the clinging of *Julie* to *Richelieu*, the protection he gives her, etc., will have, I imagine, the physical effect of making the audience forget whether he is her father or not. There they are before you, flesh and blood, the old man and the young bride involved in the same fate, and creating the sympathy of a domestic relation. More than all my dependence on the stage, is my reliance on the acting of *Richelieu* himself, the embodiment of the portraiture, the look, the gesture, the personation, which reading cannot give. But still I may certainly overrate all this. For if the play do fail in interest, the character may reward the actor, but not suffice to carry off the play, especially as he is not always on the stage. On the whole, therefore, I am unable to give a casting vote; and I leave it to you with this assurance, that if it be withdrawn you shall have another play by the end of February."

He then agreed to a suggested test by which its fate should be determined. "Do you recollect," he asks Macready, "that passage in 'The Confessions,' when Rousseau, haunted by vague fear that he was destined to be damned, resolved to convince himself one way or the other; and taking up a stone shied it at a tree? If the stone hit, he was to be saved; if it missed, he was to be damned. Luckily it hit the tree, and Rousseau walked away with his mind perfectly at ease. Let us follow this notable example. Our tree shall be in the greenroom. You shall shy at the actors. If it hit the mark, well and good. If not, we shall know our fate. To speak literally, I accept your proposal to abide by the issue of a reading to the actors; though I remember that jury anticipated great things from 'La Vallière,' and I think they generally judge according as they like their parts. The tone of your friendly and generous letter induces me, indeed, to release you at once from the responsibility of the decision, and to say boldly that I am prepared to have the play acted. It can therefore be read with that impression to the greenroom, and if it does not take there, why it will not be too late to retreat. If it does, I can only say, *Make ready!* Present! Fire! All I could doubt was the theatrical interest of the story. Your account reassured me on that point, and therefore you will have fair play for your own art and genius in the predominant character."

On January 5th, 1839, Macready read "Richelieu" to his company, and was "agreeably surprised to find it excite them in a very extraordinary manner. The expression of delight," he adds, was "universal and enthusiastic." During the whole of February and the early part of March the drama was in rehearsal at Covent Garden. Macready's labors to render it successful were incessant; but perhaps his greatest trouble arose in striving to grasp the *Cardinal's* character as depicted in the play. "Gave my attention," he writes in his diary, February 20th, "to the consideration of the character of *Richelieu*, which Bulwer has made particularly difficult by its inconsistency: he has made him resort to low jest, which outrages one's notions of the ideal of *Cardinal Richelieu*, with all his vanity and subtleness and craft." Having read an account of the great statesman by D'Israeli, and heard the Comte de Vigny narrate several anecdotes illustrative of the characters of Louis XII., Richelieu and Cinq Mars, the manager was yet more puzzled by the character he was to represent. Learning this, Bulwer sent him a list of books dealing with the Cardinal, but warned him none of them would afford much insight into the Minister's manner; for the portrayal of which he would have to draw on his own genius. However, Bulwer conveys his idea of the character in one important point: "I know not if you conceive *Richelieu's* illness (Act V.) as I do?"



SCENE FROM LYTTON'S "RIGHTFUL HEIR."

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he writes. "I do not mean it for a show illness. He is really ill, though he may exaggerate a little. When they are going to tear France from him, they do really tug at his heart-strings. He is really near fainting at the prospect of his experiment with the secretaries; and it is the mind invigorating the body, it is the might of France passing into him, which effects the cure. If there be delusion, it is all sublimed and exalted by the high-hearted truth at the bottom of it."

Nor was Macready's care confined to the representation of the *Cardinal* alone: as a great artist and careful manager he was anxious for the success of every member of his company. More especially was he desirous *Mauprat* and *Louis XIII.* should be well represented, and accordingly he repeatedly read the parts of these characters with Anderson and Elton, the players to whom they were respectively intrusted. To the latter he interpreted various extracts from Anquetel and Cinq Mars, that he might illustrate the weakness of *Louis's* nature; when Elton went away feeling more at ease with his task.

For some time the manager found it difficult to obtain a fitting representative for *François.* "There are many allusions," wrote Bulwer, "to the youth of *François*, and the interest of the character so much depends upon his being young, that I have great doubts of the audience being sufficiently conscious of the great youth of Elton, wig him as you will." After some consideration, Macready concluded the part would best be represented by a woman, and accordingly offered it to Mrs. Warner. As, however, he had some years previously recommended her never to don male costume, she refused to depart from his advice. "I did not press the point," writes Macready, "for I expected her grounds of objection." The character was allotted to Mr. Henry Howe, then in his twenty-sixth year, who played with satisfaction to his manager and the public. The following is the original cast: *Louis XIII.*, Mr. Elton; *Gaston, Duke of Orleans,** Mr. Diddear; *Baradas*, Mr. Warde; *Cardinal Richelieu*, Mr. Macready; *Chevalier de Mauprat*, Mr. Anderson; *Sieur de Beringhen*, Mr. Vining; *Joseph, a Capuchin*, Mr. Phelps; *Huguet, an Officer*, Mr. George Bennett; *François, a Page*, Mr. Henry Howe; *First Courtier*, Mr. Roberts; *Captain of the Archers*, Mr. Matthews; *First, Second, Third, Secretaries of State*, Mr. Tilbury, Mr. Yarnold, Mr. Payne; *Governor of the Bastille*, Mr. Waldron; *Jailer*, Mr. Ayliffe; *Julie de Mortemar*, Miss Helen Faucit; *Marion de Lorme*, Miss Charles.

After months of patient toil and trouble endured by actors and manager, "Richelieu" was produced on the 7th of March, 1839. The morning of that day, Macready lay in bed thinking over his part, then rising, went to Covent Garden and rehearsed the play, after which, tired and anxious, he waited the result of his endeavors. Long before the curtain rose the house was crowded to excess, a feeling of suppressed excitement pervaded the audience, expectation glowed on every face. Presently, when in the second act *Richelieu* was found seated in his study, a storm of applause greeted Macready, who, it was noticed, suffered from nervousness. Miss Faucit's entrance was a signal for acclamation, and, throughout, her acting was received with enthusiastic appreciation. The manager records losing his self-possession on this night, and was obliged to use too much effort. He, like all true artists, felt dissatisfied with his endeavors; but how, he asks, "can a person get up such a play and do justice at the same time to such a character?" His exertions were, however, greeted with approval—he possessed the sympathies of the house. The drama likewise steadily gained in favor, and when the curtain fell, says the *Times*, "Sir Lytton Bulwer, according to the new and most absurd fashion, being called for, made his bow from the stage-box to a crowded audience." The *Morning Post* adds, the house cheered "with quite as much absurdity as enthusiasm, to get the author upon the stage. All this was the nonsense of popularity," continued that paper, "but the sense of it consisted in the triumph of the play."

The criticisms of "Richelieu" published next morning were not so flattering to Sir Lytton Bulwer as the plaudits of those who had witnessed his play. The journal last quoted, whilst acknowledging it to be a work of talent, as regards plot, scene and incident, declares the author is not a master of versification. "In short," it continues, "he is not a poet; and although this play is evidently his *chef-d'œuvre* in dramatic effort, if not indeed his crowning laurel in regard to his literary fame, as it now stands, yet it is very deficient in deep, fine, beautiful embodyings of true and eloquent thoughts and images which constitute poetry expressed in language equally eloquent and true. So far, then, it will not rank with our dramatic literature of the first class; but in other respects it is an ambitious and successful effort, and gives fair food for very high commendation." The *Times*, while pronouncing "Richelieu" clever, continues: "It reveals no great secrets of human nature; the general embellishments of the language are such as we had rather seen them omitted than retained. But as exhibiting a knowledge of stage-effect, the art of keeping alive the interest of an audience, the knack of bringing in a startling situation in the right place, just where it was wanted, of dropping the act-curtain at the proper time—as exhibiting all this, the play has certainly the merit of a stirring, bustling, effective drama, with a very strong plot, of affinity to the melodrama."

Seven months after the production of "Richelieu," Sir Lytton Bulwer had a five-act drama, entitled "The Sea Captain," in rehearsal. This play had been submitted to the judgment of Macready, who had made various alterations in the manuscript and offered certain suggestions to the author. During its rehearsal both Macready and Bulwer were anxious regarding its success, and fearful of its fate. On the 16th of July in this year (1839), Macready ended his connection with Covent Garden Theatre, and on the 19th of August began his engagement under Webster at the Haymarket. At this theatre, on the 31st of October, "The Sea Captain" was first produced, with the following cast: *Lord Ashdale*, Mr. J. Webster; *Sir Maurice Beevor*, Mr. Strickland; *Norman*, Mr. Macready; *Falkner*, Mr. Howe; *Onslow*, Mr. Phelps; *Gausseu*, Mr. O. Smith; *Luke*, Mr. Gallot; *Lady Arundel*, Mrs. Warner; *Violet*, Miss Helen Faucit; *Mistress Prudence*, Mrs. Clifford.

The house was crowded to excess before the curtain rose. At the end of the first act, according to the *Era*, the public were disappointed, and wondered a stronger impression had not been made upon them by a play of Bulwer's. "Had the author been altogether unknown," says this paper, "we have some suspicion that their surprise would have been expressed in a very unequivocal manner. They remembered, however, that Bulwer was a successful dramatist, and beyond all question a man of genius, and they saw before them on the stage a constellation of talent such as could be produced at no other theatre in London. The interest opened in the second act, and increased, though only a little, in the third; but in the fourth this slow and stately stream of passion acquired the impetuosity of a torrent, and the drop-scene fell amidst thunders of applause. Such profound emotion could not be increased by any human skill in the fifth act, but this department of the piece, although the *dénouement* occupied too much time, was sufficiently well-managed to prevent any sensible flagging of the interest; and the curtain closed upon one of the most successful pieces (so far as may be argued from a first representation) we ever saw."

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* In the character of *Gaston, Duke of Orleans*, Mr. Henry Irving made his first appearance on the stage, at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland.

At the fall of the curtain Macready was called, and on his appearance bouquets and laurel-wreaths were thrown on the stage. Then Mrs. Warner and Miss Faucit were summoned to receive enthusiastic applause, after which Bulwer's presence was demanded. Concerning this the *Morning Post* states: "The playwright responded by 'putting his head out of his box and bowing genteelly to the audience.'"

Not proving a success, the piece was soon withdrawn. Subsequently it was rewritten, and under the name of "The Rightful Heir" was produced on the 3d of October, 1868, at the Lyceum Theatre, with a cast which included Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Henry Neville, Lawlor, George Peel, Bandmann, Lin Rayne, T. Anderson, Dan Evans, Basil Potter, Everard, Mrs. H. Vezin and Miss M. Palmer. It was played for a limited number of nights.

The author's next dramatic venture was the comedy of "Money," first produced on the 8th of December, 1840. Before that date Macready had ended a short engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, and returned to the Haymarket on the 16th of March of that year. The while Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer was busy writing "Money," and in October placed it in Macready's hands. In accordance with his usual custom, the latter was unsparing in his efforts toward insuring the comedy's success, rehearsing it repeatedly; at one time devoting two hours' labor to a single page, and learning to play piquet that his manner might appear natural in the gambling scene. And as he strove sorrow abided with him, for his blessed and beloved Joan, his light of life, his little daughter, aged three, sickened and died. Within a week from the day she was laid at rest, "Money" was announced for performance, and Macready took his way to the playhouse heavy-hearted.

The following cast appeared in the original performance: *Lord Glossmore*, Mr. Vining; *Sir John Vesey*, Mr. Strickland; *Sir Frederick Blount*, Mr. Lacy; *Stout*, Mr. D. Rees; *Graves*, Mr. Webster; *Evelyn*, Mr. Macready; *Captain Dudley Smooth*, Mr. Wrench; *Sharp*, Mr. Waldron; *Toke*, Mr. Oxberry; *Frantz* (Tailor), Mr. O. Smith; *Tabouret* (Upholsterer), Mr. Howe; *MacFinch* (Jeweler), Mr. Gough; *MacStucco*, (Architect), Mr. Mathews; *Kite*, (Horse-dealer), Mr. Sauter; *Crimson* (Portrait-painter), Mr. Gallot; *Grub* (Publisher), Mr. Caulfield; *Patent*, (Coach-builder), Mr. Clarke; *Lady Franklin*, Mrs. Glover; *Georgina* (Daughter to *Sir John*), Miss Horton; *Clara* (Companion to *Lady Franklin*), Miss Faucit.

No sooner were the doors of the Haymarket Theatre opened on the evening of the 8th of December, 1840, than the house was crowded in every part. The strongest indications of impatience for the rise of the curtain were manifested in all directions. At last the overture ended and the play began. The first acts were well received, but the *Times* states during the fourth act many of the audience began to hiss strongly. However, this sign of disapproval was soon subdued, and at the conclusion the house was uproariously enthusiastic. Macready and Miss Faucit were called before the curtain, after which Sir Lytton Bulwer was summoned in the same manner. In answer to this Webster came forward and said Sir Edward had left the house. Dissatisfied with his reply, the audience shouted, "Bring him back; where did he go?" to which Webster made no reply; when general confusion ensued and the peacefully disposed quickly retired. Bearing recent experiences in our minds, it is interesting to hear the *Times* comment, forty-six years ago, on the conduct of the audiences flocking to witness premier representations. "These violent first-night demonstrations," says that journal, "are now too well known to be taken of any value." Speaking of the play, the same authority was of opinion, the leading idea of the piece, that friends come and go with wealth and poverty, was trite, and that the expedient of trying real and false friends was one of the most common. The satire was not remarkably pungent, the sentimental language seldom rose above the commonplaces usually spoken by the interesting heroes of dramas and novels. The dialogue amused by an occasional oddity, a quaint saying, a happy expression of some home truth; but there was no brilliancy, though occasionally such was attempted. The merit of the piece really lay in the construction of certain scenes, where a great number of persons could be combined with effect. The reading of the will, the bustle of the club-room, with the dovetailing of speeches of various personages, evinced talent, and that in a difficult part of dramatic construction. To this was the favorable reception of the drama greatly to be attributed, as likewise to the termination of the story; since although that was not particularly ingenious, the preference of an affectionate young lady to one who merely seeks for a fortune must be pleasing; and the sentiment that a man is really worth more than his money must command a certain portion of applause.

The play drew crowded houses night after night, and ran at the Haymarket Theatre until the end of Macready's engagement, the 15th of March, 1841.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer having succeeded as a dramatist, and contradicted the prognostications of his critics, rested from further efforts in this branch of art for upward of eleven years. At the end of that period he wrote a comedy in five acts, entitled "Not so Bad as We Seem; Or, Many Sides to a Character," for a company of amateur actors bearing well-known names; who, by the performance of this play, raised funds for the establishment of The Guild of Literature and Art. The purpose of the association was to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new institution where honorable rest from arduous labor shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties. The characters of the comedy played for the establishment of this worthy guild were sustained by the following notable cast: *The Duke of Middlesex*, Mr. Frank Stone; *The Earl of Loftus*, Mr. Dudley Costello; *Lord Wilmot* (his Son), Mr. Charles Dickens; *Mr. Shadowly Softhead*, Mr. Douglas Jerrold; *Mr. Hardman*, Mr. John Forster; *Sir Geoffrey Thornside*, Mr. Mark Lemon; *Mr. Goodenough Easy*, Mr. F. Topham; *Lord Le Trimmer*, Mr. Peter Cunningham; *Sir Thomas Timid*, Mr. Westland Marston; *Colonel Flint*, Mr. R. H. Horne; *Mr. Jacob Tonson*, Mr. Charles Knight; *Smart* (Valet to *Lord Wilmot*, Mr. Wilkie Collins; *Hodge*, (Servant to *Sir Geoffrey*), Mr. John Tenniel; *Paddy O'Sullivan*, Mr. Robert Bell; *Mr. David Fallen*, Mr. Augustus Egg, A.R.A.; *Lucy* (Daughter to *Sir Geoffrey*), Mrs. Compton; *Barbara* (Daughter to *Mr. Easy*), Miss Ellen Chaplin.

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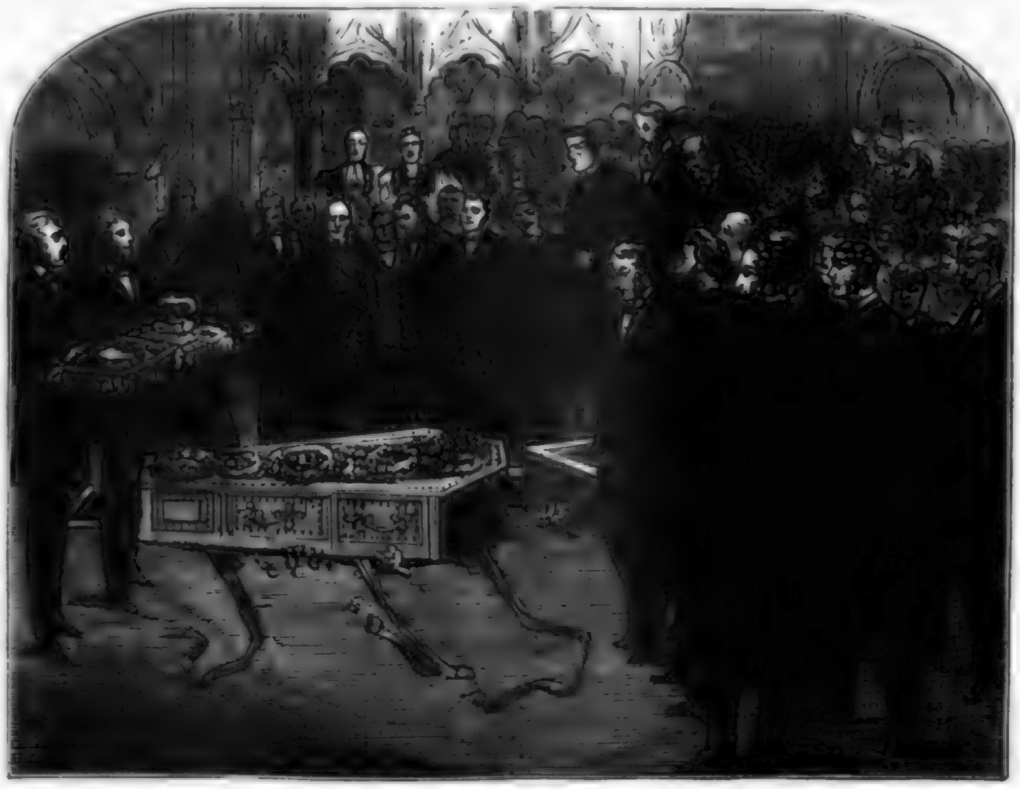
Scenes for the comedy were painted, and presented as free-will offerings by Stanfield, David Roberts, Thomas Grieve, Telbin, Absolon, and Louis Haghe. A portable theatre was built for the occasion, and set up in the library of Devonshire House, kindly lent by the Duke of Devonshire, a man of kindliest nature, who felt deep interest in all connected with literature and art. Great expectations were entertained regarding the comedy, and the highest curiosity obtained to witness the performance of such distinguished amateurs. Tickets of admission were five guineas each; the Queen sent a hundred guineas for a box. Accordingly, on the 14th of May, 1851, the date on which "Not so Bad as We Seem" was first performed, the picture-gallery of Devonshire House, which, adjoining the library, served as an auditorium, was crowded with a singularly brilliant audience.

Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, the Russian, Prussian, Sardinian and American Ministers, together with some of the most distinguished peers and peeresses in the realm, were present; whilst the aristocracy of talent was represented by Lady Morgan, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Monckton Milnes, Mr. Justice Talfourd, Thomas Babington Macaulay and Harrison Ainsworth. At 9 o'clock the Duke of Devonshire's excellent band played an overture expressly composed for the occasion by His Grace's private pianist, Mr. Charles Coote. On its conclusion the curtain ascended and the play began. Every scene was received with applause. The actors enjoyed their work no less than the audience approved their efforts. Both were so close together, as Mr. Charles Knight writes, "that as *Mr. Jacob Tonson* sat in Wills's Coffee House, he could have touched, with his clouded cane, the Duke of Wellington, who was of Her Majesty's suite." The performance being a splendid success, the play was transferred to the Hanover Square Rooms, where it was repeated to crowded houses throughout the hot nights of June and July. Later on the comedy, represented by almost the same cast, was taken into the provinces, when thousands crowded to see the play and players. Many were the adventures and strange the occurrences which befell the latter. One evening, when they were about to appear at Bath, their perruquier suddenly rushed to where the amateurs had assembled, and with a look of horror announced their wigs had not arrived. The hairdressers' shops were searched in vain. "The time," writes Charles Knight, "was long past when Bath could produce a stock of perukes such as were the glory of the days of Nash. It was a question whether our *Duke of Middlesex*, our *Earl Loftus*, and our *Lord Wilmot* could be content with the scratch wigs of our own degenerate days, or appear in their gorgeous array of velvet and lace with their own cropped hair. We really dreaded for our poor perruquier some such catastrophe as happened to the cook of Louis XIV. when the fish came too late for dinner. But the fates were propitious. The wigs arrived at the last moment."



FUNERAL OF LORD LYTTON AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

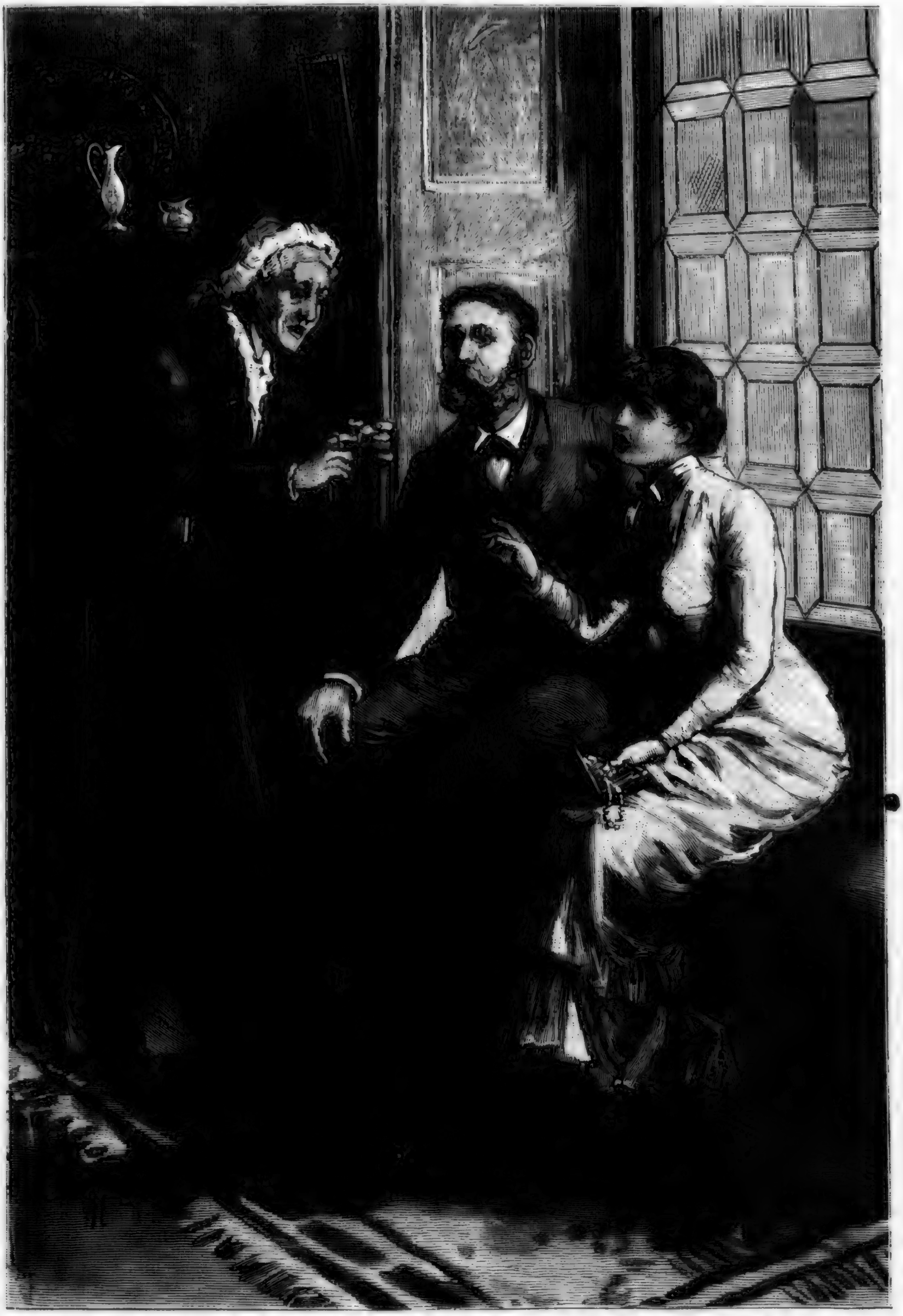
Everywhere the distinguished amateurs met with success; the play ran like wild-fire. "We have had prodigious houses," writes Dickens to Forster, from Sunderland. "Into the room at Newcastle (where Lord Carlisle was, by-the-by) they squeezed six hundred people, at twelve-and-sixpence, into a space reasonably capable of holding three hundred. Last night, in a hall built like a theatre, with pit, boxes and gallery, we had about twelve hundred, I dare say more. They began with a round of applause when Coote's white waistcoat appeared in the orchestra, and wound up the farce with three deafening cheers. I never saw such good fellows."

Sufficient money for establishing the Guild of Literature and Art was obtained; but the institution, after a brief existence, failed for lack of subsequent support.

The last dramatic work from Lord Lytton's pen which the public has seen is "Junius; Or, The Household Gods." This piece was produced at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett. A brilliant audience, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, assembled on the evening of February 26th, 1885, to witness its first representation. All was accomplished that the ability of its performers, the skill of scenic artists and the labor of mechanics could achieve toward rendering "Junius" successful.

In a brace of concise sentences the *Athenæum* gave voice to a general verdict regarding its merits. "Lord Lytton's new drama," says that journal, "is exactly what might have been and was anticipated. It is a clever and artificial work, in which the action is all but dramatic, and the dialogue rhetorical."

It was withdrawn from the stage of the Princess's Theatre on the 28th of March, a month and two days from the date of its first production.



THE CONVICT'S MESSAGE.—"WITH A CRY SHE STAGGERED FORWARD AND CAUGHT THE LOCKET FROM HELEN'S HAND. 'WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?' SHE ASKED, PALE TO THE LIPS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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# THE CONVICT'S MESSAGE

By Florence B. Hallowell.

Geoffrey Rochester considered his life a failure, for, starting out with bright hopes, high ambitions and a determination to win fame and fortune, he finds himself, at twenty-eight years of age, a prison surgeon, with convicts and jailbirds for his patients, and no prospect of ever occupying a more exalted position.

His parents were powerless to help him. They had crippled their resources very considerably in giving him his medical education, and they could do no more. It was from a sincere appreciation of the many sacrifices they had made for him, and a desire to release them as soon as possible from the burden of his support, that Geoffrey accepted the appointment of a surgeon in the Howard County Jail, which some friends had interested themselves to procure for him.

He had at first considered it only a temporary position, to be resigned as soon as something better appeared in view; but the something better had kept persistently out of sight, and at the end of five years he was still in the jail, prescribing for the various ills and ailments of the most degraded of God's creatures.

Custom had not attached him to his duties, and his salary was too small to reconcile him to them.

It seemed to him sometimes as if he grew more rebellious, more dissatisfied with every day, more keenly conscious that the best years of his life were being wasted, and that his constant association with convicts was having a degrading effect upon him.

He grew to loath every detail of the wearisome prison life—to feel sick of the perpetual sight of the dreary stone corridors, the whitewashed walls and narrow cots on which his patients lay; to dread the clang of the heavy doors, the clank of the heavy chains, the monotonous tramp, tramp, of the guard pacing up and down the long corridors.

But he saw no way to release himself from his martyrdom.

The resignation of his situation would involve the discomfort of his parents, unless he could step into something else that would pay as well.

He was thinking over his woes one night as he restlessly walked up and down the floor of his small surgery. His sense of the injustice and cruelty of the fate he had met had never been keener than on this night; for all day long he had been working over a convict who was dying of congestion of the lungs, and he was worn out, tired, sick, and in a fit mood to feel the hardness of his fate.

"I shall begin to believe myself a convict like all the rest if this goes on much longer," he muttered. "I dare say I have thoughts as wild, rebellious and bad as any among them. My chains are as heavy as theirs, in spite of the fact that they make no sound. Oh, if something would only occur to take me away where I would never see the face of a jailbird again!"

He threw himself into the only chair the narrow cell contained, and buried his face in his hands.

There was a dull kind of satisfaction in giving way to the gloomy thoughts which oppressed him, and he had never felt less like being interrupted by the call of duty. The sound of a respectful knock on the door brought a frown to his brow, and a dark, angry look to his handsome face.

His voice sounded extremely harsh as he cried:

"Come in! What's the matter now?"

The door opened to admit a warden.

"No. 86 is going fast, sir."

"Well, I've done all I could for him," said Geoffrey Rochester, impatiently. "I felt sure from the first that he was done for."

"But he has asked for you, sir," said the man.

"They all ask for me," said Geoffrey. "They seem to think I can bargain with Death to stay away. For my part, I should be glad to die any time if I was a convict. You can go, Jeffries."

The warden withdrew, wondering at the doctor's irritability. It was seldom that Geoffrey Rochester permitted any one to see him otherwise than composed.

"What under heaven can the man want of me?" he muttered, as he took a couple of bottles from a wooden press in one corner of the room. "I'll give him a soothing draught, and he won't know anything more of the troubles of this world until he wakes up in the next."

He went out, and walked quickly along the dim stone corridor until he came to the door of the cell at the extreme end of it. Into this he stepped, and softly closed the door behind him.

It was an ordinary narrow cell, with bare, whitewashed walls, and destitute of furniture, except a low bed, on which the dying prisoner lay, and a three-legged wooden stool, on which the surgeon took a seat directly he entered.

On a bracket on the wall stood a small kerosene lamp, which threw a sickly gleam of yellow light over the white, drawn face on the bed.

The prisoner so soon to be released from the cares, sorrows and perplexities of this strange world was decidedly unprepossessing in appearance. His hair was cut short in compliance with the regulations of the prison, and his pain and suffering had given his face a drawn and haggard look.

But in good health and before sin and bad passions had marked his mouth with such heavy, unmistakable lines, he might well have been called fine-looking.

His eyes were large and dark, his features regular, and his figure tall and well-proportioned.

That he had been born a gentleman, and had fallen by degrees into the paths of vice and crime, the surgeon felt pretty certain; but he knew nothing of his history except that, after a long career of crime, he had been finally convicted and sent to prison to serve a term of ten years for forgery.

Only three of those years had passed, and he was to escape the other seven through the portals Death held open for him.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the surgeon.

"Tell me again that you are *sure* there is no hope for me," said the convict, feebly. "I feel myself growing weaker; but hope, you know, dies hard."

"I am sure that you have not an hour to live," said Geoffrey, firmly. "If there is any message, any——"

"There's no chance of a sudden turn for the better?" interrupted the man.

"None whatever," answered the surgeon, firmly.

"You wouldn't deceive me?"

"What would possibly be my motive for doing so?"

The convict did not answer. He seemed exhausted, and closed his eyes. His breath came in slow, fitful gasps.

"You've been kind to me," he said, at length, after such a long pause that Geoffrey thought he would never speak again; "and I mean to trust——"

A sudden fit of coughing came upon him, and when it was over he was perceptibly weaker.

"Don't try to talk. You only hurt yourself," said Geoffrey. "Lie still, and I will give you a few drops of something that will make you sleep."

The convict slowly turned his head on his pillow, and fixed his keen, dark eyes on the surgeon's face, as if he fain would read his very soul; then he said, faintly:

"Pencil!"

Understanding at once that he was too weak to talk more, and had something to communicate in writing, Geoffrey drew a pencil and notebook from his pocket and handed them to him.

Endowed with that singular strength which often comes at the last to the dying, the convict began to write.

But the process was a slow and difficult one, and during one of his frequent pauses for rest he looked up at Geoffrey, and his lips formed rather than uttered the word:

"Promise!"

"I promise," said the young surgeon, without the least idea to what he was committing himself.

The man seemed satisfied, and returned to his writing. Suddenly a tremor seized him, the pencil fell from his nerveless fingers, his hand dropped by his side, there was a peculiar, rattling sound in his throat, a film came over his eyes, and, with a little gasp, he sank back—dead!

Geoffrey saw at once that all was over, and, accustomed to such scenes, he made no ado about it.

He picked up the notebook, which still lay on the dead man's chest, drew the sheet over the ghastly face, and, stepping to the door, told the warder watching outside that No. 86 was gone.

It was not until an hour later, when he went to his room to retire for the night, that the surgeon thought of looking at what had been written in his notebook.

He had attached no importance to it, for he knew by experience that the dying have generally a few last words of some sort or another to write or say; and this was probably a message to some mother or sweetheart which he had engaged himself to deliver.

The writing was almost illegible, so tremulous had been the convict's hand, but when at length deciphered, the message ran as follows:

"Brooktown Junction. Heathcote Meadow. Big oak-tree. Dig. Give all to in——"

"Deuced mysterious," muttered the doctor. "Pity his strength hadn't lasted a few minutes longer. What *does* this Sanscrit mean? I'm to dig, it seems. Now, I wonder——"

Then suddenly his face lighted up. He thought he saw to what his promise bound him. Something had been hidden in Heathcote Meadow under a big oak-tree. He was to find it and give it—to whom?

There was no way of answering this question. It could never be answered by the silent figure lying in the bare cell which the surgeon had just left, and to whom else could it be put? The poor convict had died just as the most important part of his message was to be written.

Very much excited and agitated, the doctor sat up until nearly dawn, turning this strange case over in his mind.

He determined at last to go to Brooktown Junction. He knew the place well.

It was only about fifty miles from Millborough, where his parents lived. He would probe the matter to the bottom if possible; if not, as far as he could.

Perhaps in the discovery he would make at the oak-tree would be a clew to the one to whom the treasure—for treasure the surgeon believed he should find—was to be given or restored.

As soon as it was daylight Geoffrey set about arranging for the journey he had decided to make.

He persuaded a young surgeon of his acquaintance to assume his duties temporarily, and was enabled to take the noon train for Brooktown Junction, which was a small country village about two hundred miles distant.

During the ride, which seemed tediously long to him, he occupied himself with speculations about the dead convict and his dying message.

Who was No. 86? He had been consigned to the jail under the name of Richard Hartford; but it was safe to conclude that that was not his real name.

How earnestly Geoffrey wished that he had lived long enough to finish that message he had begun too late.

The young surgeon arrived at Brooktown Junction too late to begin his investigations that night, and he was obliged to control his impatience as best he could, and make himself as comfortable as possible in the small inn.

At daylight he was up and dressed, too much excited over the prospect of the discovery he expected to make to be contented in bed. But he was forced to wait until eight o'clock for his breakfast, and it was nearly nine before he started out to look for Heathcote Meadow.

He did not like to make any inquiries, for, he thought, such a course would inevitably arouse suspicion, and so he trusted to luck to give him the desired information. For once luck was in his favor.

As he walked down one of the many green lanes leading from the picturesque little village, he met a child, barefooted and sunburnt, carrying a large bundle in his small arms.

"Where are you going, my lad?" asked the surgeon. "That bundle is too heavy for you, I fancy."

The child stopped, pleased at the stranger's notice.

"It ain't as heavy as it looks, sir," he said, with a slight lisp, "and I'm goin' to Miss Heathcote's with it," pointing toward the west, where the chimneys of a large house were distinguishable through the trees.

"Miss Heathcote's!" repeated the surgeon. "I think I will walk with you a little way, my boy."

He turned and followed the child, who was delighted at his condescension, little dreaming of its motive.

As he climbed over a moss-grown stile leading into a large meadow, the boy said, in an explanatory tone, "I goes through here 'cause it's shorter," and immediately struck into a well-worn foot-path leading directly from the stile.

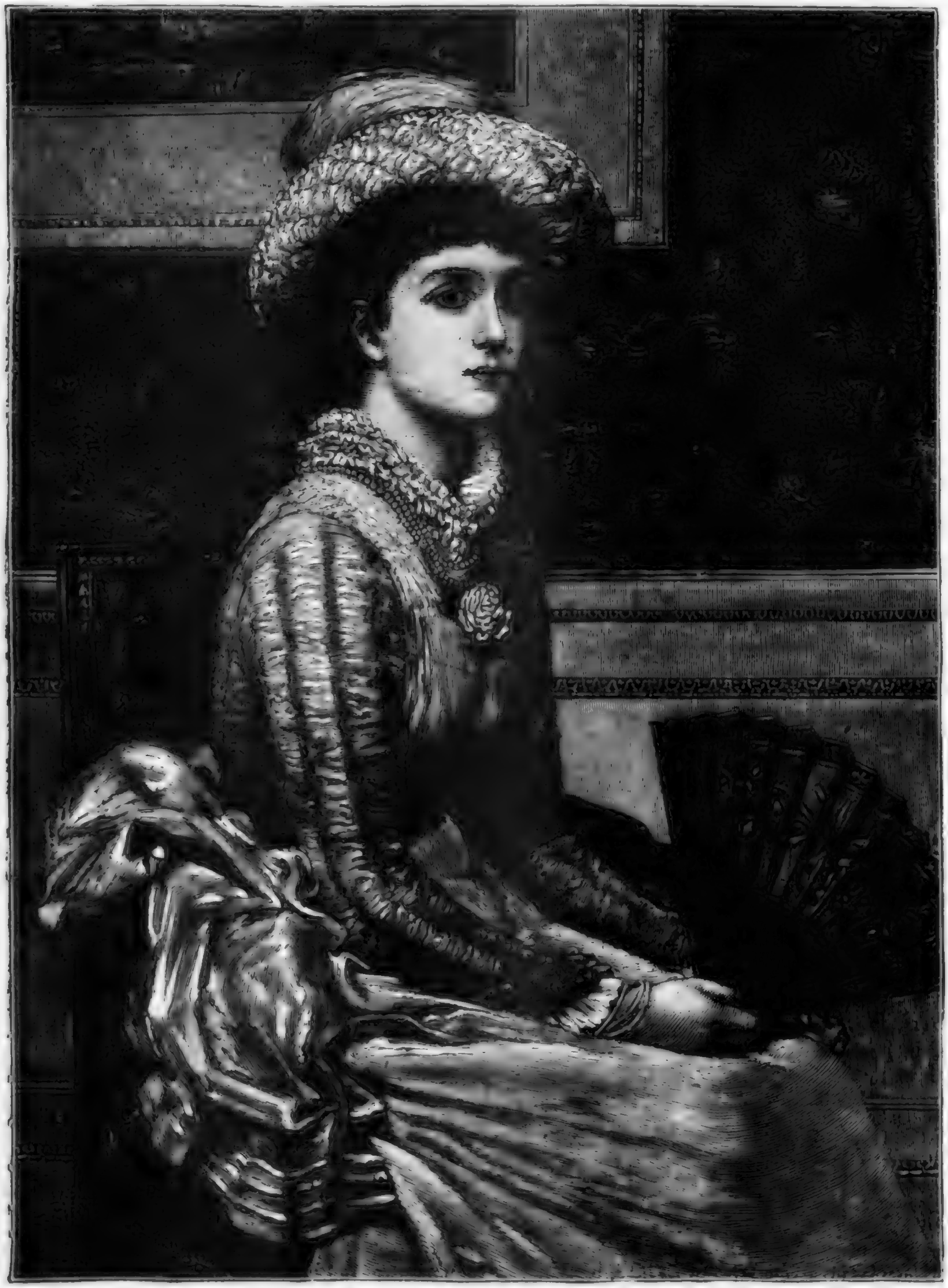
"Stop a moment," said Geoffrey. "What do you call this field? Has it any name?"

"Heathcote Meadow, sir," answered the boy; and though Geoffrey had been almost sure of receiving exactly that reply, he could not help the sudden bound of his heart as he heard it.

"I think I will wait here until you come back," he said, seating himself on the stile; and with an "All right, sir," the child left him.

There were only three oak-trees in the meadow, and Geoffrey had no difficulty in singling out the largest.

XUM



FAIR HELEN.

and he was thinking with some impatience how difficult it would be to restrain all day his anxiety to go to work under it, when he heard the rustle of a woman's garments behind him, and a soft, wonderfully pleasant voice said:

"Excuse me, sir; but may I pass?"

Geoffrey turned, thinking as he sprang down from the stile that he had never seen a lovelier creature than this young girl, on whom his eyes fell with an earnest, admiring gaze, which brought the blood to her cheek. She was tall, slender and extremely graceful, with a well-rounded form, a proudly poised little head, crowned with rippling chestnut hair, and brown eyes as soft and innocent as those of a wild gazelle.

Embarrassed by the earnest gaze of the stranger, the girl hastened to escape from it; but she was not to do so. Fate was to make her acquainted with the young surgeon.

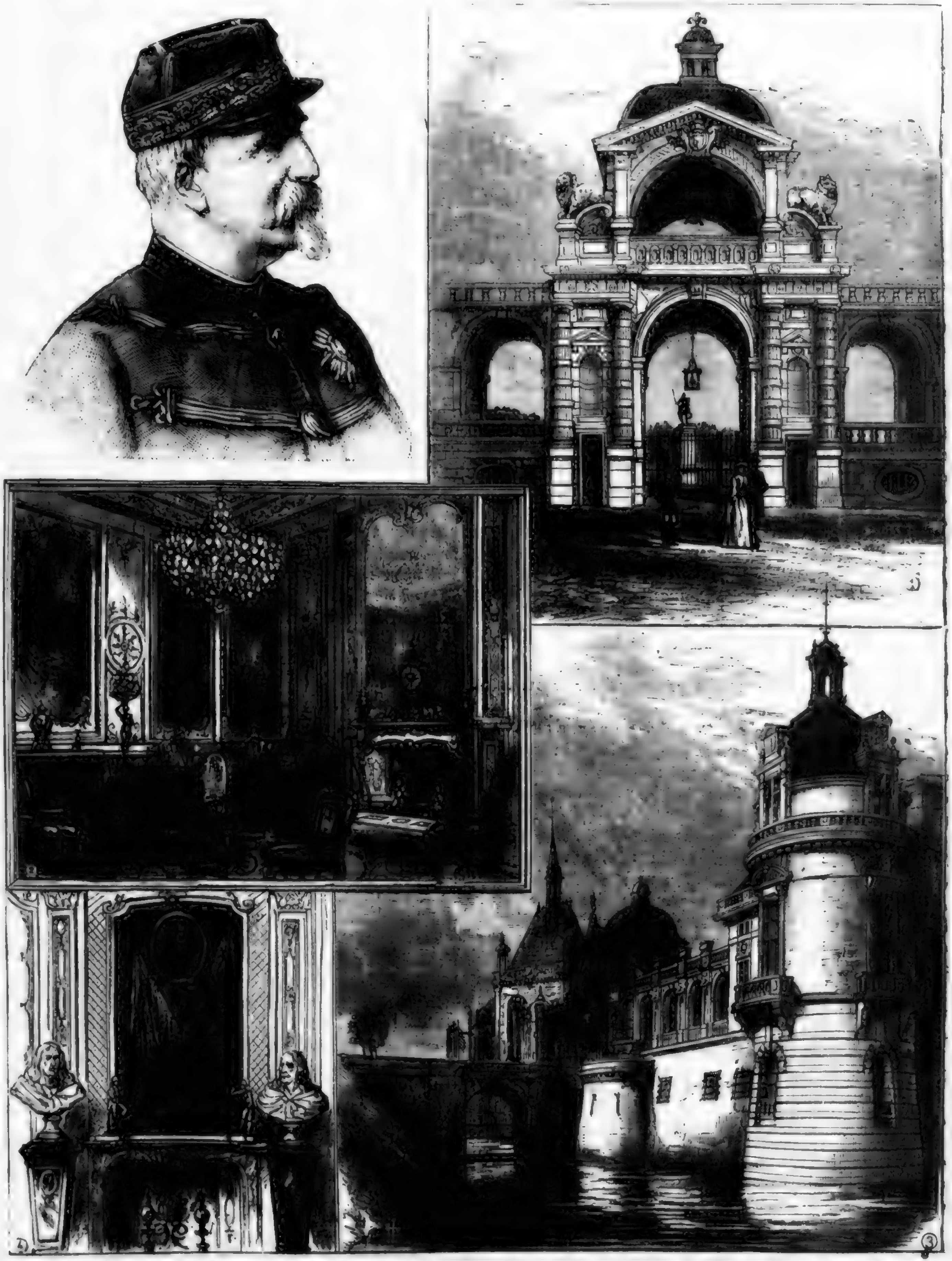
In passing over the stile her dress caught in a large splinter, and, as she attempted to step down, she was thrown suddenly backward and fell, almost at Geoffrey's feet. In an instant he was assisting her to rise, full of regrets for her accident; but as she stood on her feet she gave a little cry, and almost fainted on his breast.

"What is it?" he cried, in alarm.

He held her in his arms, his heart beating wildly.

"I am afraid that I have sprained my ankle," she answered, in a tone of great agitation.

"What shall I do?" answered Geoffrey, as he seated her on the stile, looking anxiously at her pale face and trembling lips. "Will you permit me to examine your ankle? I am a surgeon."



CHANTILLY.—THE DUC D'AUMALE—1. MAIN ENTRANCE. 2. DRAWING-ROOM. 3. SIDE VIEW OF CHATEAU. 4. THE CONDÉ TROPHY. SEE PAGE 232.

"No, no," she said, coloring deeply. "But would you be willing to go to the Manor and ask that a carriage be sent for me? I am Miss Heathcote."

Geoffrey was beginning to reply that he would be only too happy to serve her in any way, when he was interrupted by the appearance of the little boy he had previously seen, who came running along the path in full pursuit of a yellow butterfly.

"Ah," said Miss Heathcote, "here is Benny Lowe. "He can go for me."

She called the child to her and gave him the message to the Manor, urging him to hurry.

"You must let me stay with you until your carriage comes," said Geoffrey, as the child ran off. "I feel as if I was a good deal to blame for your accident."

"Not at all," returned Helen Heathcote, quickly. "It was entirely due to my own awkwardness."

She thought, as she spoke, that this stranger was the handsomest and most pleasing man she had ever seen. She really enjoyed the half-hour spent with him before her carriage came, in spite of the pain in her ankle, and felt quite well acquainted with him.

She willingly accorded him permission to call upon her the following day, making Geoffrey feel that he had not made a disagreeable impression on her.

He had learned a good deal about her in that half-hour's conversation. She told him that until recently she had lived with an aunt a long way from Brooktown Junction, and had never expected to find a home at the Manor; for her uncle who had owned it had never expressed the slightest affection for her, and had openly avowed his intention of leaving his money to found a hospital for aged men.

He was a strange, morose old man himself, and lived like a hermit, seeing no one but his servants from the beginning to the end of the year.

On his death it had been a great surprise to every one to find that his niece inherited his property.

"If it wasn't for just one thing, I would be as happy as the day is long," Helen Heathcote had said to Geoffrey; and the arrival of the carriage prevented him from asking what that thing was.

Geoffrey watched the carriage drive away, a smile on his face as he reflected on his good fortune in meeting this lovely woman; and it was not until it disappeared in a cloud of dust down the lane that he remembered again the big oak-tree.

He lounged about the inn the rest of the day, thinking of Helen Heathcote, and did not return to the meadow until nine o'clock, when most of the inhabitants of the sleepy little village were seeking their beds. He had provided himself with a spade and a small lantern, and he began his work as soon as he had reached the tree.

Unaccustomed to vigorous exercise of any kind, he soon tired of this, and only the expectation of making an important discovery induced him to continue it.

He dug a hole several feet deep, and came to nothing. The perspiration was pouring from every pore.

Almost convinced that he had been deceived, after all, he paused to rest.

"I will dig five minutes more, and then if I don't come to anything, I'll give the whole affair up," he said to himself, as, after resting ten minutes, he again took up the spade.

But he had not dug half the allotted time when he felt his spade strike against something hard. Another moment and he was able to draw to light a small, iron-bound box. He did not make any attempt to open it; but quickly threw the earth back into the hole, stamped it down with his feet, and then, taking the box under his arm, made his way back to the inn.

Alone in his room, with the door locked and the curtains down, Geoffrey opened the box, which was fastened by a padlock, which he was obliged to break.

What did he find? Evidently the hoard of some one who had been afraid to trust in banks. Pounds, shillings and pence—enough to keep a prudent man in comfort for many years—and several pieces of old-fashioned jewelry. There was a costly necklace of pearls with a diamond pendant, a superb bracelet set with emeralds, and a beautiful onyx locket set with pearls and diamonds.

To whom did the contents of this box belong? This was a question Geoffrey could not answer, and, as he asked it, he reflected that he alone knew of those last words spoken by the so-called Richard Hartford, and a great temptation assailed him. Why should he not keep for his own use this fortune which had fallen so strangely into his hands? Possibly by advertising, by ferreting out the story of every robbery which had taken place during the past ten years, he might discover the owner of this wealth.

But ought it not really to belong to himself? Had he not worked for it? As the finder, was he not entitled to it? The thought of returning to the dreary prison, to his narrow slip of a cell, to the hard, monotonous life, was terrible to him. And here was the chance for release. Never, in all probability, would a second come to him. If he went back to the prison, he must go back with the expectation of staying there the rest of his life.

Geoffrey Rochester spent a sleepless night, pondering this question of his keeping this fortune he had found, and when morning came he was pale and haggard. But he had decided the great question.

He wrote a letter, resigning his position at the jail, and sent it off at once, so fearful was he that even now he might change his mind and prefer poverty and peace to wealth and guilt. And then he went up to the Manor to call on Helen Heathcote.

She received him in a cozy little morning-room, where she lay on a sofa, as befitted a young lady with a sprained ankle. And she was very glad to see him. That was evident by her smiles and blushes. She introduced him to her aunt, a quiet, pleasant-faced old lady, whom he liked at once.

Never had time passed more quickly to him, and when he rose to go, and glanced at the bronze clock on the mantel, he was loath to believe that he had spent two hours at the Manor.

The consequence of his acquaintance with Helen Heathcote may be easily imagined. He remained in Brooktown for three weeks, learning with every day to love her better, and drawing her gentle heart more closely to him, until the day when he confessed his love for her, and she was only too happy to promise to be his wife. She was easily satisfied as to his means, for her own were ample, and she asked no questions. Her heart was so wholly his that she would have married him had he been a pauper.

"The estate needs a master," said Helen, brightly. "I expect you to make a model country gentleman, Geoffrey."

The young surgeon's parents were delighted that he was to marry an heiress, and overwhelmed him with congratulations when he ran down to remain with them until the all-important day of marriage.

But Geoffrey was not happy. Who says that the ways of sin are pleasant and flowery? It is false! the flowers are the deadly nightshade, the trees are upas-trees. There was a dull pain gnawing ever at Geoffrey Rochester's heart—a pain he could not forget or put aside. And now that he was away from Helen, it troubled him more than ever. The possession of the wealth to which he had no right oppressed him like a nightmare.

He could not be at peace. The surrender of his secret was equivalent to giving up his love, and he felt that he could not lose her now. He felt sure that did she know the story she would cast him from her, root her love from her heart, and never consent to look upon his face again. She would consider him no better than a thief. An ugly word; but he felt as if it belonged to him.

Morbidly brooding over his guilt, remorse knocking continually at his heart, he grew thin, pale and worn. His parents wondered at his dejection, and grew to fear that his heart was not in the wealthy match he was about to make.

"Geoffrey," said his mother, one day, "what is the matter with you? You have changed terribly within the past few weeks. Oh, my son, if you do not love this girl, you——"

"Not love Helen!" he interrupted. "She is the one woman in the world to me."

"Then I cannot understand your despondency," said his mother. "You have evidently something on your mind. If it is anything you ought to confess to Miss Heathcote, do not defer it until after your marriage. Her being bound to you would not prevent her from thinking you had deceived and distrusted her. You can better bear to lose her love now than then, my son."

Geoffrey made no reply; but he thought over his mother's words as he tossed on his bed that night, and when morning broke he had resolved to go to Helen and tell her the story of his sin.

He took the first train to Brooktown Junction, and reached the Manor just as Helen was starting out with well-filled basket for the poor.

She was both surprised and delighted to see him, and turned back into the house with him very willingly.

She did not notice until they reached the drawing-room how pale he was.

"Geoffrey, you have been ill!" she cried. "Why did you not let me know?"

"I have been sick at heart, my darling," he said, drawing her to a sofa and making her take a seat by his side; "for I have been nerving myself to tell you something which may part us, Helen."

"Oh, Geoffrey, do not say that!"

"Do you love me so well, then?" he asked. "But perhaps your love will die when you hear what I have to tell you."

Then he began the story of the convict. He told her every detail, neither excusing nor blaming himself for his part of the affair.

"You did wrong not to seek for the owner of the property," she said, at length, slipping one hand in his and lifting her tear-wet eyes to his face; "I see that, Geoffrey. But there has been no harm done. You have confessed before it was too late to make amends, and we will go to work at once to search out the owner of the box."

"And you still love me, Helen?"

"As well as ever, Geoffrey—even better, I think, knowing how you have suffered," she answered.

He breathed a long sigh of relief, and then drew from his coat-pocket a small box. Opening it, he showed her the emerald bracelet, the diamond pendant, the necklace and the costly onyx locket.

"What lovely things!" she said. "Ah, how some woman must have grieved over their loss."

She held the locket in her hand, turning it over and over, admiring the flash of the diamonds, and at that moment her aunt, Miss Hartford, entered the room.

"Helen, are you——" she began, and then her eyes fell on the jewelry.

With a cry she staggered forward and caught the locket from Helen's hand.

"Where did you get this?" she asked, pale to the lips.

"They came into Geoffrey's possession through a convict," answered Helen. "Have you ever seen them before, aunt?"

"They are mine—all of them," said Miss Hartford, sinking into a chair. "Little did I imagine that I would ever see them again."

She touched a secret spring in the locket, and it flew open, revealing a handsome, boyish face, the face of one whom this woman had once loved with all the strength of her heart. Where was he now?

"Tell me all about these—how you found them—everything," she said, turning to Geoffrey.

He told her the story as he had told it to Helen, and when he had finished she said, in a hollow voice:

"That convict was your brother, Helen; your unfortunate brother Harold."

"Oh, can it be possible? How terrible! Aunt, he cannot have sunk so low as that!" cried Helen, her eyes overflowing with tears.

And then Miss Hartford told them the history of her loss, which we will relate as briefly as possible.

On the death of her brother-in-law, John Heathcote, the care and maintenance of his two children, Harold and Helen, had fallen upon Miss Hartford. Well had she fulfilled her duty toward the orphans; but in spite of her care, Harold grew up wild, wicked and utterly without principle. Yet she loved him as she had never loved any other human being, and excused the various scrapes into which he fell through the vicious life he led. He made her frequent visits, but only for the purpose of extorting money from her, and he would even beg from Helen every shilling of pocket-money she had.

One night Miss Hartford was roused by a noise in the room below her. It was a small room, half study, half boudoir, in which she kept her desk. Being a brave woman, she descended the stairs at once, and peered through a glass door which separated the study from the morning-room. She expected to see a burglar, and she was not disappointed. Before her desk stood a man with a bunch of keys in one hand, with the other he was engaged in raising the lid of the desk, a ponderous, old-fashioned affair, with many drawers. Miss Hartford was about to retrace her steps to summon help, when the man turned his face toward her, and, to her horror, she saw that it was that of her nephew, Harold Heathcote.

"Harold!" she cried, and throwing open the door, rushed into the room.

It was the last word she ever spoke to him. With a bound he reached her side, and with one terrible blow stretched her senseless on the floor.

It was daylight before she recovered consciousness and was able to drag herself to her room.

She found that a small iron box, in which she kept her money and a few pieces of jewelry designed for Helen, was gone; but she said nothing of the theft.

She allowed Helen to believe that the money had been lost in some foolish speculation. She could not tell the girl that her brother had fallen to the level of a thief. The jewelry Helen had never seen, so she never inquired after it. It was supposed that Harold, after committing the theft, had been afraid to use the contents of the box; or perhaps he had repented of his sin against one who had been his more than mother, and had hidden it in Heathcote Meadow until such time as he could use or return it.

He had made frequent appeals to his uncle for aid, and it was safe to conclude that it was on one of these visits to the old man that he had buried his ill-gotten treasure under the big oak-tree.

"To think," said Miss Hartford, "that my boy died a felon in a common prison! But I know he repented at last. He wanted to commission you to return the box to me, Geoffrey. I can take comfort in that."

"You will remember, Geoffrey," said Helen, "that the day I met you first I said I would be perfectly happy but for one thing?"

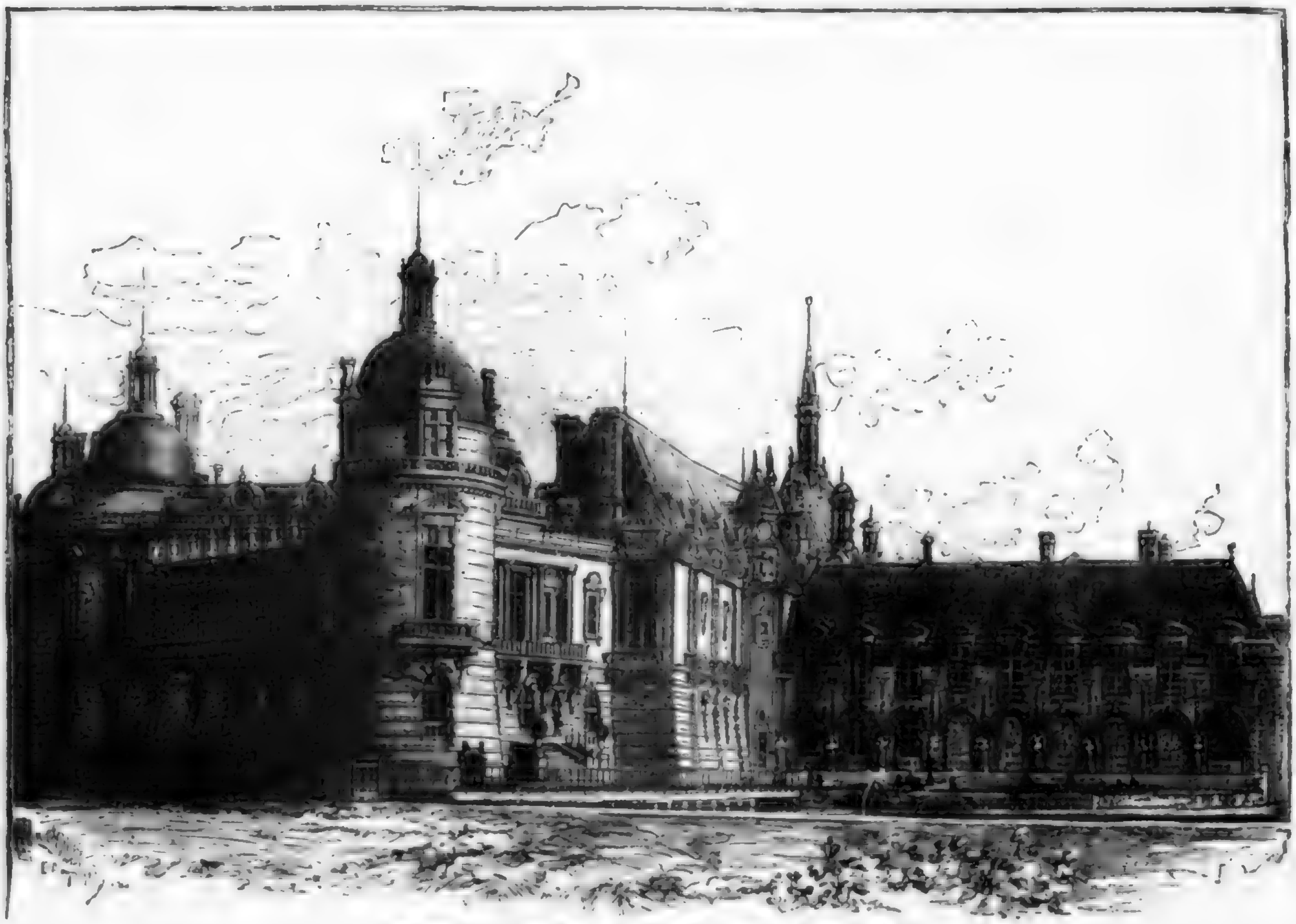
"I remember, dear."

"The one blot on my happiness was my brother Harold," said the girl. "I was perpetually haunted by the fear that he would disgrace himself in some terrible manner. I would have spoken to you of him, but I could not bear to tell you of his sins. And to think you knew him!"

"He was not a good man," said Geoffrey, "but I have a great deal to thank him for, Helen. But for that message he gave me on his deathbed, I would never have known you, and——"

But Helen interrupted him with a loving kiss.

"We have both cause for gratitude, then," she said. "My poor brother little knew, when he sent you to Heathcote Meadow, that he was sending you to me."

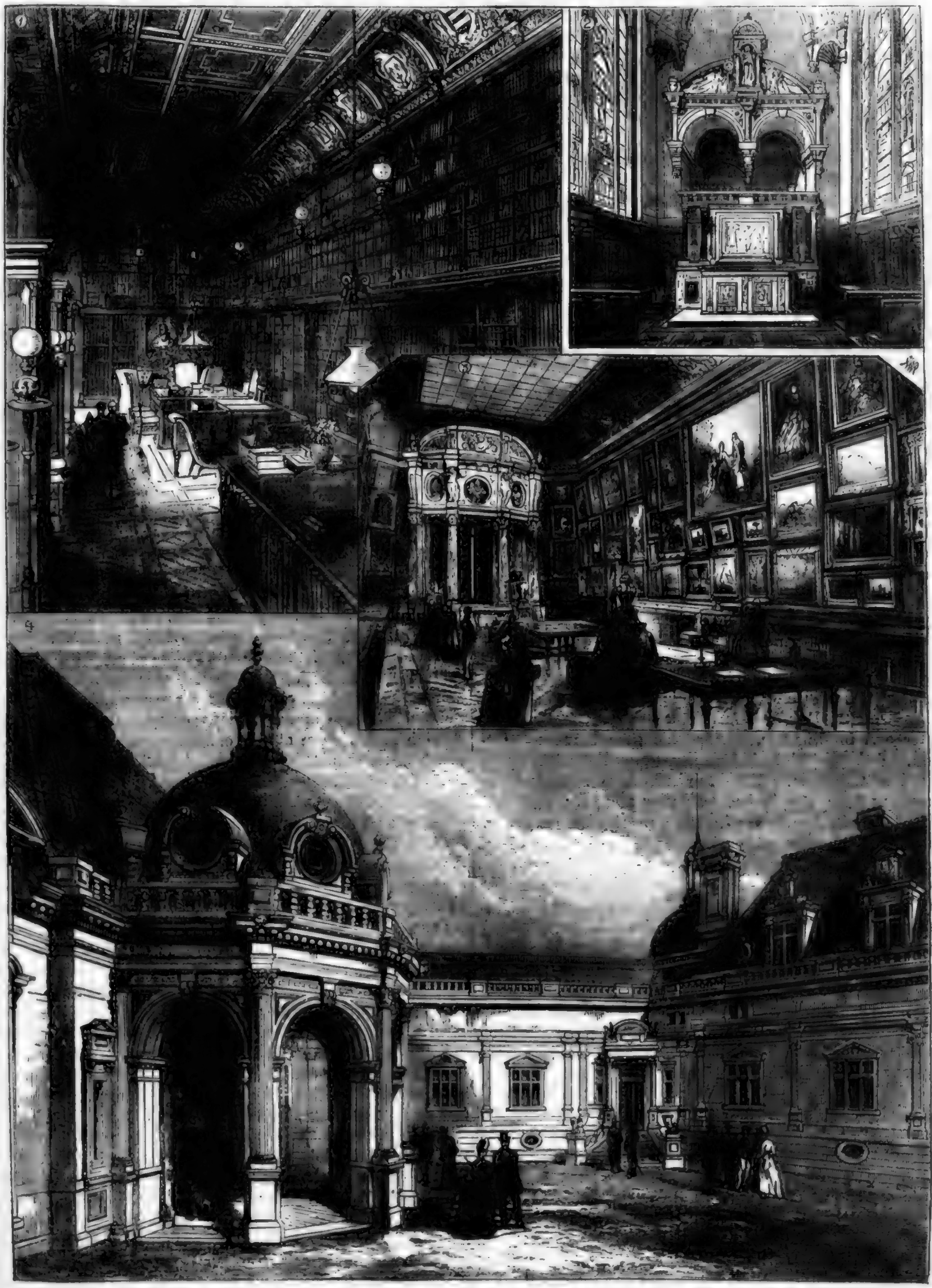


CHANTILLY.—THE NEW CHATEAU AND THE CHATELET.

# CHANTILLY.

The stately domain of Chantilly, which the exiled Duc d'Aumale has turned over to his colleagues of the Institute, to be held in trust for the French people, is one of the most ancient, as well as one of the most magnificent, in all the fair, historic land of France. The site (about twenty-five miles northwest of Paris, and at present on the direct line of the Northern Railway to Calais) was, as early as the thirteenth century, occupied by a seignioral stronghold, which, after passing through several hands, came finally into the possession of Pierre d'Orgemont, President of the Parliament. The Bourguignons captured it in 1422, and the English took it from them, holding it for four years, until Jeanne d'Arc drove the invaders out, and Charles VII. made his entrance into Compiègne. The domain passed, through Marguerite d'Orgemont, into the possession of the second Jean de Montmorency. This was in 1429; and the illustrious family of Montmorency held the estate for some two centuries and a half, greatly fortifying, improving and embellishing it. It was the Constable Anne de Montmorency who figured as the great art-patron during this *régime*, and who, in 1545, built the pretty châtelet which overlooks an artificial lake, just beyond the famous stables of Louis Henri de Bourbon. Among the royal guests entertained by the Montmorencies at Chantilly were the Emperor Charles V., and Kings Charles IX. and Henry IV. After the death of the Constable, in 1567, the domain passed to his children. The Maréchal de Montmorency, Governor of Languedoc—the same who was decapitated by order of Richelieu—was the seigneur of Chantilly until 1632. The domain, confiscated by the Crown, was restored by Louis XIII. to Charlotte de Montmorency, sister of the rebel, who wedded Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and father of the Great Condé. It was thus that the Condés came into possession of Chantilly, which they never relinquished until the last of the race, the Duc de Bourbon, came to a mysterious end, in 1830, bequeathing the entire property to his grandnephew and godson, the Duc d'Aumale.

The Grand Condé was in his thirty-ninth year, when,



CHANTILLY.—1. THE LIBRARY. 2. THE CHAPEL. 3. THE PICTURE GALLERY. 4. COUR D'HONNEUR.

XUM

in 1660, he retired to Chantilly, there to revive and eclipse the prodigalities of the Constable Anne. He made extensive alterations in the old château, and employed Le Notre, the gardener of Louis XIV., to lay out the gardens, lakes, fountains and cascades, bringing water by canals from the Nonette. The completion of these works was celebrated by a magnificent entertainment, at which the Grand Monarque himself assisted. Madame de Sévigné has related, in her well-known letter describing the *fête*, the tragic incident of the suicide of Vatel, the cook. Exasperated at the non-arrival of the fish at the appointed hour, he went to his room and stabbed himself to the heart. Of course this did not interrupt the festivities. "Gourville exerted himself," continues Madame de Sévigné, "to repair the loss of Vatel; and he succeeded. The dinner was excellent. We banqueted, supped, promenaded, played, hunted; the perfume of jonquils was everywhere; the place was enchanted." Louis XIV. coveted Chantilly, and desired to purchase it.

"Your Majesty shall have it," said the Grand Condé, "at your own price, but upon one condition—that I shall be its *concièrge.*"

"I understand you, cousin," replied the King. "Chantilly will never be mine."

Racine, Boileau and Bossuet were frequently entertained by the Grand Condé at Chantilly, during his retirement there. It was, nevertheless, at Fontainebleau that the Prince died, in 1686. His son, Henri Jules de Bourbon, constructed the Church and Park of Sylvie. His grandson, Louis Henri de Bourbon, built the magnificent stables, and employed Watteau to decorate—tradition says for his mistress, Madame Prie — those delicious boudoirs known as the *Singeries.*

The Terror devastated Chantilly, razing the old château to the foundations, and scattering the art-treasures of the Montmorencies to the four winds, while squatters occupied the noble grounds. After the Restoration, the Prince of Condé entered into possession again, but he died shortly after, in 1818. His son, Louis Henri Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, a prince of feeble character and intelligence, divided his time between Saint-Leu and the châtelet of Chantilly, doing little to restore the latter domain. The Duc d'Aumale inherited the property from him in the following manner:

The Duc de Bourbon, who was a passionate, cowardly, avaricious old man, was entirely under the control of an Englishwoman named Sophie Dawes. All her wishes were gratified, and when she expressed a desire to marry the Baron de Feuchère, one of the chamberlains, the baron was ordered to take for his wife this English outcast. Sophie's influence over the duke increased, if that were possible, and he gave her the estates of Boissy, Saint-Leu and the Forest of Enghien. She was wise enough to know that after the death of the Duc de Bourbon the Orléans Princes, who were his legitimate heirs, would contest her rights, so decided to share with them the fortune of her protector. She persuaded him to adopt the young D'Aumale, but soon as his will was made the Duc de Bourbon refused to sign, saying: "I have always been very suspicious of my Orléans relatives and soon as they obtain what they desire my days are numbered." Madame de Feuchère made such a scene (some say she went so far as to strike the old man), that the document was signed and the Duc d'Aumale was made the heir, with the stipulation that he should pay $2,000,000 to the Baroness Dawes-Feuchère.

During the revolution of July, 1830, the Duc de Bourbon resolved to flee; but the morning of the day appointed for his flight the servant who knocked at the door received no answer, and the prince was found hanging from the window-hasp, his feet dragging on the carpet, so that in the final struggle to escape death he would have been obliged to stand upon his feet. Whether death resulted from suicide or murder was never explained. Since then the Duc d'Aumale has been proprietor of Chantilly, and now makes a voluntary sacrifice and sets an example of magnificent liberality.

About 1840, the Duc d'Aumale began to take steps toward the restoration of the château, and in 1845 he ordered plans for its reconstruction to be drawn by the architect Dauban. The revolution of 1848, however, interrupted the work; and in 1852, the Orléans family were exiled from France. Fearing the confiscation of his property, the Duke turned it over, by a fictitious sale, to the English bankers, Coutts & Co., for the sum of 11,000,000 francs; and it was not until 1872 that the National Assembly of the French Republic restored Chantilly to its legitimate owner. Returning to his estate, the Duc d'Aumale was at last enabled to carry out his project of rebuilding the château, and reviving the bygone splendors of the place. The execution of the architectural part of the plan was intrusted to M. Daumet, who reconstructed the historic pile in a manner suggestive of the Valois period, with open arcades, upper and lower balustrades, domed turrets, surmounted by spires or pinnacles, steep roofs and circular or round-topped windows. The ground plan is in the form of an irregular pentagon, to cover the earlier foundations. The general effect is somewhat *bizarre;* but the château, taken as a whole, is a beautiful and stately monument. The interior parts—the Cour d'Honneur, the Salon and Picture Gallery, the Library, and the Chapel—which contains an altar-screen of rich Renaissance carving and some beautiful painted glass—are much admired. The several gardens of the château, laid out in the French, Italian and English styles, have their peculiar attractions. The stables, erected by a great-grandson of the great Condé, are among the finest specimens extant of French architecture at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and have often been mistaken, so monumental are they, for the château itself, by strangers who have begun their visit on the west side of the palace. The park or forest, containing altogether 6,700 acres, including the racecourse, affords delightful walks, rides or drives. At one spot, where twelve roads and avenues or paths meet, is a round stone table, where parties used to breakfast on the day of a grand hunt, and King Louis XIV. was once regaled with a luncheon there. At the ponds called the Etangs de Commelle, a mile beyond the Table Ronde, is a small Gothic building like a chapel, but with towers at its four corners. The portal and window are decorated with carved figures of reptiles, snakes, lizards, toads and frogs, and aquatic plants. This is called the Tour de la Reine Blanche, and is ascribed to Queen Blanche of Castile, mother of King Louis IX., but was probably built, in the fifteenth century, for a hunting or fishing lodge, by the Montmorencies.

Returning from the banks of the Thames to those of the Nonette, the Duc d'Aumale brought with him his famous collections from Twickenham. With its magnificent galleries and library, to which additions were continually being made, Chantilly again took its place among the princely homes of Europe, filled with treasures richer than any English duke could boast of. Rich and unmarried, and a born connoisseur of art, the Duke has been for many years one of the most ardent of collectors. Though far from prodigal in other matters, he never allowed the price of a coveted object of art to stand in the way of his possession of it. When a dealer in England offered him a Memling and a Holbein for 500,000 francs, the Duke said: "I don't care about the Holbein, but I will give you 250,000 for the Memling;" and he did it. But in showing this famous and precious diptych to friends and visitors he was never once known to allude to the price. The diptych has a Calvary on the right wing, and on the left one Jeanne de France, wife of Jean, second Duke of Bourbon, kneeling before a praying-desk. The Duc d'Aumale paid 600,000 francs for the "Three Graces" of Raphael, a little picture scarcely more than six inches square, said to have been suggested to the master when, as a young man, he was helping Pinturicchio with his frescoes at Sienna. Another fine specimen of the genius of Raphael will be seen in the Condé Museum, and this one the Duke paid 150,000 francs for. It is commonly known as the "Orléans Virgin," and many connoisseurs agree that it could be sold to-day for four times what the Duke gave for it.

When he bought the Cicongue Library in 1859, he found in it a book which had been purloined from the Bibliothèque Nationale early in the present century. It was a very precious book, of which the only other copy extant is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and is, moreover, curiously illuminated and illustrated with quaint engravings in which personages of all classes are represented processionally, as in Holbein's "Dance of Death." Cicongue had thought it a bargain for 1,000 francs, yet the Duke, learning its origin, sent it back at once to the library.

In the list given, in 1862, to the Fine Arts Club of London, 738 items are enumerated as belonging to the Twickenham Collection, among which were 140 pictures, 83 miniatures, 18 enamels by Leonard Simonain and Petitôt, and 31 illustrated manuscripts on vellum. Since then the Duke has bought from the Duke of Sutherland the Alexandre Lenoir collection, which is most valuable for its specimens of crayons and paintings of the sixteenth century; also the Reiset collections of drawings and forty pictures, and many other important collections

The collection of the French School is the pride of the Chantilly galleries. It is chiefly represented by portraits of all those who have been distinguished by pre-eminence in name, in martial glory, in literature, in arts, in politics, and even in scandal, since the beginning of the fifteenth century. The Louvre has nothing fit to be spoken of in comparison with this remarkable assemblage of portraits, which, dispersed all over England and Germany, were brought under the same roof after a patient search of twenty-five years.

The seventeenth century, for instance, is illustrated by Mignard's "Molière," "Corneille," by François de Troy the elder; "Richelieu" and "Mazarin," by Philippe de Champagne; Rigaud's "Louis XIV."; the wax bust of Henry IV., taken after his assassination; the "Grand Condé," by Coysevox and by Constori, of which latter there is also a "Turenne"; forty-two pictures of the D'Orléans family, by Fragonard, and several by Napoléon de Girard. For the eighteenth century we find Nattier, Watteau, Claude Gillet, the "Déjeuner au Jambon" of Lancret, the "Déjeuner aux Huitres" of J. F. de Troy, four heads by Greuze, and the celebrated "Nymphe—Hommage à la Beauté" of Prudhon, which had belonged to the Marquis Maison.

No less remarkable are the selections made from the paintings of the present century, among which are the portraits of Ingres and of Madame Devauçay, the "Stratonice," the "Françoise de Rimini," and the "Venus Anadyomène," by Ingres; the "Trois Ages" of Gérard, the "Pestiférés" of Gros; Géricault's last sketch, two *chefs-d'œuvre* of Delacroix, ten Decamps, one the "Corps de Garde," which was in the Salon of 1834 and cost 80,000 francs at the Maison sale; three Marilhats, Fromentin's "Chasse au Faucon," several Ary Scheffers, Meissoniers, and Horace Vernets; two Leopold Roberts, the "Assassination of the Duke de Guise," estimated by Delaroche to be his greatest work, and the twelve panels painted by Paul Baudry on his return from Italy, for the *voussoirs* of the Hotel Pontalba; finally, by the same artist, the "Rape of Psyche," and that strange allegorical picture, the "St. Hubert."

Most of the decorative objects which were originally at Ecouen are now in the Chapel of Chantilly, of which the sculpture is the work of Jean Goujon. The altar here is a beautiful monument, with figures representing the four Evangelists, Religion, Strength and Faith, and the Sacrifice of Abraham. Behind is the Mausoleum of Henri de Bourbon-Condé.

The Library of Chantilly contains manuscripts at least equal in number and importance to those of the Bethune foundation at the Bibliothèque Nationale. The archives of the Condé family alone take up 500 volumes—portfolios and *cartons*. To these the Duke has added the only letters extant, except one, of La Bruyère; the inventory of Cardinal Mazarin's Palace, the accounts of King John while a prisoner; the autograph manuscript of the "Historiettes" of Tallemant des Réaux, of which the greater part has never been edited, its author having narrated many things that even a Brussels publisher would not dare to put in print; an autograph manuscript of Brantome; signatures and autograph marginal notes on books which had belonged to them of Rabelais, Montaigne, Racine and Bossuet, and a curiously illuminated poem of one Vatel, a forgotten bard of the sixteenth century, of which a heliographic reproduction has been made. The thirty-one items of manuscripts with miniatures mentioned in 1862 have become incomparable by the addition to them of the "Grandes Heures" of the Duc de Berri, pronounced by experts to be the finest in the world. It was bought at Genoa by the Duke for 25,000 francs, a few hours before the agent of Edmond de Rothschild got there with orders to go as high as 100,000 francs, and if brought to the hammer would undoubtedly fetch 500,000 francs. The illumination of this *chef d'œuvre* was begun in 1390 and was unfinished at the death of the duke in 1416, but was resumed and completed in 1453. Another priceless gem is a manuscript illuminated for Antoine of Burgundy, of which the City of Breslau possesses a copy so highly valued by its citizens that, in the articles of capitulation to Napoleon I. it was stipulated that it should not be removed from the Municipal Library.

The Library, properly so called, however, was only founded in 1859 by the purchase of that of M. Cicongue for the round sum of 600,000 francs, and contains only books of real value. One department is devoted to a collection of bindings in which figure the arms or the emblems of illustrious historical personages or of celebrated amateurs during the past three centuries: Francis I., Marguerite de Valois, Anne de Montmorency, Charles Quint, Macchiavelli, Diane of Poitiers, Catherine de Medicis, the great Condé, Richelieu, Mazarin, Bossuet, Madame de Maintenon, etc., and besides these, choice samples of the bookbinder's art, which has made such progress in the last twenty five years.

The Duc d'Aumale takes his treasures with him into

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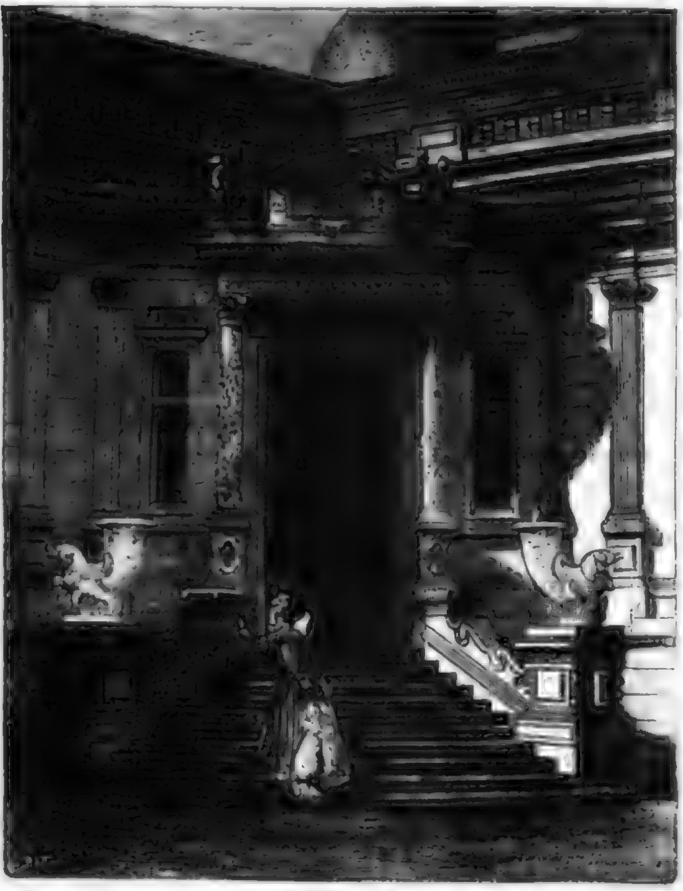


CHANTILLY.—ENTRANCE TO THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

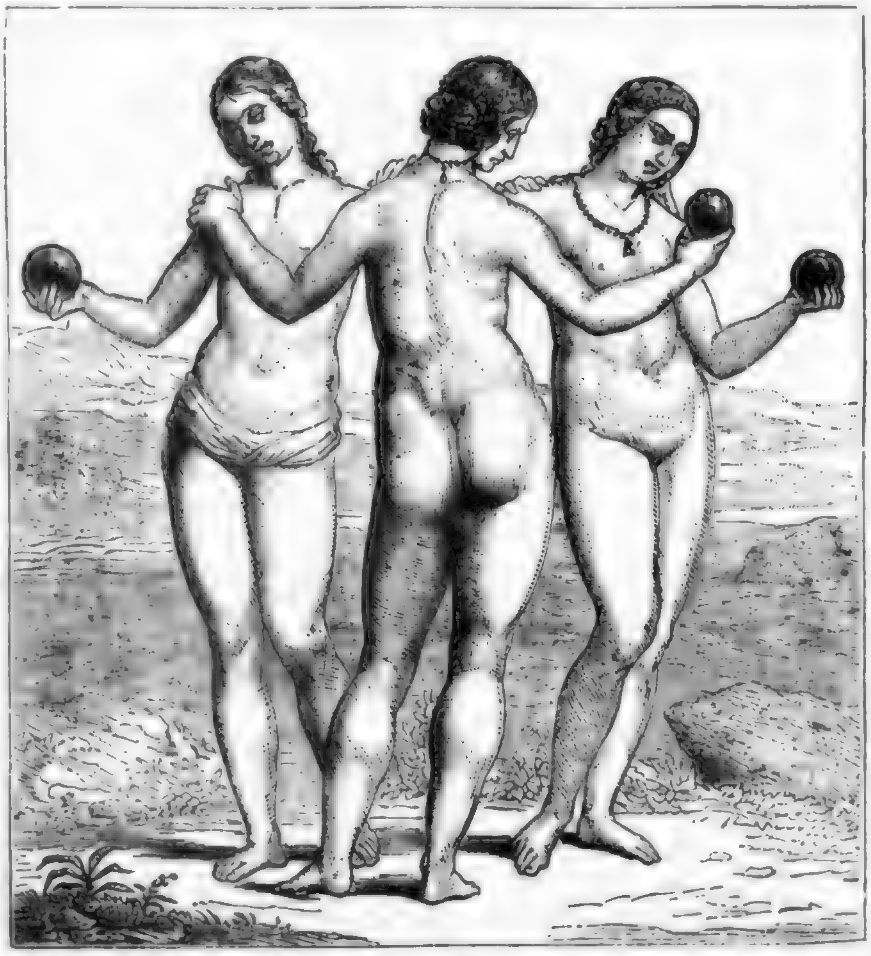
exile, his books and pictures going to London, his drawings and engravings to Brussels: an anomalous condition of things, observes the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, suggesting a text about the vanity of human affairs and the painful strangeness of this contrast, when the owner is obliged to spoil his dwelling of collections precisely at the moment when he takes measures for their definite installation there after his demise.

The domain of Chantilly, ground and buildings inclusive, is valued at from 22,000,000 to 25,000,000 francs, and the library and art treasures at 10,000,000 francs, though in reality many of the latter are inestimable from a mere money point of view. The annual revenue of the domain is about 60 ,000 francs, but the Institute will certainly turn to account much that the Duc d'Aumale has left unproductive. At present, Chantilly is burdened with two charges. One is an annuity of 200,000 francs payable to the Crédit Foncier for the reimbursement of a loan of 4,000,000 francs contracted by the Duke in 1874 for the reconstruction of the château. These payments will only end in the beginning of the next century, but a special clause in the act of donation permits the Institute to sell off some of the domain if it be deemed advisable to discharge the debt immediately. The other charges are a series of perpetual pensions, of which the total amounts to 30,000 francs per annum.

The deed of gift stipulates for annual payments of 15,000 francs to the Condé Hospital at Chantilly, in testimony of the sentiments displayed by this and the adjoining villages for the Duc d'Aumale; 10,000 francs to the Oise Departmental Council, of which the Duke was president, for parochial buildings, hospitals, disabled priests, and scholarships and prizes; 2,893 francs to be divided among three churches and three parishes near Chantilly; 1,000 francs for the Guise prize at the Lycée; 1,000 francs for the old pupils of the Collége Henri IV., and 1,000 francs for the most meritorious student there. Supposing, however, that the Immortals do not take steps to increase the revenue, even when all yearly charges and expenses be paid, there will remain a clear sum of 300,000 francs to be divided every twelvemonth among the five sections of the Academy.

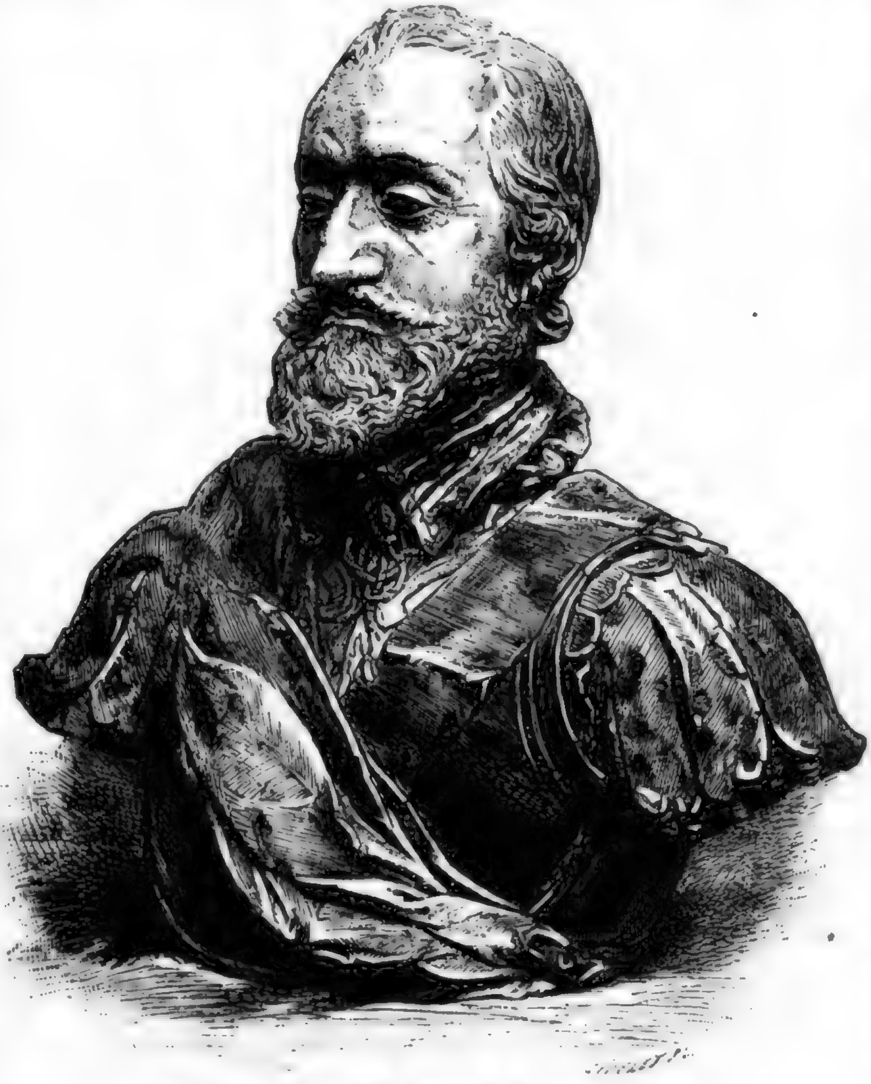
The most valuable portion of the domain of Chantilly is its noble forests. North of the château there is the Parc du Grand Bois; south of it the Forêts du Chantilly, of Pontarmé, of the Lys, of Coye, and the Bois de l'Aigle, and of Royaumont, in all a superficies of over fifty square miles. These have been divided by the Duke into two parts, one of which is inalienable; another which the Institute may sell or keep, as its members may elect. The first is considered by the Duke as a specimen of the management of woods and forests, which ought to be preserved like the monuments and collections forming the Condé Museum. Its limits are not yet definitely fixed, but they will in any case include within them the Grand-Parc, the château with its dependencies, the forest of Chantilly, and probably that of Pontarmé. The total value of the alienable part is estimated at 4,000,000 francs, and is about 8,000 acres in extent.

The reader may judge, therefore, of the princely magnitude of the gift which the Duc d'Aumale has turned over to the Institute, to be kept in trust for the French nation; and admiration for the act need not be tempered



RAPHAEL'S "THREE GRACES," SIZE OF PAINTING, WHICH COST $120,000.

by invidious discussion of the motives of the donor. Whatever these motives may have been, it is manifestly unfair to charge that he intended the gift to procure a revocation of the edict of exile issued against him, in common with the other princes of his house. The paper which gives the home of the Condés to France was made in 1884 at Nouvion, the same place where, two years later, the Duc d'Aumale received the news of his expulsion from the land of his birth. Last July, it is related, while waiting at Nouvion for the decree, the Prince sent some of the books and manuscripts belonging to Chantilly to England, in order to have the material necessary for historical study. Thinking he might die in exile, a codicil was added to his will. This states that all the objects removed from Chantilly are to be returned by his executors, and, by a strange coincidence, while signing the codicil, the director of the Sûreté Générale arrived with the decree of expulsion.



CHANTILLY.—BUST OF HENRY IV. IN COLORED WAX.

A few words descriptive of the town of Chantilly may be appropriately appended to this account of the royal château and domain. The name is familiar, in a sporting connection, to all patrons and lovers of the turf. Since 1854, the lawn of 120 acres has been the principal race-track in France. When the race for the Blue Ribbon of the French turf was first instituted, Chantilly was chosen for the equine tournament, and the little town with its one street became as famous as Newmarket. In May, September and October of each year, contests of high importance, the "Grandes Courses" reported in the sporting intelligence of American and English, as well as French, newspapers, are wont to be determined here. The fine racecourse is close to the long, village-like street of the little town, which has 3,500 inhabitants, and affords lodgings to a multitude of stable-grooms, trainers, jockeys and horse-dealers; at one end is the railway-station, at the other end are the stately stables of Louis Henri de Bourbon. The town, however, is not wholly devoted to horse-worship, but has a domestic manufacture of silk lace, wrought by hand, which gives employment to the women and girls of many families in their own homes. This work, established so long ago as 1710, by M. Moreau, is extensively carried on, likewise, in most of the neighboring villages. The Church of Chantilly, built in the seventeenth century, is adorned with paintings by artists of that period, representing its foundation by the Prince and Princess de Condé, under the guardianship of their patron saints; and their hearts, or the ashes of them, are preserved in shrines beside the altar.

## HERO-WORSHIP.

There is one of the sayings of Anacharsis Clootz which has always seemed to me both true and profound. Watching the revolutionary populace, and noting their readiness to repose a blind faith in the leader of the moment, the "advocate of the human race" was moved to exclaim, *France, guéris tes individus* (France, cure thyself of this passion for individuals). The advice is as sound to-day as it was a hundred years ago. Not by way of paradox but in sober earnest, I maintain that our deference to great men is the direct cause of much erroneous thought and misguided effort.

We have all made acquaintance with the doctrine of Hero-worship as it is revealed to us in the book of the prophecies of Carlyle, and especially in those eloquent lectures which he delivered in London five-and-forty years ago. There is much in the doctrine which none need desire to dispute. We are all ready to admit that a great man ought to be generously appreciated and loyally aided in his work; we may even recognize in his great qualities an express revelation of the divine. But this statement, ample as it is, would not be enough for Carlyle. The hero himself must be accepted as divine; heroes are to be worshiped, and worship is defined as "admiration without limit." This exaltation of the great man is accompanied by a corresponding abasement of the average man. Mirabeau is the one Frenchman of the age who has eyes to see; as for Frenchmen in the mass, they may be summed up and set aside in a phrase—so many millions, "mostly fools." As an humble unit among the so many millions of mankind, I desire to protest against this view of human life.

I protest against it, first, because it is wholly irrational. It is almost too plain that no man can be accepted as a suitable object of worship. The strongest, wisest, best of men is no more than a man. He knows only a miserable

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fraction of what is to be known; his power extends only to a small fraction of what ought to be done; his character is flawed in every direction by pride, by temper, and by prejudice. Therefore I cannot allow myself to cherish for my fellow-man any admiration except such as is strongly qualified by criticism. To the Hero-worshiper all criticism appears to savor of disrespect, but this is not really so. My critical faculty, poor as it may be, was given to guide me through a deceitful world, in which sham Heroes do everywhere abound. I cannot dispense with this guide, unless you can offer me the guidance of absolute truth and wisdom.

If men are not to be worshiped, great men especially are not to be regarded with that admiration which knows no critical limit. For what is greatness? It would be unjust to confound Hero-worship with the vulgar worship of success. But, after all, the recognizable Heroes—those that have temples and worshipers—are the men who have succeeded. And success, as we know, is often determined, not by the purity of a man's good qualities, but by the nice combination and co-operation of good and evil. Any one of the divinities of Carlyle's Pantheon would serve to illustrate this truth. What would Cromwell be without his craft, or Burns without his animal nature, or Goethe without his cool indifference to others? But let us take one sufficient example—the great Napoleon. It is impossible not to admire the man. Turn over any volume of his correspondence and you find yourself in the presence of a mighty intellect. His ruthless, luminous, straightforward way of dealing with a practical problem is like a revelation. But why was Napoleon so great? Because during his whole life he never thought twice about suppressing any moral impulse which could not be made to serve his personal ambition. If he had been a good man he would have attained some kind of success, and Mr. Carlyle, lecturing at Willis's Rooms in the year 1840, would perhaps have included him among the heroes—and perhaps not. Just because he was a low man, because the current of his intellectual energy was pent in the narrowest channel, Napoleon became unquestionably great, a veritable hero.

One proof of the irrationality of Hero-worship is found in the worshiper's inability to describe his hero in clear and satisfactory terms. There are few literary achievements to be compared with Carlyle's "Cromwell," few books in any language which exhibit so wonderful a combination of industrious accuracy and poetic power. But does it enable us to understand Cromwell? Surely not. Carlyle is justly chargeable with the superficiality which he himself charged on Scott. He gives us a lifelike presentment of his hero, his clothes, his outer man, the country in which he lived. But when he comes to the inner man, his purposes and motives, we find ourselves in contact, not with a man but with a cloudy portent of Energy, Veracity, and other abstractions, spelt with capital letters. The roll of the devout biographer's style, broken only by ejaculations of praise, becomes at last positively wearisome; you put down the volume and look round impatiently for some historian who has not bound himself by a religious obligation to admire every act of Oliver, Lord Protector. Perhaps you find solace in Mozley's essay, the work of a High Churchman, who thought it right to be less than fair to the great Puritan; but at the same time the work of a critic, who sets out to describe a Man, and not a false god. Mozley gives you at least some measure of the man he describes; Carlyle gives you none, and would probably have throttled you had you asked him to measure Cromwell by the standards which apply to other men.

It is just the same when the hero happens to be a living person. How interesting, for example, and how various, is the character of Mr. Gladstone! But the hero of the pious Gladstonian's worship is neither interesting nor various. A more intolerable embodiment of unrelieved excellence and monotonous success was never molded out of plaster-of-Paris.

If a religion is irrational, it is pretty sure to be demoralizing; Hero-worship certainly retards moral progress, and that for several reasons. In the first place it degrades the worshiper by depriving him of that independence of judgment which is the only safe basis for a responsible being to stand on. My standards of right may be very imperfect, but they are my own; I must think and live by them, not by the second-hand inspiration of somebody else's virtue. There is no human character fit to serve me for a model. Should a man argue thus with himself: "I will act thus because so-and-so, my hero, has done the same;" or again, "This act must be noble and right because so-and-so, my hero, did it;" in the one case, and in the other, he forfeits his individuality and accepts a morally inferior position. Willfully suppressing his own judgment, he may end by doing what is bad himself and approving of the bad deeds of others.

If the hero is a living man, the act of worship is twice cursed; it injures him who renders and him who accepts it. Carlyle is perfectly right when he tells us that we do not know how to treat our Great Men. He is, naturally, bitter and eloquent in describing the lot of a man of letters;

> "Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

But this is only half the truth. Our kindness is even more fatal than our cruelty; our worship does more than our indifference to repress the noble rage of genius. We all can see the harm that is caused by worshiping sham heroes; but that is not my point. What I want to bring out is this, that, even when a truly great man is worshiped by an honest and loyal commonplace man, there is an element of moral danger in the relation between the two. The voice of fervent, unlimited praise may well incite in our minds a sympathetic fear. Remember the words that were spoken of King Herod: "It is the voice of a god and not of a man!" This exclamation may have been, and very likely was, a genuine outburst of Hero-worship. The holiday crowd at Cæsarea saw before them a striking figure—a prince who had held his own, and rather more than his own, among the great powers of his day. The king rises, and makes a fluent, sonorous speech, in itself a kind of miracle to the average inarticulate man, and there swells out the cry: "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." Alas for such gods! they are all eaten by worms and give up the ghost, sooner or later.

I hope nobody will suppose that my purpose in making these remarks is merely to criticise the writings of Mr. Carlyle, a person of whom we have lately heard quite enough from critics far abler than myself. My purpose is not literary, but practical; it would not be necessary to attack Hero-worship at all, if it were not that this doctrine is working great mischief all round us in society.

Consider first how the habit of Hero-worship tends to support the principle of sacerdotalism in religion. In all our Churches there are many people who believe in the existence of a distinct order of men, having a special vocation and aptitude for sanctity. We can't, all of us, quite believe what we think we ought to believe; and therefore we put faith in a priest or minister who seems to have no doubt about anything. We don't, all of us, even endeavor to do what we know we ought to do; and therefore it is pleasant to hold on by the priest or the minister, who is professionally committed to a pious life. It is not suprising that a great preacher should be to many of us the highest kind of hero, or that any preacher, not being personally contemptible, should be a hero to his own parish or congregation. Much satire has been expended on this phase of Hero-worship, but I have no desire to be satirical. It would be unjust to ignore the sacredness of the relation between the priest or minister, and the people whom he helps to live a higher life than their neighbors. But there is in any such relation an element of danger—an element of "voluntary humility and worshiping of angels." It is so comforting to think that if you have no spring of faith and aspiration in yourself you can find one in some other man.

Consider, again, what Hero-worship does for us in the world of literature and speculation. A great thinker not only assists, but directs, the thoughts of others; a great writer not only influences, but forms, the style of others. Now it is right that I should be assisted and influenced by men greater than myself; it is not right that I should be directed and formed. To me the greatest of thinkers is no authority; he is an advocate whom I am bound to hear and respect, reserving my own right to form an independent judgment. As to the expression of thought, it is surely plain that nothing could be more fatal to the highest qualities of style than the imitation of a model, however excellent that model may be.

But it is, perhaps, in the world of politics that the evils of Hero-worship are most plainly seen. In this country we are apt in matters of state and even in matters of religion to rally around a man despite his occasional faults or follies, with a loyalty like that of an old-time Highlander to the head of his clan, rather than keep constantly in view the principles of which he is perhaps, for the time, the ablest, most adroit or most eloquent defender. Yet in America this hero-worship is very evanescent. Our literary, religious and political heroes pass away, and the little worship paid them in life soon expires. There is none of the personal homage paid to them by succeeding generations that we have seen bestowed on European worthies.

Aristocracy is gone, and popular government has taken its place. I think, for my own part, that there was good reason for making the change, and that good results have followed it. But we may have to consider very seriously whether democracy is not deficient in the saving virtue of aristocracy. Large masses of men are prone to Hero-worship in its most exaggerated form; and this tendency is worked on continually for party purposes. Where many opinions prevail among the citizens, it is not easy to form a party strong enough and homogeneous enough to carry on the business of government. Politicians, as a rule, are very intolerant; each is bent on having all his own way; they will not combine except under *force majeure;* and the most effective force for the purpose is the influence of a party-hero. Lord Beaconsfield, for example, formed a strong party out of very heterogenous materials — Protectionists and Peelites, High Churchmen and Orange Protestants, the old landed interest and the *nouveaux riches.* Perhaps no section of the party had entire confidence in its leader; but they followed him because he was their indispensable man—the man without whom they could not win an election or form a government. So they worked hard to make him a popular hero; they invented an impressive legend, and set up that ritual which has been so wonderfully developed by the Primrose League.

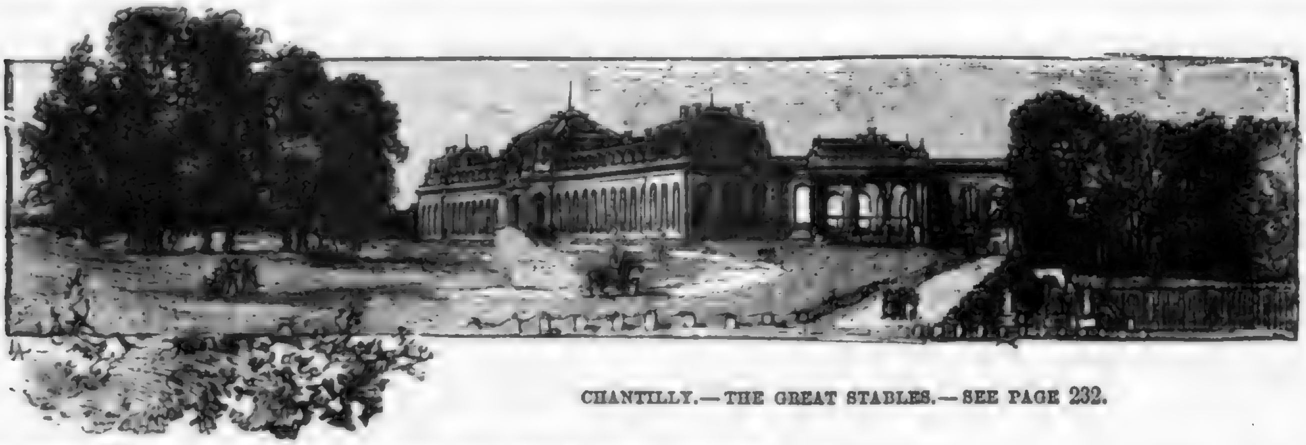
The same process has been carried on with equal success by the other great party in England. Mr. Gladstone had to lead a party composed of Whigs and Radicals, High Churchmen, Dissenters, and unbelievers, Palmerstonians and Cobdenites, Economists and Sentimentalists. Most Liberals were at first disposed to regard Mr. Gladstone with suspicion; many Liberals, it is now obvious, are still far from putting entire trust in him; but many (it seems to be no less obvious) still follow him because he is their indispensable man, without whom they cannot even face a general election. Some years ago, a Welsh member of Parliament told his constituents that he would rather be governed despotically by Mr. Gladstone than constitutionally by his Conservative rivals—a saying fit to be pondered by those who imagine that personal government came to an end with the execution of Charles the First.

If we look beyond our own country we see the same influence at work, turning the principle of popular government against itself. Napoleon the Third gave France universal suffrage, because he knew that the peasantry would demand a Cæsar. Since the Empire fell, French politics have been in a state of unstable equilibrium, because there has been no man big enough to personify the people and impose silence on the factions. Prince Bismarck, again, insisted on making universal suffrage the basis of the Empire which he founded, He knew that his countrymen would demand an individual to govern them, and he had a shrewd notion who the individual would be.

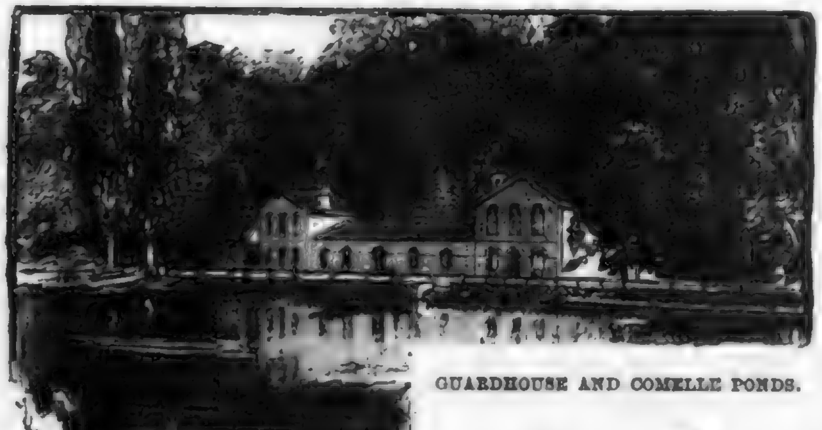
It is to be noted that the principle of political Hero-worship is more dangerous in England than in other nations. For in England all political processes are slow, and the evolution of a party hero is no exception to the rule. A party leader usually comes to his kingdom between sixty and seventy, about the time when his mind and conscience begin to work rather too easily on their hinges. And thus it happens that, as Mr. Cobden said, "the authority of an English statesman increases in exact proportion as his capacity declines."

There are some practical correctives which might perhaps do something to abate the evils which I have been trying to describe. In the first place, sensible people should take pains to dissociate themselves from the open and avowed worship of heroes. When men lay hold of an eminent person, and makes him the object of what the newspapers call a boom, we may, with all due courtesy, assert our right to form our own judgment. And in doing so, we may be sure that we shall not offend the hero, if he is a hero. No true man likes to have "admiration without limit" roaring, and gushing, and twittering round him all the day long. A great man does not disdain our praise, but he disdains the notion of being dependent on it. When Dr. Keate was headmaster of Eton, he was called in to suppress a rebellion among the boys. He executed justice so promptly and so fearlessly, that when he took his departure even the rebels began to cheer. He turned on them with a grim smile: "None of that, boys. If you may cheer me, you may hiss me." There was a true heroic dignity in this remark.

Again, we can do much to preserve ourselves and others from error if we bear in mind that genuine heroes must always be few. There are never enough of them to justify us in counting on their aid; we may, therefore, treat them as exceptional, and give all the attention and



CHANTILLY.—THE GREAT STABLES.—SEE PAGE 232.



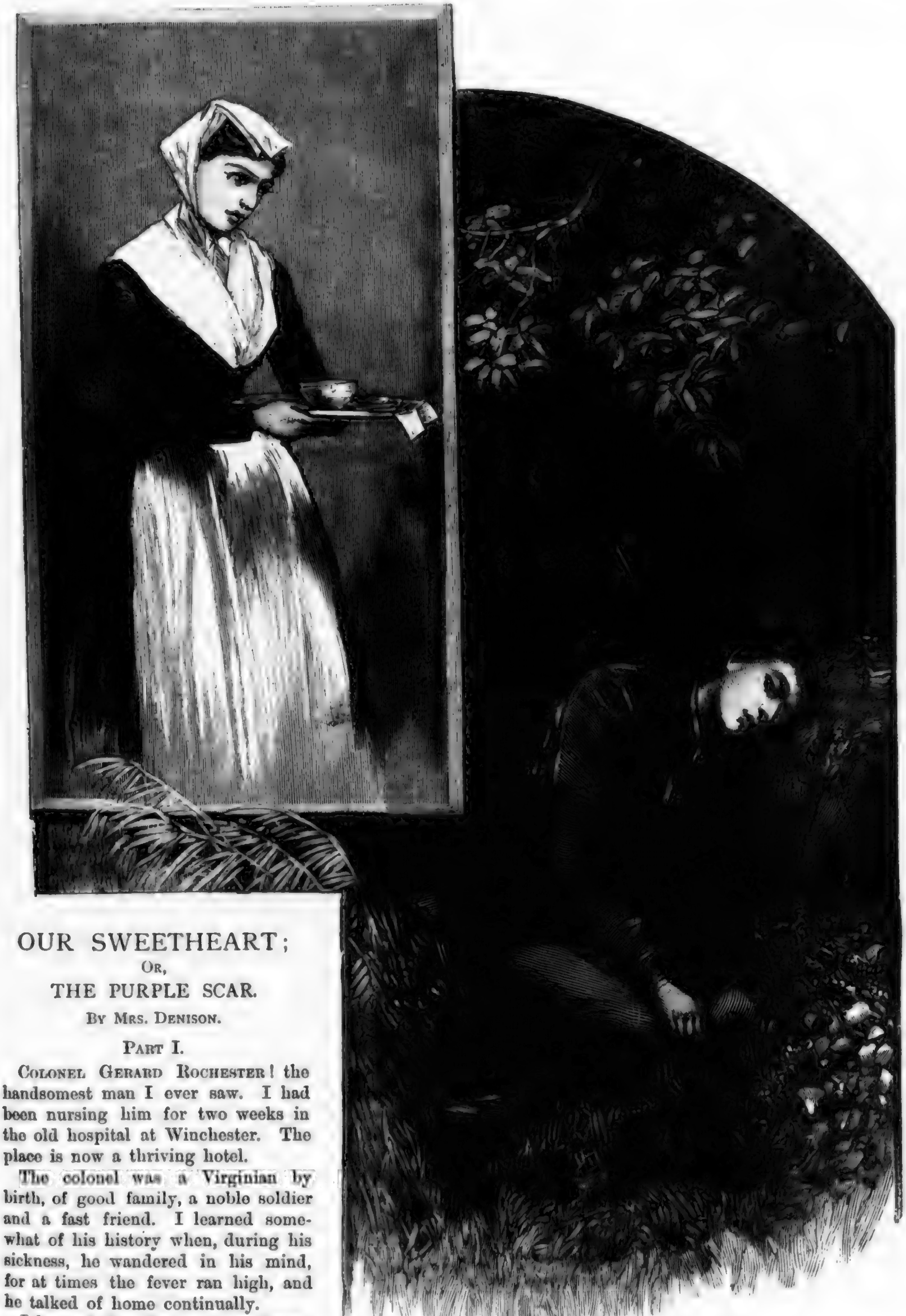
GUARDHOUSE AND COMELLE PONDS.

THE PLANE-TREE ALLEY.

QUEEN BLANCHE'S CHATEAU ON THE COMELLE PONDS.

interest we can to the study of the average man. I am quite aware that the average man is not a client to do one credit. He affords no scope for rhetoric; he is limited, apathetic, prosaic. But after all, he is the important person for whose benefit churches and parties and saints and heroes are created. If any historian will give us an adequate biography of Mr. Gladstone, we shall all receive it with gratitude. But I for one shall be even more grateful to the man who will give me a true picture of the mind of the average Midlothian elector. Depend on it, *that* would be a document from which we should learn more than from the biography of any statesman, however distinguished.

In endeavoring to maintain a critical habit of mind we shall, of course, expose ourselves to the violence of fanatics. If you presume to analyze your neighbor's religion, however respectfully the analysis may be conducted, he will probably regard you as an indifferent skeptic and a hardened cynic. There is really all the difference in the world between the critic and the cynic. It would be cynical to assume that all heroes are overrated persons or that all popular judgments are wrong. The critic makes no such assumption; he takes as much pleasure in discovering the true hero as in exposing the sham. But if his faculty is to be kept fit for use, he must beware of mental prostration, even in the presence of the true.



OUR SWEETHEART.—“ ‘DOWN IN THAT RAVINE LIES A YOUNG FELLOW WHO BRAVELY SAVED MY LIFE AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS OWN, I FEAR. I WISH YOU TO GO DOWN AND SEE IF HE'S ALIVE,' THE COLONEL SAID.”

# OUR SWEETHEART;

## OR,

## THE PURPLE SCAR.

BY MRS. DENISON.

### PART I.

COLONEL GERARD ROCHESTER! the handsomest man I ever saw. I had been nursing him for two weeks in the old hospital at Winchester. The place is now a thriving hotel.

The colonel was a Virginian by birth, of good family, a noble soldier and a fast friend. I learned somewhat of his history when, during his sickness, he wandered in his mind, for at times the fever ran high, and he talked of home continually.

I learned that he had two sisters, Prinny and Rose—at least I supposed they were sisters—that his mother was living, and that they all three worshiped him. In fact, I made up my

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mind that he was not only head of the house, but the idol of the old plantation.

How many times during the painful watches of the night have I heard him call out, "Rose," and, "Rose of all the world !"

When our sweetheart came he was still pretty sick. There wasn't a man of us didn't love her, from the surgeons down to the hospital stewards.

If you could have seen her coming through the ward ! More than one sick soldier took her for an angel. Perhaps she tried to look commonplace and nurse-like, but she couldn't. The shining waves of her hair, the big blue eyes, the small, beautifully shaped lips, betrayed beauty and youth,

"Who is that child ?" a stranger asked one day.

That set me to thinking that she couldn't be much over sixteen ; but she was—she was almost eighteen—that I learned by chance. Her form was grace itself. To me she seemed to float rather than to walk.

She could scarcely help coming to a halt right opposite the colonel's bed that first day, for just as she got there he sprang up and cried, with a sort of sob and a kind of rapture :

"Rose ! my Rose !"

She stood there looking at him, with such a sweet, wistful look, as if she pitied him so.

There he sat, arms outstretched, his dark eyes alight, his hair falling in great waves down to his shoulders, his mustache long, soft and curling. How handsome he was !"

"Who does he call ?" she asked, looking at me.

"His sister, miss, I suppose, or his sweetheart. I don't rightly know which," I said.

She smiled, and was passing on, but he cried again, all his soul in his eyes :

"Rose ! my Rose ! Rose of all the world !"

"I think, miss, if you would just stand by him a minute, and let him hold your hand," I ventured to say, "it might soothe him."

"Certainly," she said, and she said it with a smile that made her seem more like an angel than ever. "I came here to take care of the soldiers—to do what I can for them. I have not been made fairly acquainted with my duties yet, so I can tend him just as well as not."

She came to the side of his cot and bent over him, taking one of his hands. Gradually he sank back, holding on to her little hand, that looked so white and soft.

I couldn't wonder that he shut his eyes, and a rare satisfaction stole into his face. I reckon I felt just at that moment that I'd willingly have exchanged places with him, for, you see, I had fallen in love with her at first sight.

It wasn't long before he was sleeping beautifully. Then she took her hand from his, lingered a moment with her eyes on his face, and then, with a little bow to me, she went softly away.

From that very hour Colonel Rochester began to improve.

"I say, James, who is she ?" one of the sick men asked.

"I don't know," says I. "She's the biggest beauty I ever set eyes on. I wonder if she'll stay in this ward ? If she just comes through, it'll do me more good than doctor's stuff."

"Hold your tongue, captain," I said, for his wound was just under the jaw. "We shall know all about it before long. Some one of the surgeons got her here, I'll be bound."

The colonel stirred in his sleep. His lips moved.

"My Rose !" he whispered.

"It must be his sweetheart," I said to myself.

He waked up quite rational. It was time to put fresh bandages on his wound, and, for a wonder, he submitted patiently, though sometimes we were obliged to hold him down.

"Colonel," I said, as soon as I saw that he was rational," Rose has been here."

"Rose ?" he said, excitedly ; "my sister Rose ? Impossible ; unless she came in the spirit. She is dead !"

"Then Rose was your sister, and she is dead ?" I said, falling back a little.

"Yes ; this cruel war killed her. Now I have only my mother, my poor, proud mother left."

"And Prinny ?" I said.

"My cousin ; yes"—his handsome lips wreathed in a smile ; "my cousin, queenly Prinny!" Then he looked at me in amazement. "How did you know ?" he asked.

"Well, colonel, when you were a little out, you talked of them, you know. Morning, noon and night they were on your lips, Rose and Prinny, Prinny and Rose. I thought one of them must be your sweetheart."

He laughed, feebly.

"Rose was my twin sister," he said, "and Prinny—ah, well !—she will be all the sweetheart I shall ever know. But, sergeant, what did you mean when you said Rose had been here ? Did you dream it ?"

I shook my head.

"It was the new nurse," I said.

"The new nurse," he murmured, drowsily. "And her name was Rose ?"

"That I don't know. "You called her Rose, and she stopped. Then she sat down a few moments with your hand in hers, or, rather, her hand in yours."

His lips curled, his eyes flashed. He made a gesture of disgust.

"Does she take snuff ?" he asked.

It was my turn to laugh, but just then I heard a little rustling, and saw Captain Royal turn his eyes toward the door, so I only said :

"I think she is coming this way again. You might ask her."

"I'll not even look at her," said the colonel, promptly. He closed his eyes, and a tremor went over him. I knew how he hated everything pertaining to—the other side.

"Ah, your patient is asleep."

The new nurse stopped at the foot of the bed, exactly as she had a little while before. Over her head a white handkerchief was folded, cornerwise, the points coming over her curly locks and just touching her white forehead. A white scarf of some kind of muslin crossed her shoulders.

I wanted him to see her.

"Colonel, are you asleep ?" I asked, mischievously.

He opened his eyes, reluctantly. It was not in his nature to sham.

As he did so, the blood rushed over his face. His eyes darkened and sparkled. Mute with astonishment, he gazed and gazed. His breath came quicker. She smiled, and her cheeks grew red.

"Is *that* the nurse ?" he queried, under his breath ; then quickly added : "Pardon me !"

"Yes ; this is the nurse," she responded, with the gravity becoming her calling ; "and this is my ward. I hope you are better ?"

"Decidedly better," was the quick response.

"I am glad to hear it. Sergeant," she added, turning to me, "you are to be helper till I get acquainted with my duties. I am afraid you will be sorry to know it."

"No indeed, madam; I will aid you to the best of my ability," I made answer.

Out of the side of my eyes I saw Captain Royal grin, though it was followed by a grimace, for the strips of plaster held his chin fast. I knew what it meant. He had some days before held an indignation meeting, a sort of council of war, and repelled the idea with scorn that we needed any women nurses, and here we all were ready to bow at the slightest wish of the first one that came.

"Very well. I shall call upon you often," she said, smiled and moved on.

Colonel Rochester followed her out of sight with his eyes, then he drew a long breath.

"You seem to admire her, colonel," I said.

"She's the handsomest woman I ever saw!" he said, with fervid emphasis. "And—she's—a nurse—here!"

"I noticed you didn't ask her if she took snuff," I said. "Perhaps you forgot it."

"Good heavens!" he said, explosively; "what do you take me for?" And he was actually angry.

We were all naturally anxious to know who she was, and the newcomer formed the topic of our conversation in and out of the hospital. Finally, we decided to ask Snack Edger, a tall, lean fellow, whom surgeon New had brought with him from Indiana, and who was not blessed with more than a small modicum of natural good sense. He came into our mess-tent one day, and I spoke to him on the subject.

"I know who she is," he said, on hearing her name, at the same time looking askance at the table.

He had gained his nickname of "Snack" in consequence of his unlimited capacity for stowing away food at all times and seasons. Everybody, even the surgeons, called him Snack, and he never seemed to resent it. I buttered a couple of biscuits and improvised two sandwiches for his delectation.

"She's from Boston, isn't she?" ventured Steward Lennox.

"No, she ain't. She's a New Yorker, she is, and she's engaged, and her beau's gone to war. I guess he ain't much. Dr. New don't think so. She was on a visit to Indianapolis, and she wanted to come with her aunt, Mrs. New. Surgeon didn't want her to come, but Mrs. New said 'Yes,' and when she says 'Yes,' she's the boss, you bet. He thought she was too young and too little; but she's spunky. New he says she's a born nurse. I'll bet half the men in hospital are in love with her. I am myself."

With this candid confession Snack swallowed the last of his sandwich and left the tent.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Miss Rose—yes, her name was Rose—had a lover in the field, and the colonel was probably as good as engaged to his cousin, Miss Prinny Rochester, while it was as plainly to be seen as the nose on your face that he was dead in love with the hospital nurse, and quite as evident that she was in love with him.

While I was still acting in the capacity of nurse, news came one morning that brave old Stonewall had beaten the enemy in a hardly contested fight, and was then actually on his way toward Winchester. The women of that burg were on the *qui vive.* Prayer meetings were more frequent. Savory smells of roast turkey, plum puddings and the sauces for which the Southern women were famous, came gratefully to our nostrils. As there were sure to be sick and wounded soldiers in the train, an extra supply of lint and hospital stores was sent in, and several new cots were made up.

Colonel Rochester was much excited over the news, so, indeed, were we all. Stonewall was our hero and Rochester's general, and he felt toward him a devotion that was almost worship.

He had by this time so far recovered that he could sit up, supported by pillows, nearly all day; and for nothing did he seem more thankful than that he was well enough to grasp the hand of his adored general.

"Of course he will come to see me!" he said. "We have been in too many fights together for me to fear that he will neglect an old friend. I shouldn't wonder if"—then a long pause—"great Heaven!" he added, with rolling eyes; "there's my mother!"

I looked round. A lady, dressed in the deepest of mourning garments, had just entered the ward. She was turning from cot to cot in a sort of bewildered fashion, but presently she saw the pallid face of her son. In less time than it takes me to tell it she was in his arms.

A fine, stately-looking woman she was, and must once have been remarkably beautiful. The tenderness in her face and manner was something fine to see as she looked at her son, and then drew his head to her bosom.

"Alive! saved!" she exclaimed. "And they told me you were dead. Oh, my boy! what a household we were when they told us the terrible news. And we all believed it. But your cousin Prinny, God bless her! she declared from the first that it was not true; that you were still alive. If you only knew what a darling Prinny has been to us since Rose——"

Her voice choked. She hid her face, for the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

There was silence for a moment.

"How is Prinny, mother?" he asked, but his voice was terribly hoarse and shaken.

"Very well, dear, and growing so pretty," said his mother, commanding her emotions. "I wish she could have come. Our cousin Ralph lives in Winchester; she might have stopped there; but it was not best to leave the house alone with the servants. Not but what it would have been proper enough, when she is all the same as engaged to you," she added, in a lower tone.

"How did you get here, mother?" he asked, hurriedly.

"I came in with the dear general. He was so kind! You must thank him for me. I had been waiting outside the lines for nearly a week—ever since I heard where they had carried you. When I made known my request, he sent an aide at once with an ambulance, so you see as far as possible I came in grand state."

The reader will not, of course, take it for granted that I had kept my position at the side of the colonel's bed. I was sitting in the next ward, divided by a partition of cotton cloth, so that I could not help hearing much of the conversation. I could have seen her by turning my head. I could see the colonel and the sweeping folds of his mother's black dress.

Just then I saw a quick rapture come into the colonel's face. I knew that either Stonewall Jackson was coming, or—our sweetheart.

It was Rose, more beautiful than ever. In her hands she carried a little silver tray, on which were a cup of tea, a pitcher of milk and some thin slices of bread, toasted as only she knew how to toast them. She came forward, moving slower and yet slower as she saw and divined who was there. No one but a mother would take that position, and for a minute she hesitated between the fulfillment of her duty and a natural disinclination to intrude. She looked heavenly beautiful. There was a light in her face that almost transfigured it.

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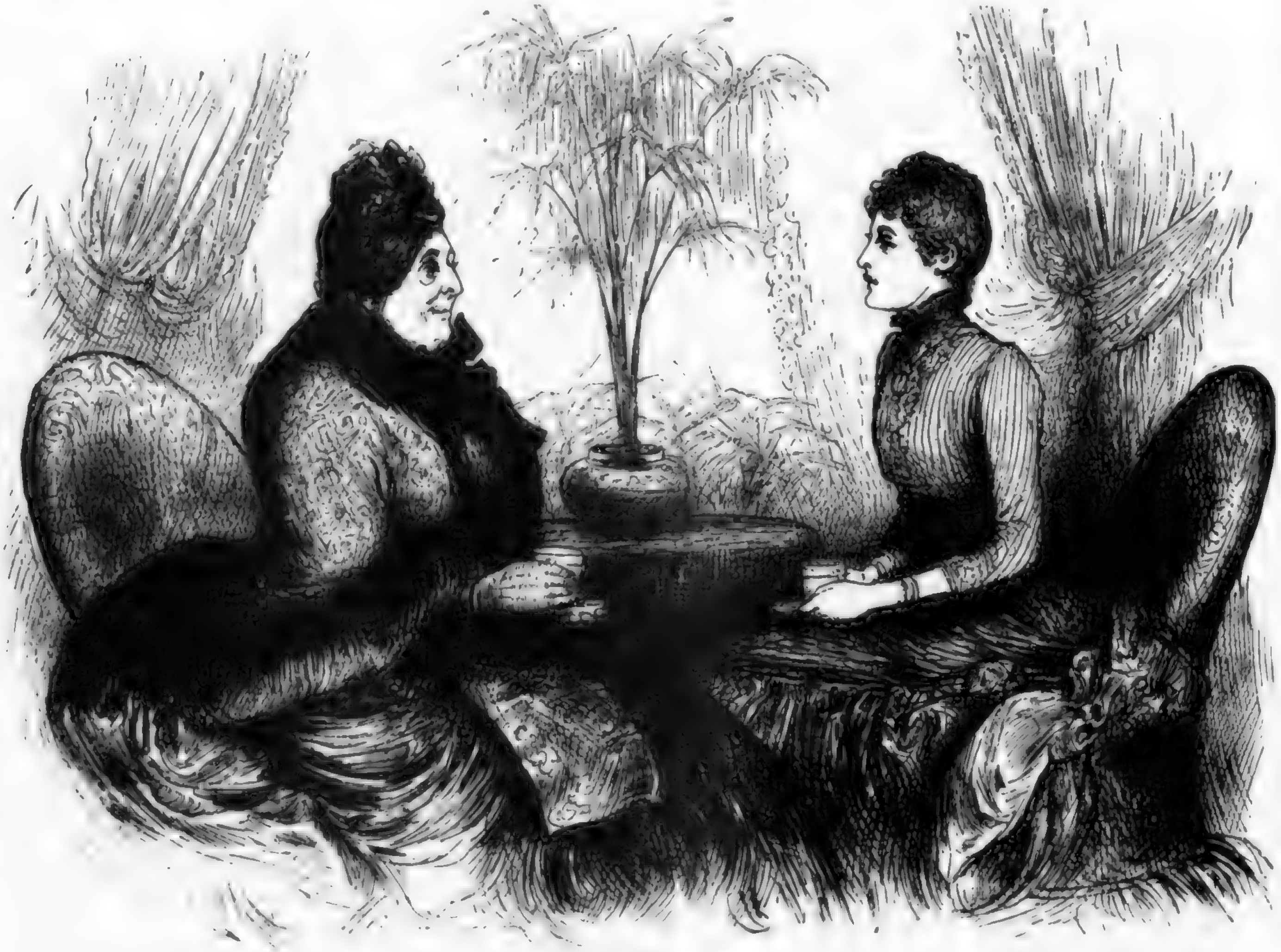
I heard the colonel call her, and, then, turning to his mother, he said :

"Dearest mother, I want you to thank this brave little lady, whose good nursing has brought me along the road to recovery."

I heard the rustle of silk, and knew that the woman rose up ; then she sat down again. Captain Royal told me afterward that Mrs. Rochester's countenance underwent curious changes at sight of the young girl. She seemed startled, as well she might, at the glorious beauty of "our sweetheart," as the hospital boys called her under their breath. Then her face darkened and grew very cruel and proud.

"I thank you —" She hesitated whether to say "miss" or "madam," but finally said —"madam, for your care of my dear son. I presume I am talking to one of the nurses at the hospital. You are working, I see, as well as we, for the cause of our struggling land ?"



A COINCIDENCE.

*Young Wife's Mother*—"ALL ALONE, MY DEAR CHILD! I'M AFRAID THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS NEGLECTS YOU TERRIBLY. HE'S ALWAYS AT HIS CLUB WHEN I CALL."

*Contented Wife*—"YES, MAMMA; BUT HE'S AT HOME AT ALL OTHER TIMES."

[*Y. W. M. sniffs.*

"I am doing the best I can, madam," was the quiet response, in a sweet, low voice. Meantime, she was arranging the table by the bedside. Not once did she glance at the colonel, but she said, softly:

"You must be very glad to see your mother, Colonel Rochester," and, then, with a bow, hurried away.

Had the proud matron learned her boy's secret in that little moment ? Profound silence ensued. The sick man just tasted the toast and took one or two sips of tea ; further than that he neither ate nor drank.

Captain Royal told me afterward that, at the departure of Nurse Rose, Mrs. Rochester sat like a statue, looking in her son's face. He, on the contrary, tried to avoid her eyes. Finally, she began to talk of home matters, but the passion in her face, the occasional compression of the lips, the corrugated brow and stony expression of the eyes, told of the stormy thoughts underlying all.

Once she bent over and whispered something in his ear, but he looked up as if struck either with remorse or anger, and then replied in a whisper,

For an hour she sat there, and then took her leave, saying, as she left him :

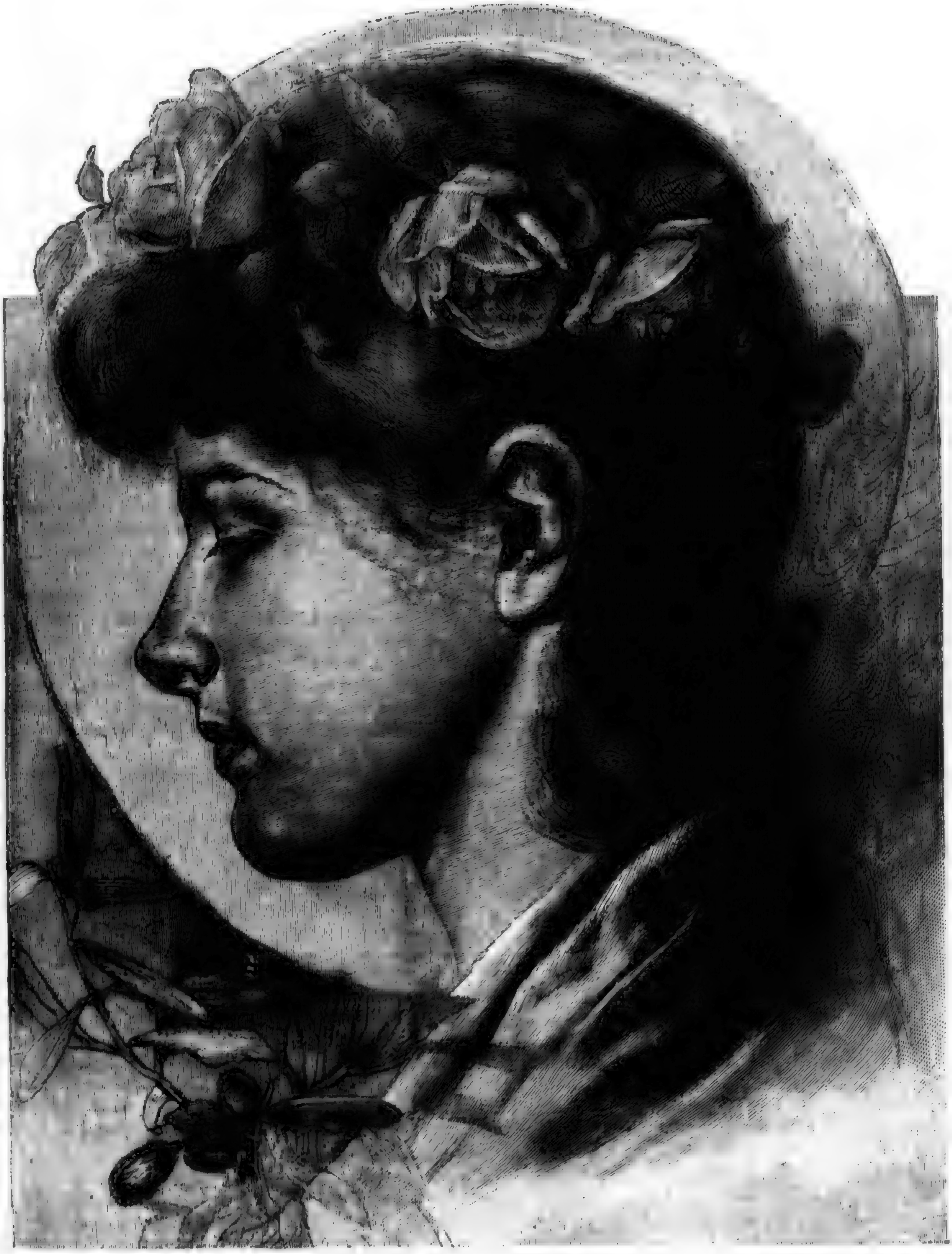
"Remember, my son, you have your choice."

## PART II.

For the rest of the day, Colonel Rochester was nervous and almost irritable. If he by chance saw our sweetheart, his face would light up for a moment, but as she went the shadow fell again. This state of things was not bettered by the astounding news, in less than thirty-six hours, that Winchester was again in possession of the enemy, and Stonewall Jackson, fighting desperately against odds, had retreated.

Mrs. Rochester went also, and we never saw her in hospital again, but frequently letters and messages came. I could see that the colonel was very unhappy. One can imagine that a haughty, determined woman, who holds her son's heart in her hand, has it in her power to strew many thorns in his path.

Meantime I learned through the over-communicative Snack, that our sweetheart had been having her share of trial. The man to whom she had been engaged had



A STUDY.—BY HAROLD COPPING.

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fallen in the last battle at Gettysburg, shot through the heart.

"Shot while holding the flag," Snack said, and he further remarked that Dr. New had said that it was a good death to die, and he guessed Miss Rose would be just as well without him; from which I inferred that the doctor knew more about him than Miss Rose did, and was not sorry that he was out of the way.

For a time the little nurse was very quiet, but as the colonel grew stronger it only seemed a natural thing for them to meet and walk together, and before long our sweetheart's face regained its placid beauty. I fancied that now the wooing went on without any drawbacks, but how egregiously I was mistaken my story will show.

It did not surprise me to learn that the two were engaged. In fact, the colonel was kind enough to make a confidant of me; sufficiently so, at all events, to deepen the impression I already had.

I have since learned that just about that time many and threatening letters came from the mother to the son, the madam insisting that he was bound in honor to marry his cousin Prinny, to whom he had been consigned during his father's lifetime; that certain benefits accruing to the family depended upon the union; that she would never, never give her sanction to his marriage with, as she put it, a common hospital nurse, and that for him to persist would bring upon him her bitterest curse.

He did persist, however, and was preparing for his marriage with Miss Rose, when a telegram came which, as he read it, sent all the blood out of his face. All he would tell us was that a terrible accident had befallen his mother.

Then there was a hurried interview with our little nurse, and he was gone.

Various were the surmises set on foot. Some said his mother was dying; might be dead when he got there; we none of us knew.

But our dear little sweetheart! Everybody was anxious for her welfare. She moved about among us, white and silent. Her fair and beautiful presence was there, but her soul was away. Her eyes told that story. I was always watching her without seeming to, and on letter days I could guess as to the nature of the news. Sometimes she was quietly happy and more like her old self; then, again, she would be pale as death, and seemed scarcely to know what was going on around her.

"Hard lines to-day," Captain Royal would say, with a softer voice at such times, and sometimes there were tears in his eyes. Or, if she was more smiling and had a touch of her old color: "Tide's in a little livelier this morning;" but it was seldom that a letter seemed to bring her positive pleasure.

At last, there must have come the worst that could come, for our sweetheart became ill and went home to Mrs. New, who was stopping then at the house of Father Chase in Winchester, and we saw her in the hospital no more.

The next we heard of the colonel was that he had resumed his duties, and was going into action with the Tenth Virginia Cavalry.

Probably our sweetheart had heard the news. As for me, I was discharged from the hospital, and, as soon as I could, joined the regiment under Rochester's command, with an added chevron on my coat-sleeve.

In less than a week we were marching to the front. I had met Colonel Rochester to speak with him but once, and was startled at the alteration in his appearance. His face was drawn and pale, and very stern; his eyes were restless and gloomy. He held my hand for a moment, knowing that I knew his thoughts. I think he would have asked about our sweetheart, but at that moment an aide came up, and we were parted.

In less than an hour the fight had opened. It looked as if we were going to have hot work, cannonading to right of us, to left of us, in the centre and in front.

In our company there was a colored man, a servant who belonged to the Rochester plantation. When he found that I knew his master, he would join me on every occasion where it was possible. He was always talking about de "kurnell," whom he idolized, and often spoke of Mrs. Rochester.

Early that morning he had come to see if there was any service I needed, and he was never more loquacious.

"'Deed I hopes Massa Kurnell 'll be spar'd," he said. "Wasn't no 'casion fer him to go, n' de missus knowed it. She done flung her arms 'bout his neck n' begged, n' begged him not to go, fer her sake, but go he would, though he's under no capacity to go, along o' his wounds not being wholly healed up. 'Deed I think de old madam would die ef he di'd."

"Is the colonel going to marry his cousin Prinny, do you think, Kansas?" I asked.

He looked grave at once.

"Dey—kind o' ses so," was his reply. "After dat *accident* marse seem to hab to come to it, I reckon. But he ain't de same man no mo'," he added, under his breath.

"What was the accident?" I asked; "and who did it happen to?"

He looked at me askance. Then he drew his face down, and pulled at his wool reflectively.

"Well, yo' has me dar," he said, sententiously. "Nobody but Mars Rochester n' ole Mercy know about 'em, dat is," he added, wisely, "in de fullest particlers."

"That's strange," I said, handing him a quarter. "It must have been very serious."

"It war serus," he said, looking at the quarter, and slowly winking at it; "but I kin on'y tell you this much—*so* serus dat ole missus never tuck her bunnit off'n her head agin no mo'!"

"What in creation do you mean, Kansas?" I asked.

"I means zactly what I says, mars'r. Missus wore a big bunnit, p'r'haps she call it a cap, but it look like a bunnit to me, wid big, *big* bows tied under her chin. Ef anybody comes, thar she is with her bunnit on. I don' know ef she sleeps with it, but I shouldn't wonder, so's not to be 'sprised. Mos' ob de darkies say she do."

"But what has that to do with the accident?" I asked, thoroughly mystified.

"Dunno." He shrugged his shoulders. "We don' none ob us know, only dar war a stir at de house when it happen, n' three doctors to de missus, an' missus sick fer a long time. Den she put har bunnit on n' never take it off no mo'."

"Some mental hallucination," I thought to myself, and presently dismissed it from my mind, for the fighting was about to commence.

During the battle, one of our companies was nearly surprised by a number of the enemy, who crept up through the bushes, not being discovered by any of us until within a few yards' distance. Nobody saw the danger but Colonel Rochester, who rushed forward with our men and two other companies, opening fire with such success that he literally ran the enemy down. But presently they were reinforced, and turned, opening fire again. How the colonel escaped I could never tell. The bullets flew round him, but he maintained his position, and I gradually drew near him.

There he towered in the midst of shot and shell, for there was firing to the right and firing to the left where the batteries were, and the terrible Gatling gun in full operation. It seemed to me now and then that he courted danger and even death, and I watched, ready to rescue him if I could.

All at once he saw me, and beckoned me to come closer.

"James," he said, "down in that ravine lies a young fellow who bravely saved my life, at the expense of his own, I fear. It seems there was a sharpshooter close on our lines who had probably singled me out. This boy happened to see him, and, just at the fatal moment, threw himself in front of me, firing. I don't know what became of the other fellow, but this poor boy got the bullet in his chest. I wish you to go down and see if he is alive. Take him to one of the tents, if he is—if not, God rest his soul! No matter how bad the wound is, don't leave him there. Do this errand well, and I will reward you."

"No reward for me, if you please, colonel. I'll do it for love," I said; "but pray be careful of yourself—don't court death."

"Useless if I did," he replied, with a wan smile, and rode off.

His commands were obeyed to the letter. I found the boy, and had him carried to the hospital-tent that stood by the side of a dilapidated old sawmill and under the branches of a magnificent umbrella-tree.

As I laid him down, his eyes flew open and a thrill went through my veins. Gradually life and consciousness came into the glance.

"Did I save him?" came in a wild, piteous cry.

"You saved him," I said, almost in a whisper, I was so awe-struck.

A sharp, quick cry told me that I was recognized.

"Take me away," was the pleading, piteous cry with which she answered my glance. "If I die, respect my secret."

"So help me God I will!" I answered, and great tears from my own eyes were plashing on her pale face, the sweet face of our sweetheart!

"Tell Dr. New it was all right. I don't care—for myself—my life—is nothing—but—his! After I am gone—no, never let him know. I feel that I am dying. Call them all in—it is growing dark!"

Poor child! she had done the supremest thing possible—she had given her life for his.

I can scarcely tell what happened next. The enemy were upon us, and victorious. Confusion reigned. The wounded were placed in ambulances. Horses and men were mixed together. Regiments were retreating, fighting as they went. Somebody entered the tent—I did not see his face, only something told me it was not Colonel Rochester—cried out at sight of Rose, lifted her in his arms and rushed from the tent. Then came all the horrors of retreat, nor need they be repeated.

Six months after that I was in Virginia, home on sick leave. I had not heard a word from any of my old friends and comrades, as most of my time had been spent in hospital.

Every day after my recovery I took long walks, according to medical advice, and one splendid morning I determined to go as far as the Rochester plantation and ask after my commander, who had also been home on sick leave.

It was a long distance—ten miles away—but I knew there was a chance of rest and generous hospitality at the end. When I arrived there, to my astonishment, the house was shut up, but I saw some of the servants, who appeared to be idling round at their leisure. Making a *détour*, I came in sight of the front door, and my heart misgave me when I saw that it was heavily craped.

Kansas came up, delighted to see me, and grinning in spite of the woe he intended to express.

"Who is dead?" I asked, tremblingly, knowing that the colonel had been very ill.

"Pore ole missus," was his reply, as he suddenly pulled a long face. He touched me mysteriously on the arm as he leaned over and whispered, in a stage aside: "N' she done got de big bow on, all de same!"

"Can I see her?" I asked, overpowered by a sudden curiosity.

"Suttinly, suttinly, walk right in; dar's no one thar now, dey's eatin' dar dinner, n' jest begun. Fust do' to de right, n' please 'scuse me, I's wanted fur to wait on table."

I went slowly in the large, darkened parlor. How terribly the gloom of death overshadowed it. Everything was black. Even the pictures were covered with crape, and the heavy curtains at the darkened windows hung straight from ceiling to floor.

I went toward the coffin and looked in. The face was white as marble, and the thin features revealed how marvelously beautiful she must have been in her prime. On her brow was still a regal pride.

As Kansas had said, there was tied beneath the chin a large, elaborate bow, and about the neck a wide fold of crape, or some white, thin material.

Curiosity conquered prudence. With a quick grasp I raised the bow and the bandage together, then fell back, startled and aghast. The mystery was explained. Nearly extending from ear to ear was a broad, purple scar!

I saw the whole explanation as in a flash. This high-born, high-bred dame, in despair at her son's obstinacy in daring to follow his own inclination in the matter of his choice of a wife, had nerved herself to the commission of a desperate deed.

The horror of this—to him and his—disgrace, had taken poor Rochester back to his home at almost the supreme moment of his happiness, and the fear that it might occur again led him to conceal the past.

Did he know? I wondered; did this passionate, proud lady know now that the woman she so despised had saved her boy's precious life—had died for him?

At that moment came footsteps. I was so startled, so remorseful for the deed I had done, that I concealed myself behind one of the window-curtains, in the deep embrasure of the old-fashioned window. With slow steps—ah! I knew that tread—Colonel Rochester came in, leading by the hand a tall, beautiful woman, with blue eyes and golden hair.

They both stopped at the coffin-head.

"Prinny," he said, quietly—there was no passion in his voice—"here, by her side, whose last wishes I would fulfill, is your answer—'Yes'?"

"Cousin Gerald," she answered, in a soft, low voice, "do you love me?"

There was utter silence.

"Prinny!" he said, after a long pause.

"Cousin, you do not love me in that way! I was, as you know, a dependent on your mother's bounty. It was her heart's dearest wish that we should marry. What could I do? If your happiness had been at stake, I must have said 'Yes,' and yet I had rather remain your cousin. Now, do you want me to say 'Yes'?"

I heard his sigh of deep content. Then he murmured:

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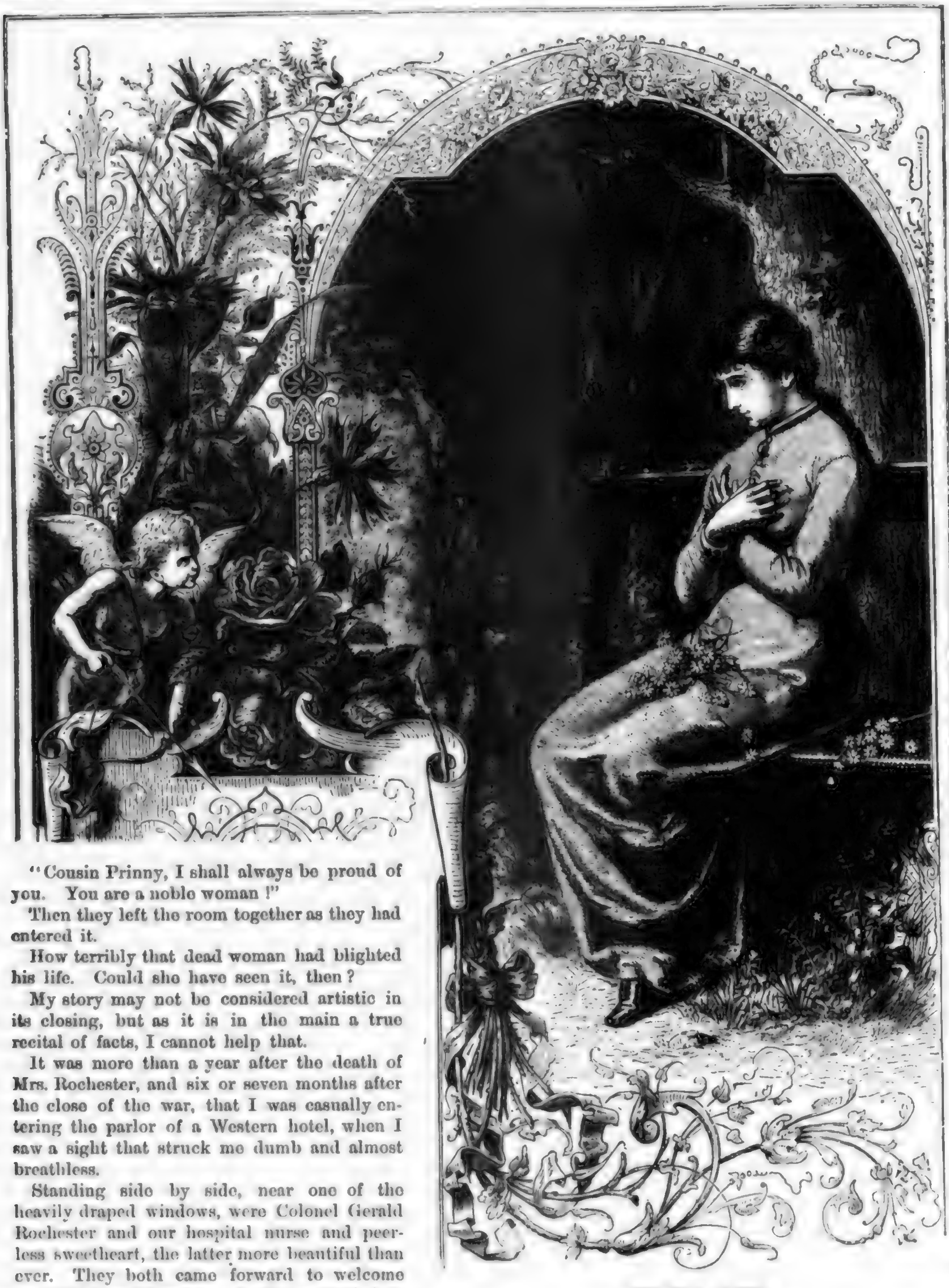


THE WILY ARCHER.

"Cousin Prinny, I shall always be proud of you. You are a noble woman!"

Then they left the room together as they had entered it.

How terribly that dead woman had blighted his life. Could she have seen it, then?

My story may not be considered artistic in its closing, but as it is in the main a true recital of facts, I cannot help that.

It was more than a year after the death of Mrs. Rochester, and six or seven months after the close of the war, that I was casually entering the parlor of a Western hotel, when I saw a sight that struck me dumb and almost breathless.

Standing side by side, near one of the heavily draped windows, were Colonel Gerald Rochester and our hospital nurse and peerless sweetheart, the latter more beautiful than ever. They both came forward to welcome me, still I could not speak, till, compelled to say something in order to convey my astonishment, I blurted out: "Why, madam! you died in my arms!"

"But you see I came to life again," she said, with her old, silvery laugh.

"I—can't understand it," I stammered.

"But don't you understand that this is Mrs. Rochester?" asked the colonel. "I found her in Indianapolis. Met Dr. New in New York, and he told me all about it, so I concluded," he added, turning to her with a proud, fond look, "to devote the life she saved to her welfare—till death do us part," he added, with emotion.

"It is still a mystery," I said; "but it is all right."

"Dr. New found me apparently lifeless," said our sweetheart.

"It was he, then, who rushed into the tent and carried you off?"

"Yes; and through his skill I was spared to become the happiest woman in the world."

And so ends the story of Our Sweetheart!

# ORIGIN OF COMETS AND METEORS.

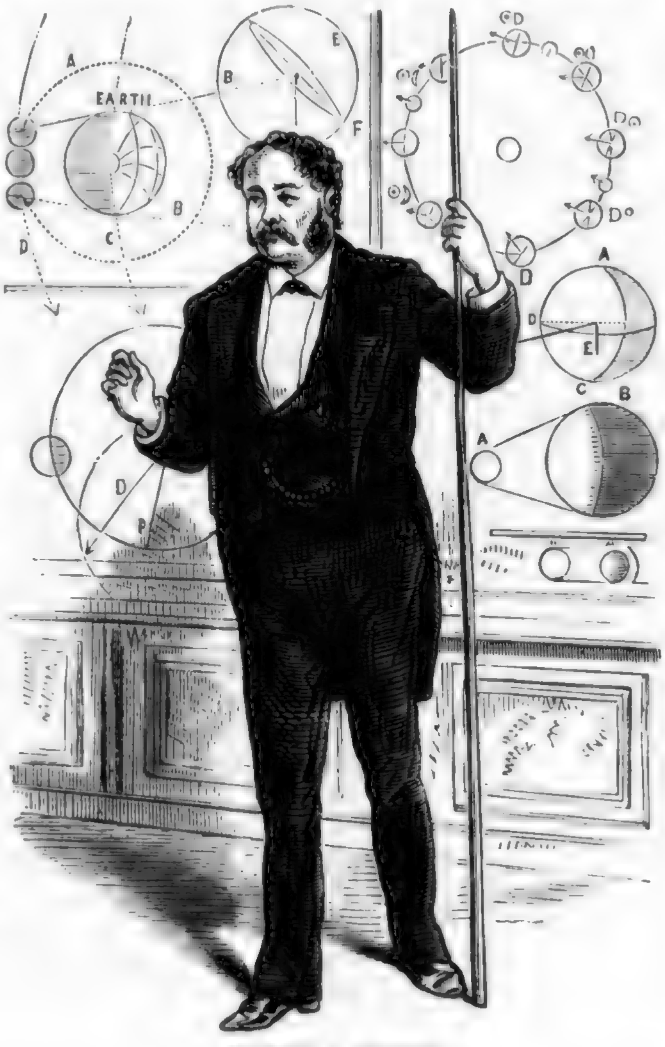
By Richard A. Proctor.

I should like to have an opportunity of presenting before the readers of so widely reaching a magazine as this the general theory of comets and meteors, to which I have been led by the researches and discoveries of the last quarter of a century. I find that because of the somewhat scrappy way in which my views have usually been dealt with in American publications, the coherence of the various parts of the theory and the support they give each other have not been noticed; that, on the contrary, many imagine my ideas to belong to the domain of over-daring speculation. In reality, my theory is one which, startling though some of its features may be, has been absolutely forced upon me by the combined evidence of a number of established parts, some of which it alone serves to explain.

Let us first summarize the facts, then consider certain probable inferences, and finally present my theory.

It has been proved that our earth is assailed, as it were, from outside, by millions of millions of bodies, few only of which penetrate her defensive armor, the

"Firmament—expanse of liquid,
Pure, transparent, elemental air."



RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Those which reach the ground, aerolites or meteorites, are found to be divisible into two chief classes, which, nevertheless, are not distinct, but merge into each other. Some consist chiefly of iron, nickel and other metallic substances, others are chiefly stony; but the metallic meteorites are never wholly free from stony matter, nor are stony meteorites ever wholly free from iron. Ranging the meteorites in order, from the almost wholly metallic to the almost wholly stony, we find the same combinations of material in meteorites which we find in the matter ejected from beneath the earth's surface. Masses so ejected, at some remote time, from deep below the surface, were long mistaken for meteorites, and carefully classified with the most metallic meteorites in our museums. From that structure, through all grades of meteoric formation to the least metallic meteorites, and beyond these to matter perfectly free from metal, our volcanic products can be arranged in a series precisely parallel with the meteoric series, but extending further. Daubrée, Sorby, Meunier and Tschermak have further shown that not merely in chemical composition, but in the evidence of processes of formation, in microscopic structure, in physical condition, meteorites correspond with matter ejected from various depths beneath the earth's surface, the more metallic meteorites with the matter ejected (or existing) at the greatest depths.

While we can thus range meteorites in a most suggestive series, we can range in a wider and not less suggestive series all classes of meteors, from the heaviest meteorites (some of them many tons in mass) which have reached our earth, through all orders of *bolides*, fireballs, falling stars, to the very smallest shooting stars, only visible because the observer has chanced to catch them in the field of view of a powerful telescope. As to structure, we can learn little about these; yet during great displays some of them have had their light analyzed with the spectroscope, and the presence of sodium and magnesium in their substance has been demonstrated.

Counting all orders of meteors, it is certain that hundreds of millions reach our earth yearly. The average weight of each may be but a few ounces, or even but a few grains, yet the total mass yearly gathered by the earth in this way must be considerable in itself, however insignificant, compared with the six hundred millions of millions of millions of tons forming the mass of the earth.

Shooting stars have been found to travel, in many cases, in streams, which have in turn been identified in several cases with the paths of known comets. It must not be supposed that, as is sometimes stated, these meteor-streams represent the tails of such comets. They occupy an entirely different position, viz., along the orbit, while the tail is always directed at an angle (sometimes squarely) to the orbit. Nor even can we say that the streams of meteors follow in the track of the comet, seeing that they are spread, in front, along the part of its orbit it is nearing, as well as behind, along the part of the orbit it has passed. We may consider the meteor-streams to be dispersed parts of meteor-flights, whose denser portions form the comet itself. The tail is like a thin vapor-cloud raised by solar heat, and then swept by solar repulsion from the flight of meteors forming the comet's head and *coma*.

Lastly, so far as this summary of proved facts is concerned, comets may be divided into classes: First, those of comparatively small orbit, traveling always within the solar system; secondly, those which, though they pass beyond the solar system, travel on re-entering paths, so that they come back again; and thirdly, those whose paths are endless, which come to our system from one part of the star-depths, and leaving it, pass away into another part, flitting, in fact, from star to star, if we can so speak of journeys, each of which must last millions of years. It is noteworthy of the first class of comets that their paths pass curiously near the giant planets, each of which has in this way a sort of comet family.

So much being certainly known, we may next note that any valid theory of meteors must account for, at least, these proved facts. A theory which explains the structure of meteorites, but gives no explanation of falling stars, cannot, probably, be sound. A theory which interprets the connection between meteor-streams and comets, but leaves everything else unexplained, is certainly not valid. An explanation of the comet families of the giant planets must, if it stand alone, be of little value. Nay, we may go further; even the great comets which from from time to time visit our solar system, spreading their broad tails athwart the heavens, and terrifying the ignorant as the supposed messengers of God's wrath, must admit of being explained in some degree by any sound and sufficient theory of meteors and comets.

Thus, several partial theories of which we sometimes hear can have, at least in their present form, no scientific standing. Tschermak says meteorites were shot from volcanoes in one of the planets, and Ball says the planet must have been our earth itself; but many meteor systems decline to be interpreted thus, and the comets are left out altogether. Daubrée and Graham say that every meteorite has been shot out of some star, and Sorby says that the star they were shot out from was our sun himself; but this leaves the meteor-streams entirely unexplained and gives no account of comets. Schiaparelli says that comets are meteor-streams which had been traveling through interstellar space, were drawn in toward the solar system, chanced to pass near some giant planet, and were so far captured as to have their originally endless paths transformed into re-entering ones. This theory explains the connection of comets and meteors, and explains, also, the comet families of the great planets; but, on the one hand, it gives no account whatever of the origin of meteors (not telling us how they came to be traveling in those mysterious star-depths), and, on the other, it simply leaves untouched the peculiarities of meteoritic structure.

In all these theories there is, doubtless, an element of truth; by duly combining them we may reach the complete general theory. It was not in that way I reached the theory I hold, which, indeed, was advanced, before some of the facts I have summarized above had been discovered; but my theory might have been deduced in some such way.

It was the sun which gave me the first hint of what I take to be the demonstrably true *general* theory of comets and meteors. That skillful and formerly most fruitful observer, Professor Young, of Princeton (then of Dartmouth, N.H.), caught the sun in 1872 in the act of ejecting matter with velocities so great that none of the ejected matter could be captured by him. (The sun has often been caught at "such work" since). When I had worked through the calculation proving this, I found in the result the first hint of an explanation of cometic and meteoric mysteries. Here was the answer to what I had always regarded as the most perplexing circumstance of all, yet the most certain. Meteorites must have once been inside some orbs in space; how got they forth? The sun answered the question.

But the sun's answer must be read aright. Not from him do all meteors and meteorites come. If any come at all to us from the sun, it can scarcely be one among millions of millions. His answer is not even that the suns of to-day, whereof he is one, do the work of meteoric ejection. In its fullness the answer is this: meteors of all orders, and therefore comets, which are but aggregations of meteors, have come from orbs in the sunlike state. From our sun have come at each outburst millions of meteoric bodies formed from ejected vapor-masses (as the drops in clouds from masses of water-vapor); during the millions of years of his past existence the work of ejection has gone on, probably, many times each year; all the thousands of millions of his fellow-suns are similarly active, and have been so during many millions of past years; every planet in the solar system and in systems traveling round other suns has, during its sunlike stage, done kindred work, each according to its capacity. With such demonstrated powers in sunlike orbs, and such multitudinous regions in space and periods in time for the generation of meteoric bodies and cometic systems, every order of comet can be explained, while peculiarities of meteoric bodies no otherwise to be accounted for can by this theory be fully interpreted.

## THE MOUSE'S RANSOM.

Salih was an Arab boy, who frequented the harbor of Suez, or Suais, and earned a precarious living by renting that much-enduring beast, an Egyptian donkey, from its owner; having liberty, for the consideration of about four cents per diem, to exercise the devoted animal's legs, and back to his (Sálih's) heart's content, so long as these indispensable portions of the animal should not be seriously damaged. Though the first part of the contract was not always carried out with scrupulous exactitude, the latter certainly was; and on days when a Peninsular and Oriental Co.'s steamer, with a good cargo of passengers, was delayed an hour or two longer than usual, owing to obstructions in the canal, the donkey in question was persuaded, by screams, curses and thwacks, to proceed from the quay to the hotel and back, with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, an almost incalculable number of times. As these, the principal objects of interest in Suez, are about four miles apart, it will be perceived that the unwillingly industrious animal earned his provender (such as it was) tolerably well. In accordance with the usual custom of the genus donkey-boy, the ass was dignified with the name of a European celebrity, and answered to the title of "General Booth." On lucky days, Sálih managed to extract considerable sums from confiding passengers fresh from England, whom he persuaded to take an airing on General Booth. The General was naturally vivacious, and possessed of a good stride, a most valuable quality in the frequent donkey-races which passengers, tired of many days on a ship's deck, were wont to indulge in on landing. Besides, he was not particularly wicked, as is often the case with these much-provoked beasts; he was never known to drop suddenly, as though shot dead, just when at his highest speed, or to turn a somersault in the middle of a crowded street—accomplishments possessed by but too many of his brethren. "Oh, no," as Sálih was wont to assure passengers in broken English, "General Booth always pious."

Now Sálih lived in a little hut, in one of the back streets of Suez, in company with his mother and two or three small brothers and sisters. His father was dead, and the widow had little to live on but the earnings of her son. She herself was almost completely blind from that ophthalmia which is one of the plagues of Egypt, and could do little but plait rush-mats and small baskets. She had never been able to afford to send Sálih to school; so that young gentleman remained in ignorance, not, however, blissful. He possessed the natural quickness of the Arab, and secretly regretted his inability to read, write, and use those strange marks by which the clerks at the quay found out all about the numbers and quantities of articles. He had also a hankering to be "mauddab," *i.e.*, knowing in poetry and rhetoric, disputations regarding which he often overheard in the Súk, or market-place of Suez, when loitering there in the cool of the evening after sunset, the time when Arabs sit out in the street and discourse of things in general. As time went on, his yearning after knowledge increased, and he, one day when unusually flush of cash, bought an old Kurán, at the mysterious characters of which he would gaze with admiration and astonishment for hours together, whenever the moon was bright enough. He was too poor to indulge in oil for reading purposes. If he could but afford a few lessons in reading! Alas! there was no one among his own class who knew more than himself, and how could he find the time and the money for school? He would sometimes, when driving his donkey to and fro, loiter for a minute or two at the corner of the street where there was a school. Inside squatted the little scholars on the floor, each with his book, his reed-pen, and his small bottle of thick ink. The master sat cross-legged at the top of the room, with (as it seemed to Sálih) a mighty array of books around him. Texts from the Kurán ornamented the walls, texts written in every variety of Arabic calligraphy, that most artistic effort of scribes. Sálih's eyes lingered longingly on those wonderful and sacred curves, on which local religious art had expended all its powers. Could he but learn to write like that! And then to listen to the boys reading, each his appointed task, in such an easy, fluent manner, as though the book were inside him, not outside; a familiar part of himself, not a something foreign and mysterious! And the noble sound, too, of the ancient and holy words, so different to *his* Arabic! Then he would stir up his donkey, and go on his way sighing.

When the great steamers landed their many passengers, and these lounged about the streets or by the canal, many of them, he saw, carried books in their pockets, and took them out to read for amusement when they had nothing else to do. A gentleman in spectacles was one day thrown from General Booth's back, owing to the snapping of the girths when that quadruped was just entering the courtyard of the hotel at full speed. Out of the pockets of the rider flew two books and a newspaper; and the books had green and red bindings, and pretty paintings on their outside, while the newspaper was full of pictures of men and women, and towns and ships. Wonderful to think that such beautiful things were made among the Ingliz, only to amuse them! Yes, it must be the knowledge they possessed that made them rich and powerful; so powerful that he had heard it said that great Sultans were among their servants! Ah! knowledge was a fine thing! but how to get it? It lived in books locked up securely from all who had not the key, the art of reading with understanding.

Now, one evening, when the moon was high and bright, Sálih sat in his mother's hut with the Kurán in his hand, looking wistfully at the long lines of well-ordered letters grouped into larger or smaller bands of words in the great army of each page, just like the soldiers who sometimes exercised on the sands outside the town. His mother and the other children were asleep, and he was in sole possession of the little outer room. He had been meditating sadly on the apparent impossibility of obtaining an education, and had fallen into a kind of doze, when his attention was aroused by the proceedings of two mice which were perambulating the floor, inspecting every square inch in search of some minute particle of edible matter, no very easy thing to discover in that poverty-stricken abode. There was a kind of impudence about these mice, which he had never observed in others of their species, and which fascinated him in spite of the mournful thoughts which held possession of his mind. They marched round him (for he remained motionless) and sniffed at the hem of his dirty garment, as though desirous of making his acquaintance. It happened that close by his side lay a small brass basin commonly used for some domestic purpose. Watching his opportunity, he overturned this basin so quickly and cleverly, that one of the mice was caught beneath it, imprisoned in the brazen trap. The other fled, but soon returned and commenced making vigorous assaults upon the strange dome which had descended so rapidly on its comrade. Finding this in vain, it retreated to its hole.

It came forth again after an absence of a few moments, holding something in its mouth; the something was heavy, for the mouse appeared to support it with difficulty. It was round, too, and glittered slightly when the moonbeams fell upon it. Up to the side of the basin, remote from Sálih, advanced the mouse with its burden, which it deposited on the floor, and them retreated a short distance. Halting a yard or two off, it sat up and looked intently at the boy.

Sálih reached out his hand and picked up the object which the mouse had brought. It was—yes—there could be no doubt, it was—a piece of gold, an ancient coin, a dínár of the old Sultans of Egypt, who had reigned before the Turks were heard of. The mouse intended it as a ransom for its imprisoned friend.

There is a belief very prevalent among Orientals that any extraordinary boldness on the part of mice is a sure sign of their possessing a treasure of some sort. Capital is supposed to confer upon them the same independence of demeanor which it does upon human beings. These mice had displayed extraordinary impudence in their approach of him, therefore Sálih was sure there must be more money in their hoard than the single dínár which had been produced. He therefore replaced the coin where the mouse had laid it, and shook his head, in order to convey to the expectant animal that more must be forthcoming before a release could be granted to the captive.

After waiting a little, the mouse retired with a disappointed air, but reappeared quickly with another dínár, similar to the first, in its mouth. This it deposited on the floor by the other, and sat up in a suppliant attitude, as though asking for pity and consideration. The boy's cupidity and hope now began to rise together, and he had no thought of liberating his very profitable prisoner until perfectly sure that he had exacted the uttermost farthing which the pair could command. So he continued to maintain a stern and unyielding countenance, on which the petitioner could perceive no sign of compassion.

A third journey to the hole now took place, and a third coin was produced. The same dumb show was presented, and the piece proceeded as before between the two actors. Sometimes the mouse would sit for a longer space than at others, in the hope, apparently, that the extortionate youth would either pity, or become wearied with long waiting; but finding these expectations

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disappointed, it would again return to the treasure-house for another dínár. Sálih, when telling the story afterward, asserted that its visage lengthened perceptibly with each journey it took. The floor was soon strewed with gold pieces, the original glittering hue of which had been dimmed by long neglect, and the deposits of centuries of mold; here and there, though, brilliant flashes came from those parts of them which had been clawed by the mice when they turned over, and doubtless counted, their hoard.

HER TREASURED LETTERS.

When twenty-five separate journeys had been made to the treasury, and twenty-five dínárs exhibited to the delighted gaze of Sálih, the mouse departed and reappeared with—no coin, but an old leather bag or purse. Bringing this to a part of the floor where the moonbeams shone brightest, it carefully turned the receptacle inside out. There was nothing within. The bag was evidently the original house of the dínárs strewed around, and it was also clear that no more were forthcoming; the poor mouse was bankrupt; and with a touching air of resignation, it seated itself by the empty purse, and looked beseechingly at the master of the situation.

That young gentleman saw that the bottom of the poor creature's pocket, so to speak, was reached. It had given its all for its companion's freedom. The sex of the animal was not distinguishable; it might be a bridegroom, imploring for the release of his captive bride; it might be a wife, begging for her husband's liberty. In any case, it had deserved well of Sálih; and fully sensible of this fact, he raised the brazen basin, and set free the palpitating little prisoner, which fled immediately, with the utmost precipitancy, rattling the coins in its flight to join its partner. Both lost no time in disappearing into the hole.

When all was quiet again, the boy sat as one entranced. Could the scene he had witnessed and taken part in be a reality? Was it not rather one of those deluding dreams which, he had heard, often came to torment the longing and mock the desirous? But there lay the gold on the floor. Yes, but perhaps he was still dreaming. He pinched himself once or twice to make sure that this was not the case. No, he was wide awake, there could be no doubt about that; so he got up and clutched the dínárs with a feverish hand. He had never seen so many gold pieces together before; and, indeed, had seldom seen any at all. Many times did he pick up each and turn it over, with its mysterious legend and royal cipher; and when he was at last convinced that he was *boná fide* master of twenty-five good, solid, heavy dínárs, he could keep his own counsel no longer, and called to his mother.

The rest of that night and most of the succeeding day was spent in considering what should be done with this miraculously obtained windfall. At last it was settled that half of it should be spent in improving the external appearance and the internal comforts of their abode: and the other half should be devoted to the commencement of Sálih's long longed-for education. Two days afterward he took his place among the lowest class of that school into which his admiring eyes had so often glanced.

Time has passed since then, and Sálih is a man. He is well-taught in all the wisdom which modern Egyptians possess, and may, perhaps, be a Pasha some day. And if you can find him in the bazaar of Suez, he will perhaps give you in his own words this story of the Mouse's Ransom.

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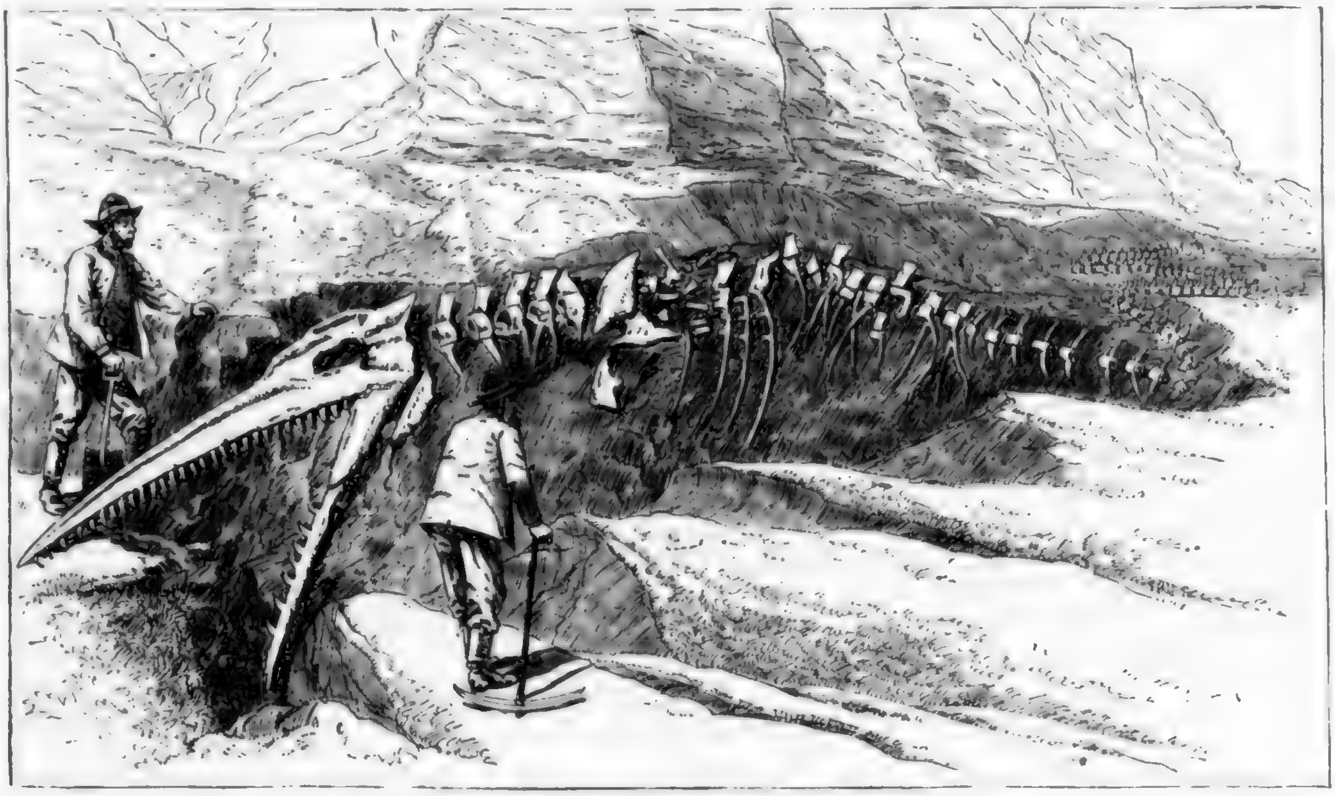
## THE MONSTER SEA-SERPENTS OF THE CRETACEOUS SEAS.

By C. F. Holder.

The vast tract of country lying between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains represents, and is, the bottom of an ancient sea that was populated with creatures of such huge dimensions that the wonderful animals of fable lore appear insignificant when compared to them.



SEA-SERPENT OF THE CRETACEOUS SEAS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Among the most wonderful are the sea-serpents, and it is only within a few years that it has been demonstrated that these huge relics were really *serpents* of the sea. Professor Cope, in speaking of them, says: "When they swam over what are now the Plains, the coast-line extended from Arkansas to near Fort Riley, on the Kansas River, and, passing a little eastward, traversed Minnesota to the British Possessions, near the head of Lake Superior. Far out on this sea might have been seen a huge, snake-like form, which rose above the surface and stood erect with tapering throat and arrow-shaped head, or swayed about, describing a circle of twenty feet radius above the water, then plunging into the depths with a cloud of foam. Should several have appeared together, we can easily imagine tall, flexible forms rising to the height of the masts of a fishing fleet, or, like snakes, twisting and knotting themselves together. The neck rose from a body of elephantine proportions, and a tail of the serpent pattern balanced it behind. The limbs were probably two pairs of paddles, like those of the Plesiosaurus—such were the *Elasmosaurs.*"

Others, like our subject, had the serpentine body with a short neck. It is drawn from Professor Cope's description, and is intended to show the gigantic size of these animals, and to convey as nearly as possible an idea of their appearance in the flesh. Professor Hayden says of them: "Researches into their structure have shown that they were of wonderful elongation of form, especially of tail; that their heads were large, flat and conic, with eyes directed partly upward. They were furnished with two pairs of paddles, like the whale. With these flippers and the eel-like strokes of their flattened tail, they swam, some with less, some with greater, speed. They were furnished, like snakes, with four rows of formidable teeth on the roof of the mouth—and here we have to consider a peculiarity of these creatures in which they are unique among animals. Swallowing their prey entire, like snakes, they were without that wonderful expansibility of throat due in the latter to an arrangement of leaves supporting the lower jaw. Instead of this, each half of that jaw was articulated or jointed at a point nearly midway between the ear and the chin. This was of the ball and socket type, and enabled the jaw to make an angle outward, thus widening by much the space inclosed between it and its fellow. The inference drawn from this would be that the throat was loose and almost as baggy as a pelican's.

Some fine specimens of this creation can be seen in the Yale Museum, and lately numbers have been found in Kansas, where they were left by the receding tide of the ancient sea.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

At a recent meeting of the Gas Institute, of London, Mr. Thomas Fletcher, F.C.S., gave an account of his recent researches into the heating power of flame by direct contact, and reproduced some of the experiments from which he deduced his results. He stated that in heating by flames applied to the bottom of a vessel full of water, there is a great loss of heat, because the contained liquid keeps the bottom plate of the vessel at its own temperature, and, as is well known, flame cannot be made to come into direct contact with a cold surface. He illustrated this by pasting a paper label on the bottom of the vessel before applying the flame, and on removing the flame the paper was not even scorched. Mr. Fletcher's own process was to use a vessel with a number of rods inserted through the bottom, one and one-half inches long, and spreading out into a flat disk at the top, where in contact with the water, to give a greater heating surface. With the same gas jet and similar conditions the water in this was boiled in one minute fifty seconds, against three minutes fifteen seconds for the vessel with an ordinary bottom. Mr. Fletcher mentioned his experiments on this principle with a larger size of boiler, and claimed that it would be possible to reduce the heating surface one-half in marine engines by its adoption. The principal difficulty was, he said, to insert these rods in boilers for high pressure without weakening them, but he hoped to surmount the difficulty by making use instead of transverse ridges, which would be rolled in the boiler iron, and would not seriously interfere with its strength.

New public weather-signals will go into use after March 1st, 1887, at all the United States Signal Service stations, according to the following system, the author of which is Professor Mell, of Alabama: Four flags are used—a square white flag for clear or fair weather; a square blue flag for rain or snow; a triangular black flag for temperature, to be hoisted above the other flag for higher temperature, below for lower temperature; and a square white flag, with square black centre, for a cold wave, as at present. This system is simpler and more easily remembered than that in vogue, and, through the absence of red, can be displayed on railway trains and at stations without interference with customary railway signals.

In response to the question as to how much the rotation of the earth deflects the course of a rifle-bullet, an English scientific journal replies that the calculation is a very complicated one, depending, as it does, not merely on the motion of our globe from west to east, and the direction in which the gun is pointed, but on other conditions likewise, such as the angle of elevation, velocity of the projectile, and the locality where the gun is fired, *e.g.*, the latitude of the place, and whether it is in the Northern or Southern Hemisphere. The subject has been dealt with very exhaustively by a celebrated French mathematician, M. Poisson, in Vol. 16 of the *Journal de l'Ecole Polytechnique*, and the main points of his conclusions, which have been generally accepted by the mathematicians of our own and other countries, are that, in the Northern Hemisphere the deviation is always to the right—*i.e.*, when the gun is pointed due south, the shot is deflected to the west, and when fired toward the north, the deviation is toward the east; in like manner, when the gun points to the east, the shot deviates to the south, and when the direction is toward the west, the deflection is toward the north. When firing in a line from west to east, the length of range is increased, and in that from east to west it is decreased; but the length is not altered by firing either north or south. In the Southern Hemisphere the reverse of the above is the case. In a paper by Lieutenant W. F. Richardson, R.E., printed in Vol. 4 of the "Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution," tables are given of the deviation of projectiles of various kinds at different distances, the deflection increasing rapidly with distance and time of flight. With a 100-pounder Armstrong gun, when fired due south, in 50° 31′ N. (neighborhood of London), the deviation in 1,000 yards is stated to be .1,194 yard, or about 4½ inches, the time being 3.2 seconds, With a range of 4,000 yards, time 14.4 seconds, the deviation is rather over 3¼ yards, and, of course, to the right; but with the same gun, fired under the same conditions in latitude 36° 51′ S. (say near Melbourne, in Australia), the deviation would be about 2½ yards to the left. With another gun, having a range of about 5¼ miles, the time of flight being nearly 38 seconds, the deflection to the north, in the latitude of London, is about 21 yards. At ordinary sporting distances the deviation is so small as to be practicably unnoticeable. Very little was known about the velocities of English rifle-bullets at the time that paper was written (1865), and the only information given about small-arms is with respect to a French military rifle, the velocity of the bullet being a little below that of the Snider-Enfield. In 300 yards, with a time of flight of a trifle over a second, the deflection is about four-tenths of an inch; and with an Express bullet it would, of course, be still less. This deflection is independent of the drift due to the ordinary spin of the bullet, which would increase the deflection in the Northern Hemisphere, if the rifling had a right-hand twist, and would diminish it if the twist were to the left; while the reverse would be the case in the Southern Hemisphere.

The selection of stone for the foundation in housebuilding is the subject of a recent article by Dr. C. Burnard, which contains many practical hints of value. Stones that will resist moisture must be looked for as the first consideration if the superstructure is to be of wood. Igneous rocks, like the granites, are best. Soft red (iron-impregnated) sandstones absorb so much water that they are not much better than wood. There are, however, some tough red sandstones which are excellent, while certain very heavy reddish granites are worthless, unless protected from wet. The boulders and water-washed rocks long exposed in the fields are always good for walls. Stones for protected walls can, of course, be anything which is hard enough to resist crushing under the weight it is to bear; chalk would not do. In picking out stones, floors, hearthstones and pavements have to be considered in another light. A beautiful silvery white sandstone, split into shapely slabs, was formerly the favorite in Boston for sidewalks; but the mica, which made it so handsome, scaled off so rapidly that the stone soon wore out. Slate and marble are the best materials here. Much attention has been given to the qualities of building stone of late, for more and more stone houses are being built, and our larger museums, notably the National Museum, now contain specimens of all sorts of building stone, which have been carefully tested, so that no one need be ignorant of the appearance or endurance of any kind he wishes to use.

The extensive and admirable explorations of Indian remains in the Ohio Valley, which have been carried on for some years by the Peabody Academy of Archæology, at Cambridge, Mass., were summarized at the Autumn meeting of the National Academy of Science, by Professor F. W. Putnam, their director. The region alluded to is that of the "Mound Builders," so-called, in Southern Ohio and Indiana. These researches show that there have been at least two types of people in occupancy of that valley; first, those whose graves are the so-called ash-pits; second, those who built great mounds over the remains of their chiefs and great leaders, while the mass of the common people were buried in trenches. This last point is Professor Putnam's most recent discovery; the earlier facts have been elaborately described, with illustrations, in the reports of his institution, and more popularly by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, in an article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November, 1885. Both of these early types of people were apparently spreading northward from the central region when they were met and overthrown by the Indian races of modern times who have spread from east to west, and which, in the persons of the Shawnees, the white explorers became acquainted with.

Among the novelties in medical practice is a new method of treating consumption by injecting remedies directly into the lungs by means of the hypodermic syringe, the needle of which is passed through the walls of the chest; the effort being made to apply the medicinal agent as nearly as possible to the affected portion of the lungs. Carbolized iodine has thus been used with most happy results, causing a cessation of coughing and spitting, and checking the progress of the disease. Many cases reported really amount to cures.

An occasion of great interest to antiquarians was the recent exhibition of manuscripts and historical and literary relics in England, in celebration of the eight-hundredth anniversary of the completion of "Domesday Book." Among the great mass of documents, etc., exhibited by the Crown Record Office, were the volumes that compose Domesday itself, and many papers were read at a meeting of antiquaries in regard to the history and utilization of that book in the courts and elsewhere. Three Anglo-Saxon manuscripts of the eleventh century, and one originally written in the eighth, were among the relics. These manuscripts were agricultural.

A French physician, writing in the *Economiste Française*, gives the following statistics of tobacco consumed by each 1,000 people in Europe, etc. In Belgium, 560 pounds; in Holland, 448; in Germany, 336; Austria, 273; Norway, 229; Denmark, 284; France, 210; Hungary, 207; Prussia, 182; Great Britain, 138; Italy, 128; and in Spain, 110.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

What is the rule of grammar that every baby knows? The attraction of the relative.

Why does Mr. Booth, of the Salvation Army, call himself *General?* Because he is *not particular.*

What is the difference between a luxurious pillow and a man with an empty purse? One is soft down and the other is hard up.

We discover that we recently returned our tailor's bill indorsed, "Declined; handwriting illegible." We apologize, and hope that no further proceedings will be taken.

"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?" "Why, a canard is something one canardly believe, of course." "Oh, to be sure! Why couldn't I think of that?"

You say when I kissed you, you're sure I must quite have forgotten myself. So I did; you are right; for I'm not such an egotist, dear, it is true, as to think of myself when I'm looking at you!

Philosophical Query.—When a traveler is delayed in his journey by frequent obstructions on a railroad, is the misfortune owing to a train of circumstances, or the circumstances of a train?

What She Caught.—A French woman confesses to having attended 722 balls in the effort to catch a husband, and only to have caught, instead, bronchitis fourteen times, pleurisy thrice, and 120 colds in the head.

"What amused me most at the opera," said an Arab chief who had been taken to hear "Faust," was a musician in the orchestra seated a little higher than the rest, who performed on an invisible instrument with a stick."

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered, "A man going to be buried." "Oh," he remarked, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

Innocence Behind the Counter.—"What do you ask for that?" inquired an old man of a pretty girl in a fancy warehouse. "Two dollars," she answered. "Ain't you a little dear?" he said. "Well," she replied, "all the young men tell me so."

Father (to a son whose school reports ran low): "Charlie, I see no improvement in your marks. I have spoken about this several times." *Charlie:* "Yes, father, and if you don't have a serious word with the teacher, he'll go on in this way for ever."

A story is being told of a police magistrate who, on giving a prisoner the option of the mode of his punishment, put it to him: "Which will you take—ten days in prison or a payment of ten dollars?" To which the prisoner replied: "Well, sir, as you are good enough to give me the choice, I prefer taking the ten dollars." But the records of the court do not depose if the Bench handed the money over.

About the Early Worm.—A father had been lecturing his young hopeful upon the evils of staying out late at night and getting up late in the morning. "You will never be good for anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember that the early bird catches the worm." "How about the worm, father?" inquired the young man. "Wasn't he rather foolish to get up so early?" "My son," replied the old man, solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all; he was on his way home."

Put on the Right Track.—A Parisian wine-merchant, or, rather, wine-manufacturer, was recently condemned to a heavy fine for adulteration. After the sentence, he asked the chemist how he could have been so positive that the wine was a fabrication. "Because it did not contain an atom of bitartrate of potash, which is to be found in all natural wines," replied the man of science. "Thanks for the information," returned the tradesman; "but the next time you analyze my wines you will find some!"

Au Fait in Everything.—"What kind of a man is he?" asked a gentleman about a young society man. "Oh, he's mighty popular with the women." "Is he intelligent?" "No, not particularly. You see, there's not much demand for intelligence in society now." "Does he dance?" "Of course." "*Au fait* in everything, I presume?" "Well, I don't know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes about every man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay? I'll look him up and see if he doesn't owe him, too. I'll bet he does."

A cross old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of "New Music."

Judging from the tightness of the article, it isn't every girl who can laugh in her sleeve nowadays.

Why is the letter "r" like the face of *Hamlet's* father? Because it's "more in sorrow than in anger."

"Always aim a little higher than the mark," says our philosopher. What! Kiss a girl on the nose? Never!

"Emile," asks the teacher, "which animal attaches himself the most to man?" *Emile* (after some reflection): "The leech, please, sir."

Business men who marry their type-writer girls are apt to find that the young women are not so ready to submit to dictation after the wedding as before it.

An independent old lady, speaking of Adam naming all the animals, said that she didn't see how he deserved any credit for naming the pig—any one would have known what to call him.

He: "And what do you think of evolution, Miss Brewster? Do you believe that man is descended from the monkey?" *Miss Brewster:* "Oh, yes, I think that man is; but what puzzles me, is where woman came from."

"Is it a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am beautiful?" "It is, my daughter," he replied, gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood."

### CHURCH FAIRS.

The greater draw the lesser swells,
And unto *fêtes* invite 'em;
And lesser swells draw would-be swells,
And so *ad infinitum.*

Pompous manager suddenly meeting at an evening party a second-rate actor whom he had often cut in the street, with great condescension, warmly shaking hands: "Hallo, Marlowe! Why, I haven't seen you for an age!" "So I have often remarked," was the freezing reply.

A contemporary says: "At Wootton-under-Edge, recently, a cow attacked a chicken, and the parent hen made a stroke at it with either its spur or bill and laid it lifeless." Perhaps the reader is incredulous, but his faith may return when he is told that "cow" is a misprint for "crow."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Muddlem, after hearing her son read an account of a famous naval engagement. "That captain must ha' been an idiot. If he wanted to strike somethin', why couldn't he strike the enemy, not his own flag? What harm could that ha' done him?"

A candidate for the office of auditor of public accounts was suddenly called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced: "Fellow-citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I do not desire to be a speaker—I only want to be an auditor."

"Yes, I'm a lecturer," said the long-haired passenger, "and I'm making money. I've got a scheme, I have, and it works to a charm. Big houses wherever I go." A scheme?" "Yes, I always advertise that my lectures are specially for women under thirty years of age and for men who are out of debt. You ought to see the way the people come trooping in."

The celebrated actor Talma was one day suddenly accosted, while hunting, by a gamekeeper, who asked him by what right he dared to hunt in that place. The former, with a tone of full dignity, replied, "By what right, do you say?

'By that great right the vast and towering mind
Has o'er the instinct of the vulgar kind.'"

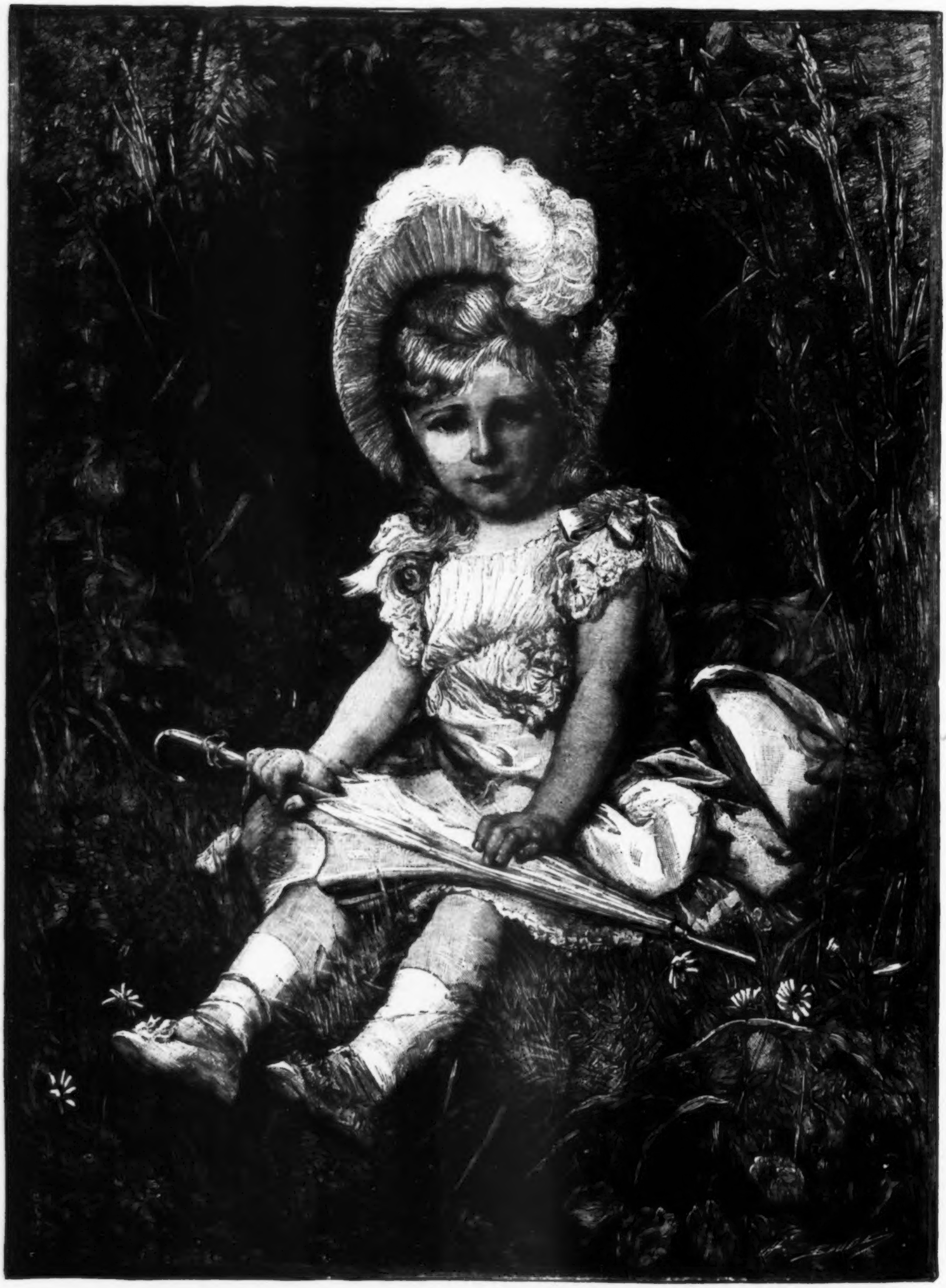
The keeper, quite astonished by the imposing tone of this reply, withdrew, saying, "Pardon, sir; I did not know that."

A Mrs. Malaprop met W. S. Gilbert, and probably mistaking him for the musical partner of the firm of Gilbert & Sullivan, asked him a number of questions that revealed a plentiful lack of information of contemporary music, winding up with a query as to whether "Batch" (Bach) was composing anything just now. "No, madam," Mr. Gilbert replied, with perfect imperturbability; "'Batch' hasn't composed anything for years. He's decomposing just now."

Mr. Murphy used to relate the following story of Sam Foote, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, Fielding and Hill, the last the wife of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began, and said, "I love my love with an N, because he is a Night;" Lady Fielding followed with, "I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustis;" and "I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a Fizishun."

Complete Satisfaction.—Incledon, the famous ballad-singer, was apt on some occasions to give offense by his brusque and almost rude deportment. Being called on by a person for "satisfaction" for an affront, Incledon took a posture, and executed "Black-eyed Susan" in his unequaled style. "There," he said to his auditor, who stood in breathless surprise and admiration, "if that does not satisfy you, you are one of the most unreasonable fellows I ever met with, for it has given complete satisfaction to thousands." The man was perfectly satisfied.

XUM



PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

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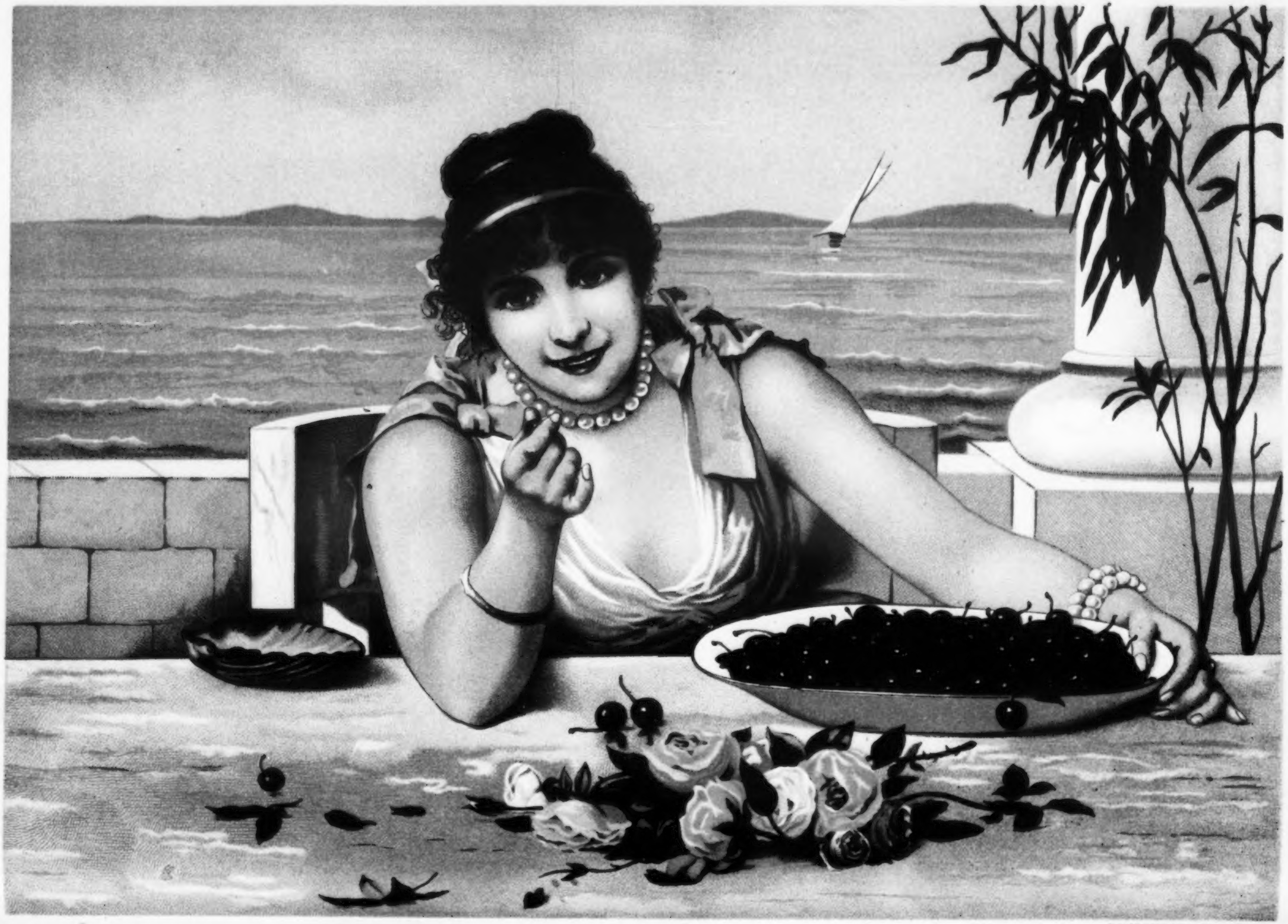

AN INVITATION